



Praise waits in all humility (Ps. LXV, p. 318)

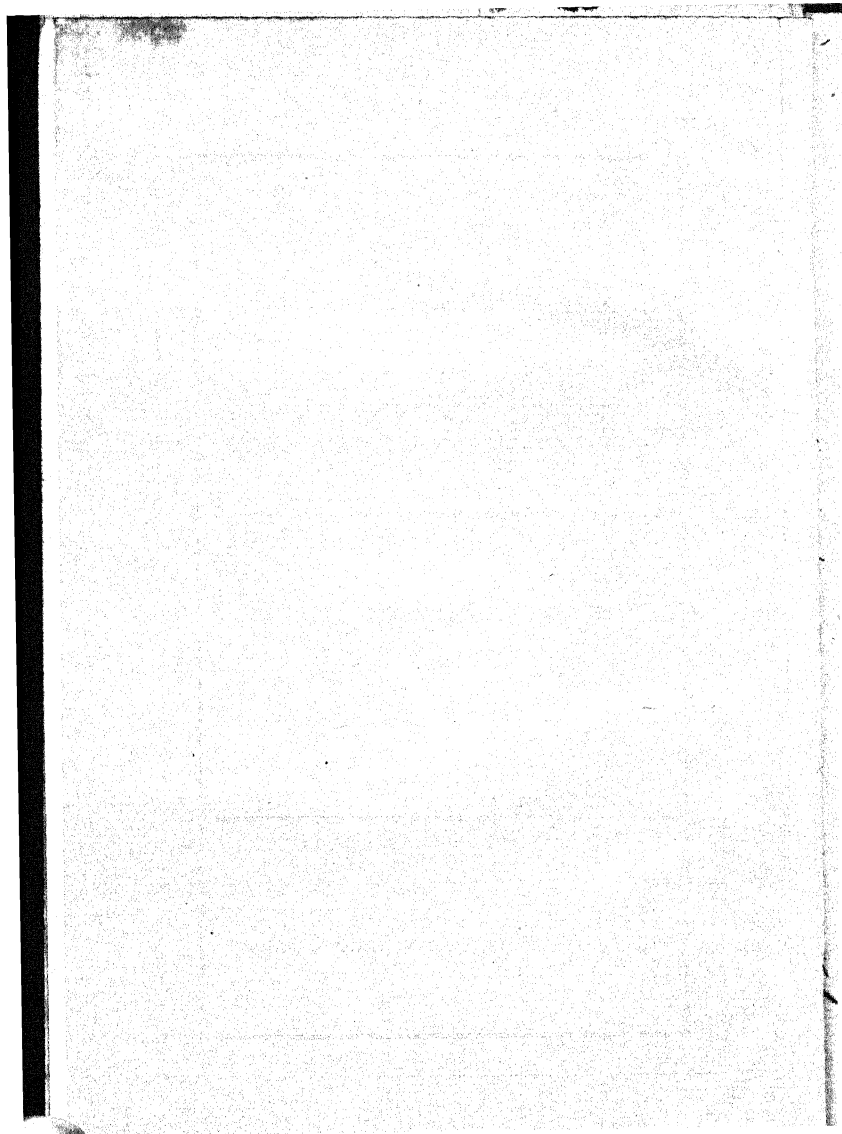
# SILEX SCINTILLANS

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SILURIST

WITH AN INTRODUCTION  
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# Introduction

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## THE FACTS OF VAUGHAN'S LIFE

Henry Vaughan, the author of *Silex Scintillans*, was born at Newton St. Bridget, Brecknockshire, in 1621 or 1622. He belonged to an old and distinguished Welsh family which, tracing its origin to South-east Wales, the ancient seat of the warlike tribe of the Silures, served to provide the poet with that rather cryptic cognomen of "Silurist" which is inscribed on the title-pages of all his more important volumes. Most of what we know about him comes from the gossip pages of Anthony Wood's *Athenae Oxonienses*. He and his twin brother Thomas (a poet too, who became rector of his native place, subsequently devoted himself to chemical and alchemical investigations at Oxford, and died a famous Rosicrucian in 1665) first studied with a neighbouring clergyman, Matthew Herbert, rector of Llangattock, and then, at the age of seventeen—though this fact of Oxford residence is but doubtfully established in the

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case of Henry—went up to Jesus College. Here Thomas took his degree, but Henry—if he was an Oxford man at all, and he never claims the honour in any of his poems—seems to have left the university in two years' time without graduating, and to have passed some time in London in the study of law. From law he turned to arms—for he was evidently an ardent Royalist, and, like other of the metaphysical poets, appears to have taken a more or less bloodless part in the Civil Wars. During the Commonwealth period he returned home, and spent his years partly in practising physic—in which, says the biographer above-named, “he became at length eminent”,—partly in writing and preparing for the press the two parts of the book to which he owes his fame. Surviving both the Restoration and the Revolution, he died in 1695, and little more is known of him save the dates of publication of his works, and the facts that he was married and predeceased a wife, and that he owed his conversion to an examination of George Herbert's “holy life and verses”.

Henry Vaughan's poems are contained in the following volumes:—*Eucharistia Oxoniensis*, a collection of verses written by Oxford men to congratulate the king

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on his return from Scotland (to this anthology, issued in 1641, a writer called H. Vaughan contributed an ode); *Poems, with the tenth satyre of Juvenal Englished, by Henry Vaughan, gent.*, a book of love poems published in 1646; the first part of *Silex Scintillans, or Sacred Poems and private Ejaculations*, which bears the date of 1650; *Olor Iscanus*, a volume of secular verse which appeared in 1651; a fresh edition of *Silex Scintillans*, which added the second part to the poems, and is dated 1655; and *Thalia Rediviva* (1678), which, in addition to its secular pieces, contains some "Pious Thoughts and Ejaculations".

### THE REPETITION OF PHRASE AND OF FIGURE IN *Silex Scintillans*

Vaughan's sacred poetry has more than one distinctive mark; but perhaps its most surprising feature may be found in its author's deliberate reliance on a monotonous recurrence of phrase and of figure. Never, surely, was there a poet who confined himself in so limited a vocabulary. None of Vaughan's religious verses, save "Rules and Lessons", which contains 144, and "Daphnis", which runs to 184, exceeds a limit of 90 lines, and the average length of

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a poem is rather less than 50 lines. Yet in the 149 pieces which his 'Ejaculations' contain particular words abound with quite bewildering frequency. 'Bed', 'morning', 'groan', 'storm', 'eternity' are each found twenty-five times; 'dew', 'shower', and 'beam' being rather more frequent. 'White', 'stone', 'dressed', and 'time' all turn up thirty-three or thirty-four times ('white', by the way, in the sense of 'spiritually pure', is a familiar epithet of Donne's); 'wing', 'grief', and 'earth' from forty-four to forty-seven times; and 'shadows', 'spring', and 'world' all run into the sixties. Then 'flower', 'dust', and 'heaven' occur each over seventy times. There are ninety 'bloods', ninety-six 'sins', and one hundred and three 'nights'; while 'life' and 'death'—the essential themes of all religious poetry—appropriately enough head the list of favourite words, the former being mentioned on one hundred and fifty-four, the latter on one hundred and sixty-six occasions. The explanation of this restricted dialect is not far to seek. Vaughan, who loved Nature deeply, in his anthropomorphic and theosophical fashion, is never tired of illustrating some spiritual truth by symbols taken from the great natural phenomena of earth, air, river, and sky. He

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loves to 'resolve the sad vicissitude of things'; so 'night' and 'morning', 'time' and 'eternity', 'darkness' and 'dawn', 'life' and 'death', 'sun' and 'eclipse', 'light' and 'clouds', 'heat' and 'showers', 'stones' and 'flowers', 'dews' and 'frosts', are found in constant apposition in his pages, and by consequence the figures which he uses most frequently are always the simplest and the nearest: sin a 'veil', God's word a 'pearl', &c. As witnesses the following list of the poet's six best-loved emblems:—

1. The comparison of the soul to a flower, the leaves and blossoms of which are destroyed by the frosts and heats, the winds and showers, of this earthly life; or to a winged creature aspiring to heaven, whose broken pinions can only be repaired by prayer and by God's blessings.

2. The use of 'springs', 'fountains', 'waters', 'streams', and 'wells', generally with the addition of the epithet 'living', to signify the sources of eternal life.

3. The attaching of a metaphorical value which makes them illustrate spiritual blessings to such phrases as 'myrrh', 'spice', 'odour', 'perfume', 'balm', 'ointment', 'incense', 'sweets', and the 'great elixir'.

4. The likening of the 'dew of the Dove', of the 'saints' tears', of 'Christ's tears',

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and of 'Christ's blood', to the reviving showers of Nature.

5. The illustration of the preparedness of the soul to meet God in such terms drawn from apparel as 'dress', 'clothes', 'wear', 'weeds', 'rags', 'suits', 'robes', 'array', 'vests', 'rents', and 'livery'.

6. The employment of 'cot', 'inn', 'room', 'cell', 'seat', &c., in a transferred sense, as meaning the heart which is the temple of the Holy Ghost, or the body which is the prison of the soul.

It is interesting to note, by the way, that Vaughan never succeeds in striking fire out of his flint in the management of this last idea, the idea of the imprisoned soul. Waller—a poet of far less inspiration—and Watts, who is a versifier rather than a poet, have both contrived to render it really luminous, to despatch an apt conceit on a true imaginative flight. The verses attached by the "corrector of our numbers" to his poem of "Divine Love", with their magnificent couplet,

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,  
Lets in new light through chinks that Time  
has made,

and that fine specimen of the *Lyrics Sacred to Devotion* which celebrates the "Happy

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Frailty" of the soul's house of bondage, sound a note of intensity in the use of this emblem which the greater poet strives in vain to reach in "Resurrection and Immortality". Vaughan, indeed, is seldom very happily inspired when he makes use of hackneyed similitudes, and his remaining assortment of familiar images needs no very detailed consideration. Suffice it to say that the diligent reader will come upon many cases of man's feeble prayers assimilated to a quickly dissipated 'exhalation'; of conscience or revelation spoken of as a 'lamp' or 'candle' given to man; of the grave suggesting a 'bed'—with 'curtains', 'clothes', &c.; of spiritual guides—Sundays, God's saints, and false teachers—likened to 'lights which guide' (or misguide) through the night of doubt and darkness; of man described as the archetype, sometimes of the 'blind mole', at other times of the 'meek ass', or of the 'kicking, unruly mule'; and of 'God's all-powerful glance' compared to the genial and quickening beams of the sun.

### VAUGHAN AS A METAPHYSICAL POET

Were Vaughan indeed content to depend upon such natural and comparatively obvious metaphors as I have enumerated, he



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would prefer but a poor claim to be considered in the following of Donne. Your true metaphysical poet must fetch his images from far, his figures must be grotesque rather than appropriate, cryptic instead of being conventional. Wherefore the author of *Silex Scintillans* has thought it expedient to ransack the stores of seventeenth-century science in search of strange similitudes. Finding these (where Donne found them) in the occult, hermetic, and astrological terminology of the adepts, he bewilders the modern reader by discovering in the spiritual world affinities to such states and doctrines as those of 'signature', 'resentience', 'influence', 'attraction', 'ascension', 'contaction', and the like. The first of these beliefs—a belief scouted by another mystic of the time, Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Pseudodoxia*—the doctrine that plants bear certain marks or *signatures* indicative of their qualities or properties, he merely mentions in "Repentance", but on the other pseudo-scientific notions of his day he freely draws for comparisons. In "Timber" and in "Dressing" he makes serious use of the idea of 'resentience', the idea that the body of a murdered man will show its resentment of the murderer's presence by bleeding afresh

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from its wounds. In "The Favour", as in "The Constellation" and "The Star", he relies on the belief that stars act as magnets to attract their subject herbs. In "Isaac's Marriage" he talks of religion having been 'rayed into' the patriarch 'as beams into a glass'—evidently a burning-glass; and elsewhere he employs 'glass', sometimes, as in "The Stone" and (probably) in "Resurrection and Immortality", to signify a magical crystal, sometimes as meaning a perspective glass or telescope (cf. "To his Books", and "They are all Gone into the World of Light"), and once—in a poem dealing with Death—as making an equivalent to a microscope. His most elaborate similitude occurs, however, in the poem commencing "My God, when I Walk in those Groves", where he compares religion to a secret spring which is polluted by passing through the earth and by seizing unawares on veins of sulphur. The other emblems which the poet adopts from the crude physical science of his time, that of the 'clouded, but still shining star' found in "The Morning Watch" and in "Daphnis", and that of the heavens (cf. "Midnight") as a 'fiery liquid light, which, mingling aye, streams and flames thus to the sight', are less ingenious, and, like the

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talk of Nature's 'springs' and 'seals', and the imagery of clocks and of watches exploited in "The Evening Watch" and in "Man", must needs strike twentieth-century readers as being more fantastic than luminous. As for the untitled poem which begins "Sure, there's a Tie of Bodies", that, with its jargon of 'contaction' and of 'centring', connects Vaughan with John Smith, Henry More, and the Cambridge Platonists, and shows him as the Christian mystic rather than as the metaphysical poet. But one more illustration of his may be quoted which is truly metaphysical. I refer to the likening of the soul oppressed by trouble and thereby prepared for heaven to the palm-tree, which grows the better the more it is burdened with weights. This quaint image—which is part of the poetical stock-in-trade taken over by Vaughan from Herbert—turns up in "The World" and in three other poems, and is also employed, I may add, by Cowley, who in his epic poem *Davideis* says of Saul—

Well did he know how palms by oppression  
speed

Victorious, and the victor's sacred meed!  
The burden lifts them higher.

The tale of images is, however, still incom-

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plete, for in addition to the 'rolls' and 'curls' and the 'silks' and 'laces' which the poet scoffs at as the manifest tokens of worldly and artificial 'gallantry', there remain for notice two famous figures borrowed from the Bible, which Vaughan—who is never averse from running one metaphor into another—plays with so fantastically and uses in such various senses as may well perplex and confuse the unwarned reader.

I have already pointed out that among the figures which he employs to illustrate the spiritual blessings showered down by God upon His people, Vaughan includes the emblem of Christ's sacred blood. One might have thought that even a metaphysical poet would be content to use this metaphor reverently. But here one has to reckon with that morbid depravity of taste which brings down Dr. Donne and his scholars to the level of the poorer sort of hymn-writer, and leads Donne himself, in one of his "Holy Sonnets", to invent the audacious figure contained in the lines:

Take me to You, imprison me, for I,  
Except You enthrall me, never shall be free,  
Nor ever chaste, except You ravish me.

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Even the habitual refinement and high-breeding of Herbert cannot prevent him from speaking of God's 'breasts', and affirming that men, as God's infants, suck Him; and this displeasing and somewhat shocking piece of anthropomorphism is dutifully repeated by Herbert's disciple Vaughan, who never seems willing to leave a conceit of his master's till he has paid it the flattering compliment of imitation. Accordingly it is scarcely surprising to find the author of *Silex Scintillans* celebrating the virtues of the Redeemer's passion with all that vulgar devotion to the thaumaturgical which might be expected from a street-corner preacher and managing the figure of Christ's blood so as to invest it with no less than five significations:

(i) He makes it equivalent, in the spiritual world, to a 'cordial', 'balm', or 'restorative' (cf. "The Sap" and "St. Mary Magdalen").

(ii) In "The Law and the Gospel", in "Holy Communion", and in "Easter Day" he ascribes to it the properties of a spiritual eye-salve.

(iii) He speaks of it as at once the solvent of the Jewish law (cf. "Man's Fall and Recovery") and the cement of the Christian Church (cf. "L'Envoy").

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(iv) In "The Check", in "Misery", and in "Admission" he regards it as vocal, like other murdered blood, and so witnessing against man.

(v) And he describes it as a refining tincture and cleanser, a sense in which it is used in the "Dedication", in the "Ascension Hymn", and in "As Time one Day by Me did Pass".

It will perhaps be advisable to clear the way for a consideration of the second biblical figure, that of the rock or stone, by remarking at this stage that despite the fact that Vaughan is one of the most ingenious of the metaphysical poets, although he gives to his collection of sacred poems the title of *Silex Scintillans* or "The Flaming Flint", and illustrates this title in the frontispiece of his volume, yet by some unaccountable oversight he employs the figure once only, in the last four lines of "The Tempest". The word 'flint', indeed, occurs not more than twice in Vaughan's religious poems, here as an emblem of the soul that yields no fire, and in "Daphnis" as a synonym for a shepherdess's cold heart. To return to the 'rock' or 'stone'. As a general rule this figure is used in a thoroughly accepted sense—the sense of a heart too 'rocky' or 'stony' to give

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God admittance or to bear fruit to His praise. But occasionally it has grafted upon it, if I may be allowed the metaphor, the mediæval idea of the Philosopher's Stone, the scriptural notion of the tables of stone, or Vaughan's own doctrine of God's commerce with stones, and then it becomes very difficult indeed to discover the exact signification in which the word 'stone' is used, and to make out the possible permutations or combinations of meaning. The phrase is used simply for the Philosopher's Stone in "Jacob's Pillow and Pillar" and in "Rules and Lessons". But in "Holy Scriptures" the mention of this magical stone is immediately followed by a comparison of the stony tables of the law with the stony tables of man's heart, which latter tables—though stony—have yet to be inscribed with the lines of Christ's law. Again, in "Man's Fall and Recovery" the 'stone' mentioned is obviously the table of the law, and the 'adamant' which is broken by the blood of Christ's 'saving wound' refers probably, not to man's stony heart, but to the stones of the old law which might be described as broken, inasmuch as their commands were abrogated by the passion of our Saviour.

For another biblical sense in which this

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figure is employed the reader must go to the group of poems which contains "White Sunday", "Religion", "The Book", "Righteousness", the address "To Christian Religion" and "Misery". In the first two pieces the 'rock' is God, conceived as the archetype of that rock which, smitten by Moses, poured forth its thirst-quenching waters; in the next three God is spoken of as the Rock of Ages, the shade, shelter, and rest of all that are weary and oppressed; while in the last piece the idea of the water-filled rock seems to be combined with the orthodox notion of the heart being too 'rocky' to grant God leave to enter.

In "Church-Service" the familiar emblem is associated with that of 'dust', a favourite word of Vaughan's for expressing man's frailty and insignificance; and elsewhere the whole similitude is varied by the proclamation of the poet's doctrine that stones, 'though they have neither speech nor tongue', are yet 'deep in admiration' of God, 'though speechless, are not dumb', though 'judged dull, dead, senseless, and inanimate', yet 'sigh and groan' for God, 'their liberty', a doctrine which, as Vaughan intimates in his first set of verses on "Jésus Weeping", is borrowed from Christ's rebuke of the Pharisees: "I tell you that if



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these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out", a doctrine which the poet develops in an uncanny but luridly imaginative fashion in "The Stone", where he says of God that

Yet will not He by His own light—  
Though both all-seeing and all right—  
Condemn men; but will try them by  
A process, which e'en man's own eye  
Must needs acknowledge to be just.

Hence sand and dust  
Are shaken for witnesses, and stones,  
Which some think dead, shall all at once  
With one attesting voice detect  
Those secret sins we least suspect.

In the concluding passage of this same poem Vaughan asserts that the stone of 'the law delivered to the Jews' will appeal to God against them as presenting 'hearts more stiff and tough' than even stone, and so contrives to fuse together the three notions of man's 'stony' heart, of the 'stone' of the law, and of the 'stony' witnesses against man.

### VAUGHAN'S THREE LEADING THEMES

The discussion of the various uses of the word 'stone' leads naturally enough to a consideration of Vaughan's three leading

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themes—themes which, though they are found raised to a full philosophical crop in *Silex Scintillans*, yet owe, as I shall show, their germinal idea and first appearance to *The Temple*. Now, inasmuch as the burden of all Vaughan's sacred verse may be described, in the title of one of his own poems, as "Man's Fall and Recovery"—man's fall through sin, and his recovery by grace—the poet seems to have thought that he could enforce and illustrate his doctrine in most salutary and arresting fashion by allowing the flame of his spiritual fancy to play round, and to throw into high poetic relief three main consequences of man's first disobedience. Herbert had discerned these through a mist, and had described them in pretty conceits, but Vaughan was permitted to see them in white light and to express them in pictures that are vivid, glowing, and imaginative. The first of these consequences—the cessation of that direct "commerce 'twixt Heaven and Earth" which used to prevail in the patriarchal ages, and which Donne celebrates in "The First Anniversary"—is lamented by Herbert in the first and second verses of "Decay":

Sweet were the days when Thou didst lodge  
with Lot,  
Struggle with Jacob, sit with Gideon,

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Advise with Abraham;— when Thy power  
could not  
Encounter Moses' strong complaint and moan,  
Thy words were then, "Let Me alone".

One might have sought and found Thee  
presently  
At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well:  
"Is my God this way?" "No," they would  
reply,  
"He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell:  
List, ye may hear great Aaron's bell."

Pretty and picturesque lines certainly, but not to be compared, for vision and intensity, with the younger poet's corresponding verses in "Corruption", in "Religion", and in "Ascension Day". Vaughan, however, must needs return to the subject in other poems, and unfortunately with only slight success, a lapse which he in some measure atones for in "The Day of Judgment" (No. 2) by describing God's earthly friends as 'those first white pilgrims', and by striking out a still more felicitous phrase in "The Rainbow", where he speaks of Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot, as 'the youthful world's gray fathers'.

Shakespeare's Duke, banished to Arden, 'finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good

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in everything'. So Vaughan's typical pilgrim, struggling back to Eden, has 'lessons played him by a wind or wave', finds 'sublime truths and wholesome themes' lodging in 'the mystical, deep streams' of a waterfall, and regards 'all the vast expense in the creation shed, and slaved to sense' as making up 'but lectures for his eye and ear'. This Wordsworthian notion of the thought-compelling power of the 'meanest thing' springs naturally from that belief in the universal co-relationship and mutual interdependence of all God's creatures which Vaughan is never tired of inculcating in all his religious poems: and it is at the root of the poet's next great theme, the piety of the lower creation. The second consequence of man's sin Vaughan finds in the exile of the brute and of the inanimate creatures from God's presence. "They seemed to quarrel with him (*i.e.* man); for that act, That fell him, foiled them all; He drew the curse upon the world and cracked The whole frame with his fall." So says the poet in "Corruption"; and starting with this idea of beasts, plants, and stones being in a state of estrangement or difference from man, he elaborates a theory of the superiority of the lower creation to man in respect of natural piety. The first hint of this

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doctrine is given by Herbert, who, in "Affliction" (No. 1), says:

I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree;  
For sure then I should grow  
To fruit or shade: at least some bird would  
trust  
Her household to me, and I should be just;

in "Employment" (No. 1) exclaims:

All things are busy; only I  
Neither bring honey with the bees,  
Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry  
To water these.  
I am no link in Thy great chain;

and in "Employment" (second poem) breaks out:

Oh that I were an orange tree,  
That busy plant!  
Then would I ever laden be,  
And never want  
Some fruits for Him that dressed me.

"The Star", though it suggested to Vaughan a piece bearing the same title, which adopts the 'curl and wind' of the original, is a poem merely descriptive of a sacred picture, and contains no inkling of the doctrine of 'pietas'.

This piety of the irrational creatures, this

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example afforded by them to men, Vaughan finds assuming many forms, and for the convenience of the reader I append one reference for every form distinguished. In "Christ's Nativity" this piety may be called *fruitfulness and plenitude in God*; in "Man" it is *stability as opposed to that human restlessness* which Vaughan, following the fine lead offered him by Donne in the "Letter" to Mr. Woodward, and by Herbert in "The Pulley", and foreshadowing the whole melancholy stoicism of Matthew Arnold's poetry, so eloquently denounces in "The Pursuit"; while in "Providence" and in "Death" it is *reliance on God's goodness and calm submission to death*, a notion to which a modern poet—I mean Walt Whitman—has given more caustic expression from a pagan point of view. In "The Favour" *the attraction of herbs to the stars and to light*, which Herbert deals with in "The Search", is contrasted with the unreadiness and drowsiness of man, just as in "The Tempest" *the aspirations towards home* of waters, stones, and plants are made to rebuke the erring and grovelling state of God's rational creatures. In "Repentance" the author celebrates *the dutifulness* of the inanimate creation, a theme pursued in "The Constellation", where

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he very manifestly forestalls both Wordsworth and Arnold by broaching their favourite topic of the lessons and consolations to be derived from '*the silence that is in the starry sky*', from the '*toil unsever'd from tranquillity*' of the stars, 'noise' being regarded by the Caroline poet, in this as in many other poems, as one of the most distinctive marks of man's alienation from God, as one of the most formidable impediments to his reaping--shall I say?--'the harvest of a quiet eye'. Discussing Vaughan as a metaphysical poet, I have already mentioned his notion of the piety shown by stones and dust in *giving witness against man*--in "Midnight" the poet speaks of the stars as God's 'host of spies' so it only remains to allude to *the courtesy shown to Christ by the manger-beasts* at the Nativity, a notion which seems to have been suggested by Herbert's "Christmas"; to speak of the *groaning and travailling of the whole creation for Christ's coming*, referred to in "And do they so? have they a sense", an idea which Arnold also deals with in his poem called "In utrumque paratus"; to mention *the reward promised* in "The Book" to these 'dumb creatures' piety--'Thou shalt restore trees, beasts, and men'; and to complete the tale of

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unhuman religion by an examination of the nature of Vaughan's obligation to 'The Temple' for the conception of *irrational prayer and praise*. For the conception, or shall I say conceit, of this form of piety, Vaughan is manifestly indebted to Herbert, who, in one of his poems on "Prayer", likens it to 'a kind of tune which all things hear and fear', and in three stanzas of "Providence" expounds the following doctrine:

Of all the creatures both in sea and land  
Only to man hast Thou made known Thy ways,  
And put the pen alone into his hand,  
And made him secretary of Thy praise.

Beasts fain would sing; birds dittie to their notes;  
Trees would be tuning on their native lute  
To Thy renown: but all their hands and throats  
Are brought to man, while they are lame and  
mute.

Man is the world's high-priest: he doth present  
The sacrifice for all; while they below  
Unto the service mutter an assent,  
Such as springs use that fall, and winds that  
blow.

Vaughan adopts both of these notions—the notion of the lower creatures, though eager to praise God, yet being so comparatively inarticulate as to require the services of man as high-priest (cf. "Christ's Nativity" and "The Bee"), and the kindred



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idea of the participation of all the world in prayer. But reluctant as he always is to isolate man from Nature and from his fellow-creatures he seems—in “The Bird” and in “Rules and Lessons”—to think this mediation by no means indispensable, while he modifies and heightens Herbert’s conception by regarding man’s thanksgiving as a mere item in ‘the great chime and symphony of Nature’—the Platonic music of the spheres—and by representing the irrational and inanimate creatures (*not* man) as waiting eagerly for that dawn which shall ‘release them from the shades of night’, and give them leave to praise ‘the Morning’s King’. Vaughan, indeed, is the great poet of daybreak; his eye and ear are ever fixed on the horizon to observe the ‘rose bud in the East’. Mornings, to him, are mysteries, for which patient vigil can alone prepare: so ‘through the long twilight he waits for the dawn’. He says of his Saviour, “The Dayspring”, in verse that has a real magical thrill:

Early, while yet the dark was gay,  
And gilt with stars more trim than day,  
Heaven’s Lily and the Earth’s chaste Rose,  
The green, immortal Branch arose,  
And in a solitary place  
Bowed to His Father His blessed face.

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And his song of "The Dawning"—*'Ah! what time wilt thou come?'*—may be reckoned a veritable *aubade*, throbbing with that anxious and mystical yearning which Christ's Bride must always feel for the coming of her Bridegroom.

It will be gathered, then, that such appreciation of Earth's beauty as the Silurist shows is semi-mystical, never entirely sensuous. Looking up through Nature to Nature's God he loves her not for herself alone, but for the sake of the great Poet or Maker whom she reveals. To Vaughan, indeed, the glories of the earth and of the heavens are but those 'weaker glories' wherein he sees some 'shadows of eternity'. So earth itself, its flowers, its seas, its mountains, are but the 'masks and shadows' of the shady city of palm-trees, of the sea of light, of the everlasting hills. And this 'gilded canopy', the sky, is as 'a dome of many-coloured glass', 'which', in Shelley's words, 'stains the white radiance of eternity'. For Vaughan, like his fellow physician Browne, was before all things an investigator. He loved to 'peer and peep' into the heart of things physical and hyperphysical, and he was never wearied of searching there for traces of the Great Artificer. He looked into

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himself and wrote; and all his visions, whether they be of Heaven or of Earth, are subjective rather than objective realities. In that vivid pictorial sense which enabled Keats to transfer a beautiful object straight from Nature to the printed page Vaughan had little part. It was not his method of representation: all his impressions of glades, clouds, and streams—extraordinarily vivid as they are—he has impregnated with the germ of his own theosophy, and—to use his own phrase—he has ‘hatched’ them in his heart to a new and wondrous birth. Yet, when all is said, he cannot be deemed a true mystic. His bent was towards speculation and vision, scarcely towards ecstasy or rapture. For rapture he even expresses, in one of his religious pamphlets, something very like contempt. His mysticism, indeed, was inchoate, for with him passivity never developed into trance, and I find in his poems no evidences of his having been caught up into the seventh Heaven, there to see and hear unutterable things. Nevertheless what he was privileged to see—in a glass darkly, through perspectives and strange crystals, or in the dim twilight of subliminal consciousness—he was supremely capable of uttering, and his most famous vision, that of the ante-

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terrene state of the soul, was such an one as Plato had before him.

Whether Herbert shared this vision must always remain a subject open to dispute. Three quotations can, however, be made from *The Temple* in support of the view that he fished the murex up and that his disciple made the colour. The first occurs in an alternative stanza of "Whitsunday" found in the Williams MS. :—

But we are fallen from Heaven to Earth,  
And if we can stay there, it's well.  
He that first fell from his great birth,  
Without Thy help, leads us his way to Hell;

but its purely manuscript authority almost necessarily robs it of anything like evidential value. Another may be seen in the second poem on "Vanity":—

If souls be made of earthly mould,  
Let them love gold;  
If born on high,  
Let them unto their kindred fly:  
For they can never be at rest,  
Till they regain their ancient nest.

And the third allusion is made in "The Bouquet":—

When I had forgot my birth,  
And on earth  
In delights of earth was drowned;

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God took blood, and needs would be  
Spilled with me,  
And so found me on the ground.

But, after all, there is nothing very mystical in phrases like 'fallen from Heaven' and 'born on high'. Donne himself, in one of his Verse Letters, talks of 'Our soul, whose country's Heaven'. Such language is merely biblical, and smacks less of Plato than of St. Paul, it has nothing to do with visions, or, to take a phrase from Hugo, with 'things seen'; and, for my own part, I am inclined to acquit Vaughan of any serious obligation to Herbert for this particular doctrine. Certain it is that, while Herbert makes not the slightest pretence of elaborating it, Vaughan derives from it quite a set of philosophic ideas. His main idea—an idea on which, as expressed in "The Retreat", Wordsworth bases his famous "Intimations of Immortality", an idea to which Arnold, Wordsworth's disciple, recurs more than once in such poems as "Morality" and "The Buried Life"—seems to be that man, though fallen from that happy state in which he spent the sinless childhood of his race, yet retains such recollections of past glory, and comes upon such traces

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of his hidden source of being, as cause him to 'hate to be detained on earth' and to groan for that time when Christ shall 'bring all stragglers home' to their 'first love'. And the poet seems so enamoured of this theory of the original spotlessness of the soul, that in "Childhood" he calmly repudiates the orthodox Christian doctrine of original sin, and, in a beautiful fallacy, transfers to the childhood of the individual man that innocence which elsewhere he has predicated of the childhood of the race, clinching his argument by a description of infancy as an 'age which he must live twice that would God's face see', and basing his whole theory, as seems probable, on that saying of Christ which runs: "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven".

The figures employed in the two-and-thirty pieces in which Vaughan develops or alludes to these ideas are mainly two: that of Heaven as a 'sea [or 'world'] of light' from which man, who used to shine, has carried away some 'trains of light' or 'beams of glory'—sometimes it is conceived as 'everlasting [or 'eternal'] hills', on which God, the Sun, is ever shining—and that of earth as a dark and storm-tossed

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place to which man has been banished, and from which he will eventually, by God's guidance, find his way 'home' to 'true liberty'. But, far from impeding Vaughan in the development of his ideas, this very limitation of imagery and concentration of vision seem to help him to invest this particular set of poems with an intensity to which he certainly never attains in his more conventional verses. To illustrate his treatment of this theme I will not quote "Corruption" or "They are All Gone into the World of Light"—pieces which are celebrated to the point of being hackneyed—but I will take a couple of stanzas from "The Waterfall", partly in view of the fact that the poem is comparatively unfamiliar, partly because I seem to hear in one of the lines a note of that serene optimism which Browning is so fond of sounding—Browning who, in his dramatic fashion of plunging *in medias res*, frequently adopts Vaughan's habit of commencing a poem with a short, sharp, arresting ejaculation.

Here are the two stanzas:—

Dear stream! dear bank! where often I  
Have sat, and pleased my pensive eye;  
Why, since each drop of thy quick store  
Runs thither whence it flowed before,

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Should poor souls fear a shade or night,  
Who came, sure, from a sea of light?  
Or since those drops are all sent back  
So sure to thee that none doth lack,  
Why should frail flesh doubt any more  
That what God takes He'll not restore?

O useful element and clear!  
My sacred wash and cleanser here;  
My first consigner unto those  
Fountains of life, where the Lamb goes!  
What sublime truths and wholesome  
themes,  
Lodge in thy mystical, deep streams!  
Such as dull man can never find,  
Unless the Spirit lead his mind,  
Who first upon thy face did move,  
And hatched all with His quickening love.

### VAUGHAN'S DEBT TO HERBERT

Vaughan, as I have shown, is indebted to Herbert, in a fashion, for some of his most important themes; but the main obligation incurred by the younger to the older poet is after all a matter of phrase and of conceit. In the sub-title which he adds to *Silex Scintillans* the author characterizes his poems as 'Private Ejaculations', and he gives a similar description—'Pious Thoughts and Ejaculations'—of the religious verses which he includes in *Thalia Rediviva*. In truth, as I have previously



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intimated, he could not have found a more appropriate designation, for six of the poems begin with 'interrogations', thirteen with 'affirmations', twenty-one with 'exclamations', and thirty-six with 'invocations' of God. It is interesting to observe how, on the very threshold of his own "Temple", Vaughan invokes the aid of Herbert; for this trick of commencing a poem with a short, emphatic address, apostrophe, assertion, or question, is of course borrowed from the older poet, who—in "The Reprisal", *I have considered it;* in Ephes. iv. 30, *And art thou grieved?* in "The Temper" (No. 2), *It cannot be, where is that mighty joy?* in "The Bag", *Away despair! my gracious Lord doth hear;* and in "Sepulchre", *O Blessed Body! whither art Thou thrown?*—originated this quaint convention of 'ejaculation'. Less important, but not unimportant, are the facts that Vaughan bestows on his poems no less than twenty-eight of Herbert's titles, and follows his master in the use of certain favourite expressions, 'lieger' as a synonym for 'ambassador', 'mean' and 'threaten' in the sense of 'aim at', &c. But the really significant features of resemblance between Herbert and Vaughan are to be discovered in that parallelism of phrase and of conceit which can be seen

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running right through *The Temple* and *Silex Scintillans*—a parallelism so continuous and so close as to leave the reader no alternative save to regard the younger poet as his elder's deliberate plagiarist.

The wonder is that Vaughan did not adopt Donne as his master in the writing of spiritual songs. But, so far as I know, there are no real traces of such a *primary* influence. Once only, and then in his love poems, is Vaughan found imitating the Dean; and this imitation must needs be considered, not as an instance of 'conveying', but as a profession of faith in his 'father', as an indispensable qualification for admission into the company of metaphysical poets. The great metaphysical idea—I had almost quoted Byron and called it the great 'metaquizzical' idea, for this notion of the telepathic communion of lovers is a rather sterile paradox—the great metaphysical idea, then, as expounded by Donne in "A Valediction forbidding Mourning" and in "Soul's Joy, now I am Gone", is that, while

Dull sublunary lovers' love—  
Whose soul is sense—cannot admit  
Of absence, 'cause it doth remove  
The thing which elemented it,

the passion felt by lovers more 'refined' and

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'interassured of the mind' is such that distance and absence can interpose no barriers to souls meeting and embracing. This rather false and not very startling theory seems to have struck Donne's 'sons' as something marvellously fine; and accordingly all the more important of them have paid it the sincerest kind of flattery. Carew imitated it in a poem addressed "To my Mistress in Absence"; Lovelace followed suit in his song "To Lucasta going beyond the Seas"; Suckling, though he rather scoffed at the notion, based two songs on it, "If You refuse me Once, and Think Again", and "When, Dearest, I but think of Thee"; Cowley in his *Miscellanies* undertook a version of it called "Friendship in Absence"; Lord Herbert of Cherbury embodied it in "I must Depart", and in the second poem he devotes to "Platonic Love"; and Otway—of all persons!—celebrated it too, for in "The Orphan" he represents Castalio as discoursing to Monimia of 'the ecstatic bliss of souls that, by intelligence [*i.e.* telepathy] converse'. Vaughan's study in this fancy is made in two poems addressed to Amoret, an imaginary lady whose charms also inspired both Lovelace and Waller. The verses are graceful enough, but are no way distinguished for sincerity or for

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originality; and the only thing remarkable in them, as I have said before, is that such frigid studies in amorist poetry should afford the only instance of any influence being exercised over Vaughan by the great leader of the metaphysical revolt. It was indeed to a religious poet endowed with an imagination far less sombre and far less comprehensive than Donne's that the author of *Silex Scintillans* went for a model of phrase and of conceit; and an examination of the parallel passages placed for convenience of arrangement in an appendix to this volume (many collected by Mr. E. K. Chambers in his "Muses' Library" edition of the Silurist, several now pointed out for the first time, I believe, by myself), should serve to convince the most stubborn champion of Vaughan's originality that the younger poet followed his model with a diligence well-nigh grotesque.

Vaughan, it will be observed, meets with the customary fate of the imitator. His fortune in these borrowings is, as it were, aleatory. Sometimes, as in "The Tempest", "The Palm Tree", and in two stanzas of "Man", he transmutes Herbert's commoner metal and returns χρυσέα χαλκῶν, but more often he gives a poorer replica, and, as Johnson said of Burke, instead of 'soaring'

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crawls like 'a beetle in the mire'. The Silurist indeed often displays a strange lack of tact. What can be more naively ludicrous than the conversion of the Leviathan of Psalm civ into 'the comely, spacious whale'? What can be more offensive to taste and falser in sentiment than the conceit of the "Easter Hymn", that 'infants with Death's pangs contest, As pleasant as if with the breast'? And where shall be found literalism more perilous and more depressing than that shown by a poet who, at the very climax of an anticipation of 'The Marriage Supper of the Lamb' can drop into such bathos as 'Let me heed . . . *what in the next world to eat*'? Vaughan, indeed, can appropriate Herbert's phrases and emblems, but he is quite unable to borrow the urbane temper, the dainty fancy, the equipoise of humour and of gravity from which they spring. Wherefore, being, as it would seem, a man fundamentally serious, he plays havoc with all pretence of sincerity when he comes to express those exaggerated notions of the spiritual value of 'grief', of 'affliction', and of 'melancholy', which the Metaphysicals offer in their religious verses as the fit equivalent to the strained compliments and desperate protestations of their amorist poems. He talks of laughter

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as 'the wise man's madness', of affliction as 'mere pleasure', of joy itself 'making a right soul grieve'; he wishes that he were 'one hearty tear', he inveighs against the 'lewd, loathed motions' of the dance, and he alleges that Christ's 'life while here, as well as birth, was but a check to pomp and mirth'. Meantime his unhappy reader, wearied by these artificial antinomies, oppressed by that vague discomfort which must always beset the man who sees a dear friend making himself ridiculous, hovers between the 'hearty tear' and the hearty laugh, and wishes that the poet would content himself with expressing what he really sees and feels.

### VAUGHAN'S POSITION AMONG ENGLISH POETS

For Vaughan has his obvious limitations, and just as he lacks the grace and wit of Herbert, he is equally devoid of Crashaw's flaming passion and sustained intensity of diction. So while the last-named singer in his two hymns to Saint Teresa mounts unerringly on an ascending and culminating scale of passionate rhetoric, Vaughan, in a similar case, is content—I use his own phrase—to 'sleep at the ladder's foot'.

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And as his muse knows no ecstatic, so she knows no equable flights: for sometimes her poet begins a piece magnificently, at other times he redeems it by a splendid finish, and ever and anon he embeds some luminous thought or figure in a mass of his dullest verse. Few indeed of Vaughan's poems can be reckoned finished works of art, for in few can their author be said to achieve that high fusion of feeling and of diction that yields supreme felicity of expression. Yet despite this lack of 'wit at will' on the one hand and of sustained strength on the other, Vaughan's claim to head the list of our religious singers cannot easily be impugned. His originality, as far as regards all the greater matters of his art, is strikingly impressive. He is in truth a poet of poets, a pioneer of new poetic paths, and it is not his least glory to have paved the way for Wordsworth and for Arnold. I have already mentioned the striking echoes of *Silex Scintillans* that can be heard in these two great nineteenth-century poets, so at this point I will content myself with hinting that Arnold in "Revolutions" employs a notion of God's hieroglyphics, broken and undecipherable, somewhat similar to that which Vaughan introduces in "Vanity of Spirit", and that

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Wordsworth's "Affliction of Margaret"—

My apprehensions come in crowds;  
I dread the rustling of the grass;  
The very shadows of the crowds  
Have power to shake me as they pass—

owes something to Vaughan's

There's not a wind can stir,  
Or beam pass by,  
But straight I think, though far  
Thy hand is nigh.

Of lines resembling his which can be traced in such contemporary bards as Dryden and Crashaw it is scarcely worth while to speak; but when he affords 'handsome anticipations' of more modern utterances, the passages in question are perhaps worth quoting. Blake is a poet who, in his mysticism and in his love of children and of animals, has some remarkable affinities with Vaughan. I say 'remarkable affinities' not merely because I look upon "The Eagle" as a forerunner of "The Tiger", and think of the lines in "Childhood" which ask 'Why should men love a wolf, more than a lamb or Dove?' but because the *Songs of Innocence* follow *Silex Scintillans* at an interval of nearly a century and a half, in all which time the 'age of mysteries' had found not a single singer!



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But a greater poet than Blake is every now and then foreshadowed by the Silurist. How Shelleyan is the following couplet taken from "The Ass"!—

This leaden state, which men miscall  
Being and life, but is dead thrall.

It is quite in the vein of "Adonais", and reminds one irresistibly of such lines as 'He has awakened from the dream of life'—'and that unrest which men miscall delight'.

Now take the following extracts from "Joy of my Life":—

Stars are of mighty use: the night  
Is dark and long;  
The road foul; and where one goes right,  
Six may go wrong.

God's saints are shining lights: who stays  
Here long must pass  
O'er dark hills, swift streams, and steep ways  
As smooth as glass.

How clearly they recall Newman's well-known hymn! Almost as clearly, indeed, as certain lines in "Young and Fair Light" remind one of the famous profession of faith which Dryden makes in *The Hind and the Panther*. Let me next place side by side four lines of "Mount of Olives" (No. 2) and a stanza taken from *The Earthly Paradise*:—

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So have I known some beau-  
teous paisage rise  
In sudden flowers and ar-  
bours to my eyes,  
And in the depth and dead  
of winter bring  
To my cold thoughts a  
lively sense of spring.

Folk say, a wizard to a  
northern king  
At Christmas-tide such won-  
drous things did show,  
That through one window  
men beheld the spring,  
And through another saw  
the summer glow,  
And through a third the  
fruited vines a-row,  
While still, unheard, but in  
its wonted way,  
Piped the drear wind of that  
December day.

and it will be seen that, though Morris's magical landscape may have more glamour, Vaughan's has the advantage of appearing more natural and more spontaneous. Christina Rossetti again—like William Morris and her brother Dante Gabriel—owes something to Vaughan. Traces of the older poet's influence on her can be found in "Good-Friday" and in "For a Mercy Received"; and the "Verses"

It seems an easy thing  
Mayhap one day to sing,  
Yet the next day  
We cannot sing or say.

are obviously suggested by the third stanza of "Anguish", where Vaughan protests

O! 'tis an easy thing  
To write and sing;  
But to write true, unfeigned verse  
Is very hard!

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The Silurist, indeed, judged by the influence he has exercised on modern English poets, is a far greater force than any of his rivals: just as his verse, taken at its best, excels theirs in sheer grandeur and sublimity. The bright white light to which he leads one makes Herbert's fireside flame of decent piety burn but pale; his calm spiritual insight is no unworthy substitute for the graveyard speculations of Donne or for the feverish raptures of Crashaw; and, save in certain set pieces, he conciliates the average reader by omitting to sound that note of strict Anglicanism which is so persistent a feature of *The Temple* and of *The Christian Year*. In truth, strange as the notion may appear, it is possible to maintain that the Church of England finds the most inspired interpreters of her teaching not in her professional apologists, but in two physicians, Thomas Browne and Henry Vaughan. This much, at any rate, is certain, that on her most catholic and most spiritual side, she can boast no greater and no meeker bard than the poet of *Silex Scintillans*.

W. A. LEWIS BETTANY.

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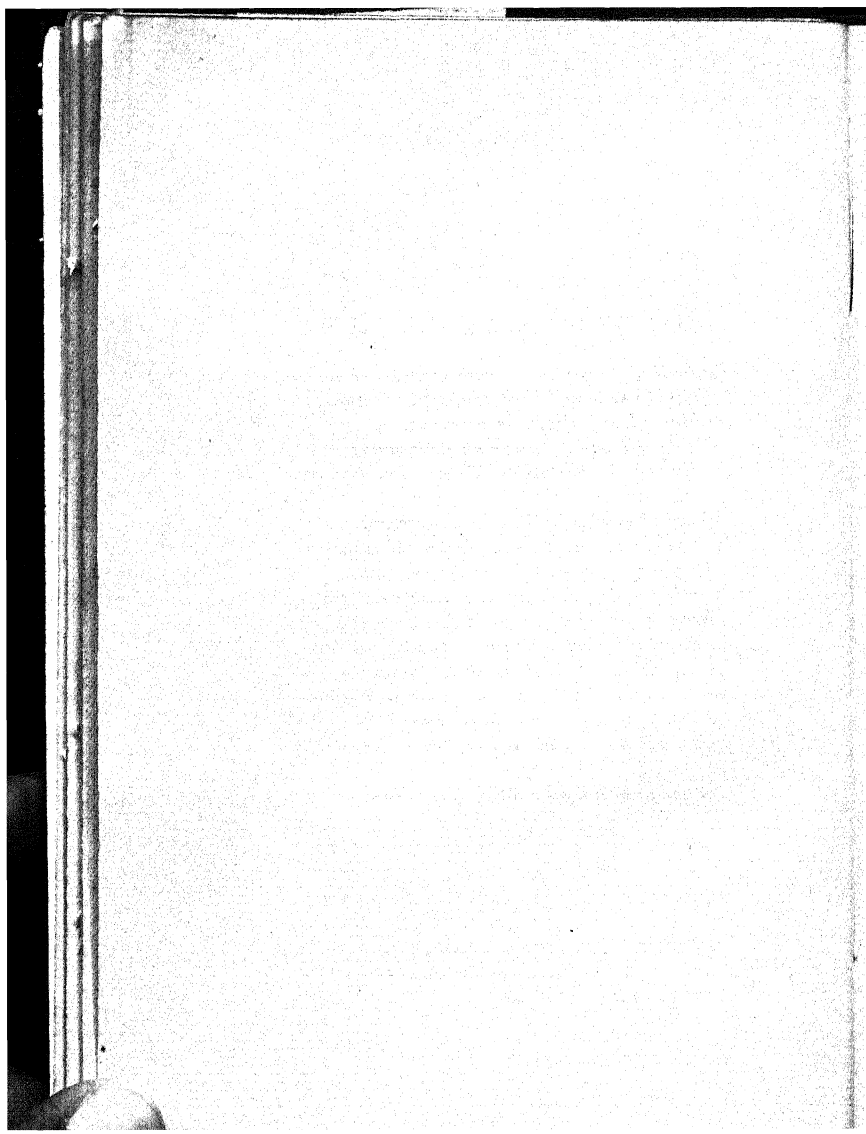


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## AUTHORIS (DE SE) EMBLEMA

*Tentâsti, fateor, sine vulnere saepius, et me  
Consultum voluit Vox, sine voce, frequens;  
Ambivit placido diviniôr aura meatu,  
Et frustrâ sancto murmure praemonuit.  
Surdus eram, mutusque Silex: Tu, (quanta  
tuorum  
Cura tibi est!) aliâ das renovare viâ;  
Permutas Curam: Jamque irritatus Amorem  
Posse negas, et vim, Vi, superare paras;  
Accedis propior, molemque, et saxeâ rumpis  
Pectora, fitque Caro, quod fuit ante Lapis.  
En lacerum! Coelosque tuos ardentia tandem  
Fragmenta, et liquidas ex Adamante genas!  
Sic olim undantes Petras, Scopulosque vomentes  
Curâsti, O populi providus usque tui!  
Quam miranda tibi manus est! Moriendo,  
revixi;  
Et fractas jam sum ditior inter opes.*



## THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE FOLLOWING HYMNS

That this kingdom hath abounded with those ingenious persons, which in the late notion are termed Wits, is too well known: many of them having cast away all their fair portion of time in no better employments than a deliberate search, or excogitation, of idle words, and a most vain, insatiable, desire to be reputed poets: leaving behind them no other monuments of those excellent abilities conferred upon them, but such as they may (with a predecessor of theirs) term parricides, and a soul-killing issue, for that is the *Βραβεῖον*, and laureate crown, which idle poems will certainly bring to their unrelenting authors.

And well it were for them, if those willingly studied and wilfully published vanities could defile no spirits but their own; but the case is far worse. These vipers survive their parents, and for many ages after (like epidemic diseases) infect whole generations, corrupting always and unhallowing the best-gifted souls and the most capable

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

vessels; for whose sanctification and welfare the glorious Son of God laid down His life, and suffered the precious blood of His blessed and innocent heart to be poured out. In the meantime it cannot be denied but these men are had in remembrance, though we cannot say with any comfort, "their memorial is blessed"; for, that I may speak no more than the truth (let their passionate worshippers say what they please), all the commendations that can be justly given them will amount to no more than what Prudentius the Christian sacred poet bestowed upon Symmachus;

*Os dignum, aeterno tinctum quod fulgeat auro,  
Si mallet laudare Deum, Cui sordida monstra  
Praetulit, et liquidam temeravit crimine vocem;  
Haud aliter, quam cum rastris qui tentet  
eburnis*

*Coenosum versare solum, &c.*

In English thus,

A wit most worthy in tried gold to shine,  
Immortal gold! had he sung the divine  
Praise of his Maker: to Whom he preferred  
Obscene, vile fancies, and profanely marred  
A rich, rare style with sinful, lewd contents;  
No otherwise, then if with instruments  
Of polished ivory, some drudge should stir  
A dirty sink, &c.

## *AUTHOR'S PREFACE*

This comparison is nothing odious, and it is as true as it is apposite; for a good wit in a bad subject is (as Solomon said of the fair and foolish woman) "like a jewel of gold in a swine's snout", Prov. xi. 22. Nay, the more acute the author is, there is so much the more danger and death in the work. Where the sun is busy upon a dunghill, the issue is always some unclean vermin. Divers persons of eminent piety and learning (I meddle not with the seditious and schismatical) have, long before my time, taken notice of this malady; for the complaint against vicious verse, even by peaceful and obedient spirits, is of some antiquity in this kingdom. And yet, as if the evil consequence attending this inveterate error were but a small thing, there is sprung very lately another prosperous device to assist it in the subversion of souls. Those that want the genius of verse fall to translating; and the people are (every term) plentifully furnished with various foreign vanities; so that the most lascivious compositions of France and Italy are here naturalized and made English; and this, as it is sadly observed, with so much favour and success, that nothing takes (as they rightly phrase it) like a romance. And very frequently (if that character be not an ivy-bush), the

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

buyer receives this lewd ware from *persons of honour*, who want not reason to forbear: much private misfortune having sprung from no other seed at first than some infectious and dissolving legend.

To continue (after years of discretion) in this vanity, is an inexcusable desertion of pious sobriety; and to persist so to the end, is a wilful despising of God's sacred exhortations, by a constant, sensual volutation or wallowing in impure thoughts and scurrilous conceits, which both defile their authors, and as many more as they are communicated to. If "every idle word shall be accounted for", and if "no corrupt communication should proceed out of our mouths", how desperate, I beseech you, is their condition, who all their lifetime, and out of mere design, study lascivious fictions: then carefully record and publish them, that instead of grace and life, they may minister sin and death unto their readers! It was wisely considered, and piously said by one, that he "would read no idle books; both in regard of love to his own soul, and pity unto his that made them"; "for", said he, "if I be corrupted by them, their composer is immediately a cause of my ill; and at the Day of Reckoning, though now dead, must give an account for it, because

## *AUTHOR'S PREFACE*

I am corrupted by his bad example, which he left behind him. I will write none, lest I hurt them that come after me; I will read none, lest I augment his punishment that is gone before me. I will neither write, nor read, lest I prove a foe to my own soul: while I live, I sin too much; let me not continue longer in wickedness than I do in life." It is a sentence of sacred authority, that "he that is dead is freed from sin"; because he cannot in that state, which is without the body, sin any more; but he that writes idle books makes for himself another body, in which he always lives, and sins (after death) as fast and as foul as ever he did in his life; which very consideration deserves to be a sufficient antidote against this evil disease.

And here, because I would prevent a just censure by my free confession, I must remember, that I myself have, for many years together, languished of this very sickness; and it is no long time since I have recovered. But (blessed be God for it!) I have by His saving assistance suppressed my greatest follies, and those which escaped from me, are, I think, as innoxious as most of that vein use to be; besides, they are interlined with many virtuous, and some pious mixtures. What I speak of them is truth: but



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let no man mistake it for an extenuation of faults, as if I intended an apology for them, or myself, who am conscious of so much guilt in both, as can never be expiated without special sorrows, and that cleansing and precious effusion of my Almighty Redeemer. And if the world will be so charitable as to grant my request, I do here most humbly and earnestly beg that none would read them.

But an idle or sensual subject is not all the poison in these pamphlets. Certain authors have been so irreverently bold, as to dash Scriptures and the Sacred Relatives of God with their impious conceits; and (which I cannot speak without grief of heart) some of those desperate adventurers may, I think, be reckoned amongst the principal or most learned writers of English verse.

Others of a later date, being corrupted, it may be, by that evil genius, which came in with the public distractions, have stuffed their books with oaths, horrid execrations, and a most gross and studied filthiness. But the hurt that ensues by the publication of pieces so notoriously ill, lies heavily upon the stationer's account, who ought in conscience to refuse them, when they are put into his hands. No loss is so

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doleful as that gain, that will endamage the soul. He that prints lewdness and impieties, is that madman in the Proverbs, who "casteth firebrands, arrows, and death".

The suppression of this pleasing and prevailing evil lies not altogether in the power of the magistrate; for it will fly abroad in manuscripts, when it fails of entertainment at the press. The true remedy lies wholly in their bosoms, who are the gifted persons, by a wise exchange of vain and vicious subjects, for divine themes and celestial praise. The performance is easy, and, were it the most difficult in the world, the reward is so glorious, that it infinitely transcends it: for "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine like the stars for ever and ever": whence follows this undeniable inference, that the corrupting of many, being a contrary work, the recompense must be so too; and then I know nothing reserved for them, but "the blackness of darkness for ever"; from which, O God, deliver all penitent and reformed spirits!

The first, that with any effectual success attempted a diversion of this foul and overflowing stream, was the blessed man, Mr. George Herbert, whose holy life and verse gained many pious converts, of whom I

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am the least; and gave the first check to a most flourishing and admired wit of his time. After him followed divers,—*Sed non passibus aequis*; they had more of fashion than force. And the reason of their so vast distance from him, besides differing spirits and qualifications, (for his measure was eminent,) I suspect to be, because they aimed more at verse, than perfection, as may be easily gathered by their frequent impressions, and numerous pages. Hence sprang those wide, those weak, and lean conceptions, which in the most inclinable reader will scarce give any nourishment or help to devotion; for, not flowing from a true, practick piety, it was impossible they should effect those things abroad, which they never had acquaintance with at home; being only the productions of a common spirit, and the obvious ebullitions of that light humour, which takes the pen in hand out of no other consideration than to be seen in print. It is true indeed, that to give up our thoughts to pious themes and contemplations (if it be done for piety's sake) is a great step towards perfection; because it will refine, and dispose to devotion and sanctity. And further, it will procure for us (so easily communicable is that loving Spirit) some small prelibation of those

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Heavenly refreshments, which descend but seldom, and then very sparingly, upon men of an ordinary or indifferent holiness. But he that desires to excel in this kind of hagiography, or holy writing, must strive by all means for perfection and true holiness, that "a door may be opened to him in Heaven", Rev. iv. 1, and then he will be able to write (with Hierotheus and holy Herbert), "A True Hymn".

To effect this in some measure, I have begged leave to communicate this my poor talent to the Church, under the protection and conduct of her glorious Head: Who, if He will vouchsafe to own it, and go along with it, can make it as useful now in the public, as it hath been to me in private. In the perusal of it, you will (peradventure) observe some passages, whose history or reason may seem something remote; but were they brought nearer, and plainly exposed to your view, though that perhaps might quiet your curiosity, yet would it not conduce much to your greater advantage. And therefore I must desire you to accept of them in that latitude, which is already allowed them. By the last poems in the book, were not that mistake here prevented, you would judge all to be fatherless, and the edition posthume; for indeed

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"I was nigh unto death", and am still at no great distance from it; which was the necessary reason for that solemn and accomplished dress, you will now find this impression in.

But "the God of the spirits of all flesh" hath granted me a further use of mine than I did look for in the body; and when I expected, and had by His assistance prepared for, a message of death, then did He answer me with life; I hope to His glory, and my great advantage; that I may flourish not with leaf only, but with some fruit also; which hope and earnest desire of His poor creature, I humbly beseech Him to perfect and fulfil for His dear Son's sake, unto Whom, with Him and the most Holy and loving Spirit, be ascribed by angels, by men, and by all His works, all glory, and wisdom, and dominion, in this the temporal and in the eternal being. Amen.

NEWTON by USK, near SKETH-ROCK,  
*September 30, 1654.*

*O Lord, the hope of Israel, all they that forsake Thee shall be ashamed; and they that depart from Thee, shall be written in the earth, because they have forsaken the Lord, the fountain of living waters.*

*Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved, for Thou art my health, and my great deliverer.*

*I said in the cutting off of my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave; I have deprived myself of the residue of my years.*

*I said, I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord in the land of the living: I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world.*

*O Lord! by Thee doth man live, and from Thee is the life of my spirit: therefore wilt Thou recover me, and make me to live.*

*Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption; for Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back.*

*For Thy name's sake hast Thou put off Thine anger; for Thy praise hast Thou refrained from me, that I should not be cut off.*

*For the grave cannot praise Thee, death cannot celebrate Thee: they, that go down into the pit, cannot hope for Thy truth.*

*The living, the living, he shall praise Thee, as I do this day: the father to the children shall make known Thy truth.*

*O Lord; Thou hast been merciful; Thou hast brought back my life from corruption: Thou hast redeemed me from my sin.*

*They that follow after lying vanities, forsake their own mercy.*

*Therefore shall Thy songs be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.*

*I will go unto the altar of my God, unto God, the joy of my youth; and in Thy fear will I worship towards Thy holy temple.*

*I will sacrifice unto Thee with the voice of thanksgiving; I will pay that which I have vowed; salvation is of the Lord.*

# Silex Scintillans





To my most merciful, my most loving, and  
dearly loved REDEEMER, the ever blessed,  
the only HOLY and JUST ONE,

JESUS CHRIST,

*The Son of the living GOD, and the sacred  
Virgin Mary.*

I

My God! Thou That didst die for me,  
These Thy death's fruits I offer Thee;  
Death that to me was life and light,  
But dark and deep pangs to Thy sight.  
Some drops of Thy all-quickenning blood  
Fell on my heart; those made it bud,  
And put forth thus, though Lord, before  
The ground was cursed and void of store.  
Indeed I had some here to hire  
Which long resisted Thy desire,  
That stoned Thy servants, and did move  
To have Thee murdered for Thy love;  
But Lord, I have expelled them, and so  
bent,  
Beg Thou wouldst take Thy Tenant's rent.

## II

Dear Lord, 'tis finished! and now he  
That copied it, presents it Thee.  
'Twas Thine first, and to Thee returns,  
From Thee it shined, though here it burns;  
If the sun rise on rocks, is 't right,  
To call it their inherent light?  
No, nor can I say, this is mine,  
For, dearest Jesus, 'tis all Thine,  
As Thy clothes, when Thou with clothes  
wert clad,  
Both light from Thee, and virtue had;  
And now, as then, within this place,  
Thou to poor rags dost still give grace.  
This is the earnest Thy love sheds,  
The candle shining on some heads,  
Till at Thy charges they shall be  
Clothed all with immortality.

## III

My dear Redeemer, the world's light,  
And life too, and my heart's delight!  
For all Thy mercies and Thy truth,  
Showed to me in my sinful youth,  
For my sad failings and my wild  
Murmurings at Thee, when most mild;  
For all my secret faults, and each  
Frequent relapse and wilful breach,

For all designs meant against Thee,  
And every published vanity,  
Which Thou divinely hast forgiven,  
While Thy blood washed me white as  
Heaven;

I nothing have to give to Thee,  
But this Thy own gift, given to me.  
Refuse it not; for now Thy token  
Can tell Thee where a heart is broken.

REVEL. CAP. I. VER. 5, 6, 7.

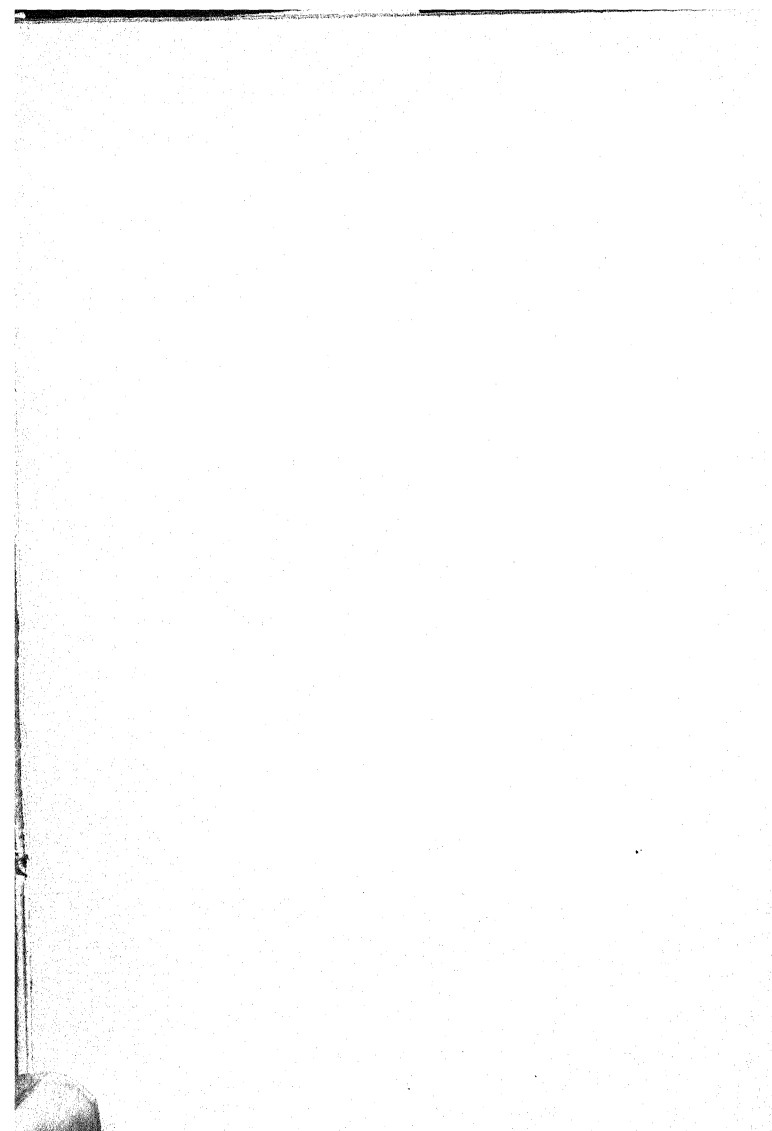
*Unto Him That loved us, and washed us from  
our sins in His own blood;*

*And hath made us kings and priests unto  
God and His Father; to Him be glory and  
dominion, for ever and ever. Amen.*

*Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye  
shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him;  
and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because  
of Him: even so. Amen.*

Vain wits and eyes,  
Leave, and be wise:  
Abuse not, shun not holy fire,  
But with true tears wash off your mire.  
Tears and these flames will soon grow  
    kind,  
And mix an eye-salve for the blind.  
Tears cleanse and supple without fail,  
And fire will purge your callous veil.  
Then comes the light; which, when you  
    spy,  
And see your nakedness thereby,  
Praise Him, Who dealt his gifts so free,  
In tears to you, in fire to me.

## Part I



## Regeneration

### I

A ward, and still in bonds, one day  
    I stole abroad;  
It was high-Spring, and all the way  
    Primrosed, and hung with shade;  
    Yet was it frost within;  
    And surly winds  
Blasted my infant buds, and sin  
    Like clouds eclipsed my mind.

### 2

Stormed thus; I straight perceived my  
    Spring  
    Mere stage and show,  
My walk a monstrous, mountained thing,  
    Rough-cast with rocks and snow;  
    And as a pilgrim's eye,  
    Far from relief,  
Measures the melancholy sky,  
    Then drops, and rains for grief:



## REGENERATION

### 3

So sighed I upwards still; at last,  
    'Twixt steps and falls,  
I reached the pinnacle, where placed  
    I found a pair of scales;  
    I took them up, and laid  
        In th' one late pains;  
The other smoke and pleasures weighed,  
    But proved the heavier grains.

### 4

With that some cried, "Away"; straight I  
    Obeyed, and led  
Full East, a fair, fresh field could spy;  
    Some called it Jacob's Bed;  
    A virgin soil, which no  
        Rude feet e'er trod;  
Where (since He stept there,) only go  
    Prophets and friends of God.

### 5

Here I reposed; but scarce well set,  
    A grove descried  
Of stately height, whose branches met  
    And mixed on every side;  
    I entered, and, once in,  
        (Amazed to see't,)  
Found all was changed, and a new Spring  
    Did all my senses greet.

## REGENERATION

### 6

The unthrift sun shot vital gold,  
    A thousand pieces;  
And heaven its azure did unfold,  
    Chequered with snowy fleeces;  
    The air was all in spice,  
    And every bush  
A garland wore; thus fed my eyes,  
    But all the ear lay hush.

### 7

Only a little fountain lent  
    Some use for ears,  
And on the dumb shades language spent,  
    The music of her tears;  
    I drew her near, and found  
    The cistern full  
Of divers stones, some bright and round,  
    Others ill-shaped and dull.

### 8

The first (pray mark!) as quick as light  
    Danced through the flood;  
But th' last, more heavy than the night,  
    Nailed to the centre stood;  
    I wondered much, but tired  
    At last with thought,  
My restless eye, that still desired,  
    As strange an object brought.



## Death

A DIALOGUE

*Soul*

'Tis a sad land, that in one day  
Hath dulled thee thus; when death shall  
freeze  
Thy blood to ice, and thou must stay  
Tenant for years, and centuries;  
How wilt thou brook't?—

*Body*

I cannot tell;  
But if all sense wings not with thee,  
And something still be left the dead,  
I'll wish my curtains off, to free  
Me from so dark and sad a bed;

A nest of nights, a gloomy sphere,  
Where shadows thicken, and the cloud  
Sits on the sun's brow all the year,  
And nothing moves without a shroud.

## DEATH

### *Soul*

'Tis so: but as thou saw'st that night  
We travaill'd in, our first attempts  
Were dull and blind, but custom straight  
Our fears and falls brought to contempt:

Then, when the ghastly twelve was past,  
We breathed still for a blushing East,  
And bade the lazy sun make haste,  
And on sure hopes, though long, did  
feast:

But when we saw the clouds to crack,  
And in those crannies light appeared,  
We thought the day then was not slack,  
And pleas'd ourselves with what we  
feared:

Just so it is in death. But thou  
Shalt in thy mother's bosom sleep,  
Whilst I each minute groan to know  
How near Redemption creeps.

Then shall we meet to mix again, and  
met,  
'Tis last good-night; our Sun shall never  
set.

## DEATH

JOB, CAP. 10. VER. 21, 22.

*Before I go whence I shall not return, even  
to the land of darkness and the shadow of  
death;*

*A land of darkness, as darkness itself; and  
of the shadow of death, without any order, and  
where the light is as darkness.*

## Resurrection and Immortality

HEB. CAP. 10. VER. 20.

*By that new, and living way, which He hath  
prepared for us, through the veil, which is His  
flesh.*

### *Body*

#### I

Of't have I seen, when that renewing  
breath,  
That binds and loosens death,  
Inspired a quickening power through the  
dead  
Creatures a-bed,  
Some drowsy silk-worm creep  
From that long sleep,  
And in weak, infant hummings chime,  
and knell  
About her silent cell,  
Until at last, full with the vital ray,  
She winged away,  
And, proud with life and sense,  
Heaven's rich expense,

## RESURRECTION

Esteemed (vain things!) of two whole  
elements

As mean, and span-extents.

Shall I then think such providence will  
be

Less friend to me?

Or that He can endure to be unjust

Who keeps His Covenant even with our  
dust?

### *Soul*

#### 2

Poor querulous handful! was't for this

I taught thee all that is?

Unbowelled nature, showed thee her recruits,

And change of suits,

And how of death we make

A mere mistake;

For no thing can to nothing fall, but still

Incorporates by skill,

And then returns, and from the womb of  
things

Such treasure brings,

As Phoenix-like renew'th

Both life, and youth;

For a preserving spirit doth still pass

Untainted through this mass,

Which doth resolve, produce, and ripen all

That to it fall;



## RESURRECTION

Nor are those births, which we  
Thus suffering see,  
Destroyed at all; but when Time's restless  
wave  
Their substance doth deprave,  
And the more noble essence finds his house  
Sickly and loose,  
He, ever young, doth wing  
Unto that spring,  
And source of spirits, where he takes his  
lot,  
Till Time no more shall rot  
His passive cottage; which (though laid  
aside,)  
Like some spruce bride,  
Shall one day rise, and, clothed with  
shining light,  
All pure and bright,  
Re-marry to the soul, for 't is most plain  
Thou only fall'st to be refined again.

### 3

Then I, that here saw darkly in a glass  
But mists and shadows pass,  
And, by their own weak shine, did search  
the springs  
And course of things,  
Shall with enlightened rays  
Pierce all their ways;

## AND IMMORTALITY

And as thou saw'st, I in a thought could  
go

To Heaven or Earth below,  
To read some star or mineral, and in state  
There often sat;

So shalt thou then with me,  
Both winged and free,  
Rove in that mighty and eternal light,  
Where no rude shade, or night  
Shall dare approach us; we shall there  
no more

Watch stars, or pore  
Through melancholy clouds, and say,  
"Would it were Day!"

One everlasting Sabbath there shall run  
Without succession, and without a sun.

DAN. CAP. 12. VER. 13.

*But go thou thy way until the end be: for  
thou shalt rest, and stand up in thy lot at the  
end of the days.*

## Day of Judgment

When through the North a fire shall rush  
And roll into the East,  
And like a fiery torrent brush  
And sweep up South and West,—

When all shall stream and lighten round,  
And with surprising flames  
Both stars and elements confound,  
And quite blot out their names,—

When Thou shalt spend Thy sacred store  
Of thunders in that heat,  
And low as e'er they lay before  
Thy six-days' buildings beat,—

When like a scroll the heavens shall pass  
And vanish clean away,  
And nought must stand of that vast space  
Which held up night and day,—

When one loud blast shall rend the deep  
And from the womb of Earth

## *DAY OF JUDGMENT*

Summon up all that are asleep  
Unto a second birth,—

When Thou shalt make the clouds Thy seat,  
And in the open air  
The quick and dead, both small and great,  
Must to Thy bar repair;

O then it will be all too late  
To say, "What shall I do?"  
Repentance there is out of date,  
And so is Mercy too.

Prepare, prepare me then, O God!  
And let me now begin  
To feel my loving Father's rod  
Killing the man of sin.

Give me, O give me crosses here,  
Still more afflictions lend;  
That pill, though bitter, is most dear  
That brings health in the end.

Lord, God! I beg nor friends, nor wealth,  
But pray against them both;  
Three things I'd have, my soul's chief  
health,  
And one of these seems loth:

## DAY OF JUDGMENT

A living faith, a heart of flesh,  
The World an enemy;  
This last will keep the first two fresh,  
And bring me where I'd be.

I PET. 4. 7.

*Now the end of all things is at hand; be you  
therefore sober, and watching in prayer.*

## Religion

My God, when I walk in those groves  
And leaves Thy Spirit doth still fan,  
I see in each shade that there grows  
An angel talking with a man.

Under a juniper some house,  
Or the cool myrtle's canopy;  
Others beneath an oak's green boughs,  
Or at some fountain's bubbling eye.

Here Jacob dreams, and wrestles; there  
Elias by a raven is fed,  
Another time by th' angel, where  
He brings him water with his bread.

In Abraham's tent the wingèd guests  
(O how familiar then was Heaven!)  
Eat, drink, discourse, sit down, and rest  
Until the cool and shady even.

Nay Thou Thyself, my God, in fire,  
Whirlwinds, and clouds, and the soft  
voice,

## RELIGION

Speak'st there so much, that I admire  
We have no conference in these days.

Is the truce broke? or 'cause we have  
A Mediator now with Thee,  
Dost Thou therefore old treaties waive,  
And by appeals from Him decree?

Or is't so, as some green heads say,  
That now all miracles must cease?  
Though Thou hast promised they should  
stay,  
The tokens of the Church, and peace.

No, no; Religion is a spring,  
That from some secret, golden mine  
Derives her birth, and thence doth bring  
Cordials in every drop, and wine.

But in her long, and hidden course,  
Passing through the Earth's dark veins  
Grows still from better unto worse,  
And both her taste and colour stains;

Then drilling on, learns to increase  
False echoes and confused sounds,  
And unawares doth often seize  
On veins of sulphur under ground;

## RELIGION

So poisoned, breaks forth in some clime,  
And at first sight doth many please;  
But drunk, is puddle or mere slime,  
And 'stead of physic, a disease.

Just such a tainted sink we have,  
Like that Samaritan's dead well;  
Nor must we for the kernel crave  
Because most voices like the shell.

Heal then these waters, Lord; or bring  
Thy flock,  
Since these are troubled, to the springing  
Rock;  
Look down, Great Master of the feast; O  
shine,  
And turn once more our water into wine!

CANT. CAP. 4. VER. 12.

*My sister, my spouse, is as a garden enclosed,  
as a spring shut up, and a fountain sealed up.*



## The Search

'Tis now clear day: I see a rose  
Bud in the bright East, and disclose  
The pilgrim-sun; all night have I  
Spent in a roving ecstasy  
To find my Saviour; I have been  
As far as Bethlem, and have seen  
His inn and cradle; being there  
I met the Wise Men, asked them where  
He might be found, or what star can  
Now point Him out, grown up a man?  
To Egypt hence I fled, ran o'er  
All her parched bosom to Nile's shore,  
Her yearly nurse; came back, enquired  
Amongst the Doctors, and desired  
To see the Temple, but was shown  
A little dust, and for the town  
A heap of ashes, where some said  
A small bright sparkle was a-bed,  
Which would one day (beneath the pole),  
Awake, and then refine the whole.

Tired here, I came to Sychar; thence  
To Jacob's well, bequeathed since

## *THE SEARCH*

Unto his sons, where often they  
In those calm, golden evenings lay  
Watering their flocks, and having spent  
Those white days, drove home to the tent  
Their well-fleeced train; and here (O fate!)  
I sit, where once my Saviour sat.  
The angry spring in bubbles swelled,  
Which broke in sighs still, as they filled,  
And whispered, "Jesus had been there,  
But Jacob's children would not hear".  
Loth hence to part, at last I rise  
But with the fountain in mine eyes,  
And here a fresh search is decreed;  
He must be found where He did bleed.  
I walk the Garden, and there see  
Ideas of His Agony,  
And moving anguishments, that set  
His blest face in a bloody sweat;  
I climbed the Hill, perused the Cross,  
Hung with my gain, and His great loss:  
Never did tree bear fruit like this,  
Balsam of souls, the body's bliss.  
But, O His grave! where I saw lent  
(For He had none,) a monument,  
An undefiled, a new-hewed one,  
But there was not the Corner-stone.  
"Sure then," said I, "my quest is vain,  
He'll not be found where He was slain;  
So mild a Lamb can never be  
'Midst so much blood and cruelty.

## THE SEARCH

I'll to the wilderness, and can  
Find beasts more merciful than man;  
He lived there safe, 't was His retreat  
From the fierce Jew, and Herod's heat;  
And forty days withstood the fell  
And high temptations of Hell;  
With seraphins there talkèd He,  
His Father's flaming ministry;  
He heavened their walks, and with His eyes  
Made those wild shades a paradise.  
Thus was the desert sanctified  
To be the refuge of His bride.  
I'll thither then; see, it is day!  
The sun's broke through to guide my way."

But as I urged thus, and writ down  
What pleasures should my journey crown,  
What silent paths, what shades, and cells,  
Fair virgin-flowers, and hallowed wells  
I should rove in, and rest my head  
Where my dear Lord did often tread,  
Sugaring all dangers with success,  
Methought I heard one singing thus;

I

Leave, leave thy gadding thoughts;  
Who pores  
And spies  
Still out of doors,  
Descries  
Within them nought.

## THE SEARCH

### 2

The skin and shell of things,  
Though fair,  
Are not  
Thy wish, nor prayer,  
But got  
By mere despair  
Of wings.

### 3

To rack old elements,  
Or dust;  
And say,  
Sure here He must  
Needs stay,  
Is not the way,  
Nor just,

Search well another world; who studies  
this,  
Travels in clouds, seeks manna where  
none is.

ACTS, CAP. 17. VER. 27, 28.

*That they should seek the Lord, if haply they  
might feel after Him, and find Him, though He  
be not far off from every one of us, for in Him  
we live, and move, and have our being.*

## Isaac's Marriage



GEN. CAP. 24. VER. 63.

*And Isaac went out to pray in the field at the even-tide, and he lift up his eyes, and saw, and behold, the camels were coming.*

Praying! and to be married! It was rare,  
But now 'tis monstrous; and that pious  
care,

Though of ourselves, is so much out of  
date,

That to renew't were to degenerate.

But thou a chosen sacrifice wert given,  
And offered up so early unto Heaven,  
Thy flames could not be out; religion  
was

Rayed into thee like beams into a glass;  
Where, as thou grew'st, it multiplied, and  
shined

The sacred constellation of thy mind.

But being for a bride, prayer was such  
A decried course, sure it prevailed not  
much.

## ISAAC'S MARRIAGE

Had'st ne'er an oath, nor compliment?  
    thou wert  
An odd, dull suitor; hadst thou but the  
    art  
Of these our days, thou couldst have coined  
    thee twenty  
New several oaths, and compliments too  
    plenty.  
O sad and wild excess! and happy those  
White days, that durst no impious mirth  
    expose!  
When conscience by lewd use had not  
    lost sense,  
Nor bold-faced custom banished inno-  
    cence!  
Thou hadst no pompous train, nor antic  
    crowd  
Of young, gay swearers, with their need-  
    less, loud  
Retinue; all was here smooth as thy  
    bride,  
And calm like her, or that mild evening-  
    tide.  
Yet hadst thou nobler guests: angels did  
    wind,  
And rove about thee, guardians of thy  
    mind;  
These fetched thee home thy bride, and  
    all the way  
Advised thy servant what to do and say;

## ISAAC'S MARRIAGE

These taught him at the well, and thither  
brought

The chaste and lovely object of thy thought.  
But here was ne'er a compliment, not one  
Spruce, supple cringe, or studied look put  
on:

All was plain, modest truth: nor did she  
come

In rolls and curls, mincing and stately  
dumb;

But in a virgin's native blush and fears,  
Fresh as those roses which the day-spring  
wears.

O sweet, divine simplicity! O grace  
Beyond a curlèd lock, or painted face!  
A pitcher too she had, nor thought it much  
To carry that which some would scorn  
to touch;

With which in mild, chaste language she  
did woo

To draw him drink, and for his camels  
too.

And now thou knew'st her coming, it  
was time

To get thee wings on, and devoutly climb  
Unto thy God; for marriage of all states  
Makes most unhappy, or most fortunates.  
This brought thee forth, where now thou  
didst undress

Thy soul, and with new pinions refresh

## ISAAC'S MARRIAGE

Her wearied wings, which, so restored,  
did fly  
Above the stars, a track unknown and  
high;  
And in her piercing flight perfumed the  
air,  
Scattering the myrrh and incense of thy  
prayer.  
So from Lahai-roi's <sup>1</sup>well some spicy  
cloud,  
Wooded by the sun, swells up to be his  
shroud,  
And from her moist womb weeps a fra-  
grant shower,  
Which, scattered in a thousand pearls,  
each flower  
And herb partakes; where having stood  
awhile,  
And something cooled the parched and  
thirsty isle,  
The thankful Earth unlocks herself, and  
blends  
A thousand odours, which, all mixed, she  
sends  
Up in one cloud, and so returns the skies  
That dew they lent, a breathing sacri-  
fice.

<sup>1</sup>A well in the South Country where Jacob dwelt, between Cadesh and Bered; Heb. the well of him that liveth and seeth me.



## *ISAAC'S MARRIAGE*

Thus soared thy soul, who, though  
young, didst inherit  
Together with his blood thy father's spirit,  
Whose active zeal and tried faith were to  
thee  
Familiar ever since thy infancy.  
Others were timed and trained up to 't, but  
thou  
Didst thy swift years in piety outgrow.  
Age made them reverend, and a snowy  
head,  
But thou wert so, e'er Time his snow could  
shed.  
Then, who would truly limn thee out, must  
paint  
First a young patriarch, then a married  
saint.

## The British Church

### I

Ah! He is fled!  
And while these here their mists and  
shadows hatch,  
My glorious Head  
Doth on those hills of myrrh and incense  
watch.

Haste, haste, my Dear!  
The soldiers here  
Cast in their lots again.  
That seamless coat,  
The Jews touched not,  
These dare divide and stain.

### 2

O get Thee wings!  
Or if as yet (until these clouds depart,  
And the day springs),  
Thou think'st it good to tarry where Thou  
art,

Write in Thy books,  
My ravished looks,

## THE BRITISH CHURCH

Slain flock, and pillaged fleeces;  
And haste Thee so,  
As a young roe  
Upon the mounts of spices.

*O rosa campi! O lilium convallium! quomodo  
nunc facta es pabulum aprorum!*

## The Lamp



'Tis dead night round about: Horror  
doth creep

And move on with the shades; stars nod  
and sleep,

And through the dark air spin a fiery  
thread,

Such as doth gild the lazy glow-worm's  
bed.

Yet burn'st thou here a full day, while  
I spend

My rest in cares, and to the dark world lend  
These flames, as thou dost thine to me;

I watch

That hour, which must thy life and mine  
dispatch;

But still thou dost outgo me, I can see

Met in thy flames all acts of piety;

Thy light, is Charity; thy heat, is Zeal;

And thy aspiring, active fires reveal

Devotion still on wing; then, thou dost  
weep

Still as thou burn'st, and the warm drop-  
pings creep

## THE LAMP

To measure out thy length, as if thou'dst  
know  
What stock, and how much time were left  
thee now;  
Nor dost thou spend one tear in vain, for  
still  
As thou dissolv'st to them, and they distil,  
They're stored up in the socket, where they  
lie,  
When all is spent, thy last and sure  
supply:  
And such is true repentance; every breath  
We spend in sighs is treasure after death.  
Only one point escapes thee; that thy  
oil  
Is still out with thy flame, and so both  
fail;  
But whensoever I'm out, both shall be in,  
And where thou mad'st an end, there I'll  
begin.

MARK, CAP. 13. VER. 35.

*Watch you therefore, for you know not when  
the Master of the house cometh, at even, or at  
midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the  
morning.*

## Man's Fall and Recovery

Farewell, you Everlasting Hills! I'm cast  
Here under clouds, where storms and  
tempests blast

    This sullied flower,  
Robbed of your calm; nor can I ever make,  
Transplanted thus, one leaf of his t' awake;

    But every hour  
He sleeps and droops; and in this drowsy  
state

Leaves me a slave to passions and my  
fate.

    Besides I've lost  
A train of lights, which in those sunshine  
days

Were my sure guides; and only with me  
stays,

    Unto my cost,  
One sullen beam, whose charge is to  
dispense

More punishment than knowledge to my  
sense.

## MAN'S FALL AND RECOVERY

Two thousand years  
I sojourned thus. At last Jeshurun's king  
Those famous tables did from Sinai bring.

These swelled my fears,  
Guilts, trespasses, and all this inward  
awe;  
For Sin took strength and vigour from the  
Law.

Yet have I found  
A plenteous way, (thanks to that Holy  
One!)

To cancel all that e'er was writ in stone.

His saving wound  
Wept blood that broke this adamant, and  
gave

To sinners confidence, life to the grave.

This makes me span  
My fathers' journeys, and in one fair step  
O'er all their pilgrimage and labours leap.

For God (made Man),  
Reduced th' extent of works of faith; so  
made  
Of their Red Sea, a spring: I wash, they  
wade.

ROM. CAP. 5. VER. 17.

*As by the offence of one, the fault came on  
all men to condemnation; so by the righteous-  
ness of One, the benefit abounded towards all  
men to the justification of life.*

## The Shower

### I

'Twas so; I saw thy birth. That drowsy  
lake  
From her faint bosom breathed thee, the  
disease  
Of her sick waters, and infectious ease.  
But now at even,  
Too gross for heaven,  
Thou fall'st in tears, and weep'st for thy  
mistake.

### 2

Ah! it is so with me; oft have I pressed  
Heaven with a lazy breath; but fruitless  
this  
Pierced not; Love only can with quick  
access  
Unlock the way,  
When all else stray,  
The smoke and exhalations of the breast.

### 3

Yet if, as thou dost melt, and, with thy train  
Of drops make soft the earth, my eyes  
could weep



## *THE SHOWER*

O'er my hard heart, that's bound up and  
asleep,

Perhaps at last,

Some such showers past,

My God would give a sunshine after rain.

## Distraction

O knit me, that am crumbled dust! the  
heap

Is all dispersed and cheap;  
Give for a handful but a thought,  
And it is bought.

Hadst Thou

Made me a star, a pearl, or a rainbow,  
The beams I then had shot  
My light had lessened not;

But now

I find myself the less the more I grow.

The world

Is full of voices; Man is called, and hurled  
By each; he answers all,  
Knows every note and call;

Hence, still

Fresh dotage tempts, or old usurps his  
will.

Yet hadst Thou clipped my wings, when  
coffin'd in

This quickened mass of sin,  
And saved that light, which freely Thou  
Didst then bestow,

## *DISTRACTION*

I fear  
I should have spurned, and said Thou didst  
forbear,  
Or that Thy store was less;  
But now since Thou didst bless  
So much,  
I grieve, my God! that Thou hast made  
me such.

I grieve?  
O, yes! thou know'st I do; come, and  
relieve,  
And tame, and keep down with Thy light,  
Dust that would rise and dim my sight!  
Lest left alone too long  
Amidst the noise and throng,  
Oppressed I,  
Striving to save the whole, by parcels die.

## The Pursuit

Lord! what a busy restless thing  
Hast Thou made man!  
Each day and hour he is on wing,  
Rests not a span;  
Then having lost the sun and light,  
By clouds surprised,  
He keeps a commerce in the night  
With air disguised.  
Hadst Thou given to this active dust  
A state untired,  
The lost son had not left the husk,  
Nor home desired.  
That was Thy secret, and it is  
Thy mercy too;  
For when all fails to bring to bliss,  
Then this must do.  
Ah! Lord! and what a purchase will that  
be,  
To take us sick, that sound would not  
take Thee!

## Mount of Olives



### I

Sweet, sacred hill! on whose fair brow  
My Saviour sat, shall I allow

Language to love  
And idolise some shade or grove,  
Neglecting thee? such ill-placed wit,  
Conceit, or call it what you please,  
Is the brain's fit,  
And mere disease.

### 2

Cotswold and Cooper's both have met  
With learned swains, and echo yet  
Their pipes and wit;  
But thou sleep'st in a deep neglect,  
Untouched by any; and what need  
The sheep bleat thee a silly lay,  
That heard'st both reed  
And sheepward play?

### 3

Yet if poets mind thee well,  
They shall find thou art their hill,

## *MOUNT OF OLIVES*

And fountain too:  
Their Lord with thee had most to do;  
He wept once, walked whole nights on  
thee;  
And from thence (His sufferings ended,)  
Unto glory  
Was attended.

### 4

Being there, this spacious ball  
Is but His narrow footstool all;  
And what we think  
Unsearchable, now with one wink  
He doth comprise; but in this air,  
When He did stay to bear our ill  
And sin, this hill  
Was then His chair.

## The Incarnation and Passion

Lord! when Thou didst Thyself undress,  
Laying by Thy robes of glory,  
To make us more, Thou wouldst be less,  
And becam'st a woeful story.

To put on clouds instead of light,  
And clothe the Morning-star with dust,  
Was a translation of such height  
As, but in Thee, was ne'er expressed.

Brave worms, and earth! that thus could  
have  
A God enclosed within your cell,  
Your Maker pent up in a grave,  
Life locked in death, Heaven in a shell!

Ah, my dear Lord! what couldst Thou spy  
In this impure, rebellious clay,  
That made Thee thus resolve to die  
For those that kill Thee every day?

## *INCARNATION AND PASSION*

O what strange wonders could Thee move  
To slight Thy precious blood, and breath?  
Sure it was Love, my Lord; for Love  
Is only stronger far than Death!



## The Call



### I

Come, my heart! come, my head,  
In sighs, and tears!  
'Tis now, since you have lain thus dead,  
Some twenty years.  
Awake, awake,  
Some pity take  
Upon yourselves!  
Who never wake to groan nor weep,  
Shall be sentenced for their sleep.

### 2

Do but see your sad estate,  
How many sands  
Have left us, while we careless sate  
With folded hands;  
What stock of nights,  
Of days, and years,  
In silent flights  
Stole by our ears;  
How ill have we ourselves bestowed,  
Whose suns are all set in a cloud!

## *THE CALL*

### 3

Yet, come, and let's peruse them all;  
And, as we pass,  
What sins on every minute fall  
Score on the glass;  
Then weigh and rate  
Their heavy state,  
Until  
The glass with tears you fill;  
That done, we shall be safe and good:  
Those beasts were clean that chewed the  
cud.

Thou That  
Know'st For Whom  
I Mourn



Thou That know'st for whom I mourn,  
And why these tears appear,  
That keep'st account till he return  
Of all his dust left here;  
As easily Thou might'st prevent,  
As now produce, these tears,  
And add unto that day he went  
A fair supply of years.  
But 't was my sin that forced Thy hand  
To cull this primrose out,  
That, by Thy early choice forewarned,  
My soul might look about.  
O what a vanity is man!  
How like the eye's quick wink  
His cottage fails, whose narrow span  
Begins even at the brink!  
Nine months Thy hands are fashioning us,  
And many years—alas!—  
E'er we can lisp, or aught discuss  
Concerning Thee, must pass;

## *THOU THAT KNOW'ST*

Yet have I known Thy slightest things,  
A feather, or a shell,  
A stick, or rod, which some chance brings,  
The best of us excel.  
Yea, I have known these shreds outlast  
A fair-compacted frame,  
And for one Twenty we have past  
Almost outlive our name.  
Thus hast Thou placed in man's outside  
Death to the common eye,  
That Heaven within him might abide,  
And close Eternity.  
Hence youth and folly, man's first shame,  
Are put unto the slaughter,  
And serious thoughts begin to tame  
The wise man's madness, laughter.  
Dull, wretched worms! that would not keep  
Within our first fair bed,  
But out of Paradise must creep,  
For every foot to tread!  
Yet had our pilgrimage been free,  
And smooth without a thorn,  
Pleasures had foiled Eternity,  
And tares had choked the corn.  
Thus by the Cross Salvation runs;  
Affliction is a mother,  
Whose painful throes yield many sons,  
Each fairer than the other.  
A silent tear can pierce Thy throne,  
When loud joys want a wing;

*THOU THAT KNOW'ST*

And sweeter airs stream from a groan,  
Than any arted string.  
Thus, Lord, I see my gain is great,  
My loss but little to it;  
Yet something more I must entreat,  
And only Thou canst do it.  
O let me, like him, know my end,  
And be as glad to find it;  
And whatsoe'er Thou shalt commend,  
Still let Thy servant mind it.  
Then make my soul white as his own,  
My faith as pure and steady,  
And deck me, Lord, with the same crown  
Thou hast crowned him already!

## Vanity of Spirit



Quite spent with thoughts I left my cell,  
and lay

Where a shrill spring tuned to the early  
day.

I begged here long, and groaned to know  
Who gave the clouds so brave a bow,  
Who bent the spheres, and circled in  
Corruption with this glorious ring;  
What is His name, and how I might  
Descry some part of His great light.

I summoned nature; pierced through all  
her store;

Broke up some seals, which none had  
touched before;

Her womb, her bosom, and her head,  
Where all her secrets lay a-bed,

I rifled quite; and having past

Through all the creatures, came at last  
To search myself, where I did find

Traces and sounds of a strange kind.

Here of this mighty spring I found some  
drills,

With echoes beaten from th' Eternal Hills.

## *VANITY OF SPIRIT*

Weak beams and fires flashed to my sight,  
Like a young East, or moonshine night,  
Which showed me in a nook cast by  
A piece of much antiquity,  
With hieroglyphics quite dismembered,  
And broken letters scarce remembered.  
I took them up, and (much joyed,) went  
about  
T' unite those pieces, hoping to find out  
The mystery; but this near done,  
That little light I had was gone.  
It grieved me much. At last, said I,  
"Since in these veils my eclipsed eye  
May not approach Thee, (for at night  
Who can have commerce with the light?)  
I'll disapparel, and to buy  
But one half glance, most gladly die".

## The Retreat



Happy those early days, when I  
Shined in my Angel-infancy!  
Before I understood this place  
Appointed for my second race,  
Or taught my soul to fancy aught  
But a white, celestial thought;  
When yet I had not walked above  
A mile or two from my first Love,  
And looking back (at that short space),  
Could see a glimpse of His bright face;  
When on some gilded cloud, or flower  
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,  
And in those weaker glories spy  
Some shadows of Eternity;  
Before I taught my tongue to wound  
My conscience with a sinful sound,  
Or had the black art to dispense  
A several sin to every sense,  
But felt through all this fleshly dress  
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back,  
And tread again that ancient track!  
That I might once more reach that plain,  
Where first I left my glorious train;



## *THE RETREAT*

From whence th' enlightened spirit sees  
That shady City of palm-trees.  
But ah! my soul with too much stay  
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!  
Some men a forward motion love,  
But I by backward steps would move;  
And when this dust falls to the urn,  
In that state I came, return.

Come, Come!  
What do I Here?



I

Come, come! what do I here?  
Since he is gone,  
Each day is grown a dozen year,  
And each hour, one.  
Come, come!  
Cut off the sum:  
By these soiled tears!  
(Which only Thou  
Know'st to be true,)  
Days are my fears.

2

There's not a wind can stir,  
Or beam pass by,  
But straight I think, though far,  
Thy hand is nigh.  
Come, come!  
Strike these lips dumb:  
This restless breath,  
That soils Thy name,  
Will ne'er be tame,  
Until in death.

*WHAT DO I HERE?*

3

Perhaps some think a tomb  
    No house of store,  
But a dark and sealed-up womb,  
    Which ne'er breeds more.  
    Come, come!  
Such thoughts benumb;  
But I would be  
With him I weep  
A-bed, and sleep  
To wake in Thee.

## Midnight



### I.

When to my eyes,  
Whilst deep sleep others catches,  
Thine host of spies,  
The stars, shine in their watches,  
I do survey  
Each busy ray,  
And how they work and wind;  
And wish each beam  
My soul doth stream  
With the like ardour shined.  
What emanations,  
Quick vibrations,  
And bright stirs are there!  
What thin ejections,  
Cold affections,  
And slow motions here!

### 2

Thy heavens, some say,  
Are a fiery-liquid light,  
Which, mingling aye,  
Streams and flames thus to the sight.

## MIDNIGHT

Come then, my God!  
Shine on this blood  
And water, in one beam;  
And Thou shalt see,  
Kindled by Thee,  
Both liquors burn and stream.  
O what bright quickness,  
Active brightness,  
And celestial flows,  
Will follow after,  
On that water  
Which Thy Spirit blows!

MATTH. CAP. 3. VER. 11.

*I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance, but He That cometh after me, is mightier than I; Whose shoes I am not worthy to bear; He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire.*

## Content

### I

Peace, peace! I know 't was brave;  
But this coarse fleece  
I shelter in, is slave  
To no such piece.  
When I am gone,  
I shall no wardrobes leave  
To friend or son,  
But what their own homes weave.

### 2

Such, though not proud nor full,  
May make them weep,  
And mourn to see the wool  
Outlast the sheep;  
Poor, pious wear!  
Hadst thou been rich, or fine,  
Perhaps that tear  
Had mourned thy loss, not mine.

### 3

Why then these curled, puffed points,  
Or a laced story?

## CONTENT

Death sets all out of joint,  
And scorns their glory.  
Some love a rose  
In hand, some in the skin;  
But, cross to those,  
I would have mine *within*.

Joy of my Life  
while Left Me  
Here!

I

Joy of my life while left me here!  
And still my love!  
How in thy absence thou dost steer  
Me from above!  
A life well led  
This truth commends;  
With quick or dead  
It never ends.

2

Stars are of mighty use; the night  
Is dark, and long;  
The road foul; and where one goes right,  
Six may go wrong.  
One twinkling ray,  
Shot o'er some cloud,  
May clear much way,  
And guide a crowd.



## JOY OF MY LIFE

### 3

God's saints are shining lights: who stays  
Here long must pass  
O'er dark hills, swift streams, and steep ways  
As smooth as glass;  
But these all night,  
Like candles, shed  
Their beams, and light  
Us into bed.

### 4

They are, indeed, our pillar-fires,  
Seen as we go;  
They are that City's shining spires  
We travel to.  
A swordlike gleam  
Kept man for sin  
First *out*: this beam  
Will guide him *in*.

## The Storm

### I

I see the use; and know my blood  
Is not a sea,  
But a shallow, bounded flood,  
Though red as he;  
Yet have I flows as strong as his,  
And boiling streams that rave  
With the same curling force, and hiss  
As doth the mountained wave.

### 2

But when his waters billow thus,  
Dark storms and wind  
Incite them to that fierce discuss,  
Else not inclined.  
Thus the enlarged, enraged air  
Uncalms these to a flood;  
But still the weather that's most fair  
Breeds tempests in my blood.

### 3

Lord, then round me with weeping clouds,  
And let my mind

## *THE STORM*

In quick blasts sigh beneath those shrouds,  
A spirit-wind;  
So shall that storm purge this recluse  
Which sinful ease made foul,  
And wind and water, to Thy use,  
Both wash and wing my soul.

## The Morning- watch

O Joys! infinite sweetness! with what  
flowers  
And shoots of glory my soul breaks and  
buds!

    All the long hours  
    Of night and rest,  
    Through the still shrouds  
    Of sleep and clouds,  
    This dew fell on my breast;  
    O how it bloods,  
And spirits all my earth! hark! in what  
rings  
And hymning circulations the quick world  
    Awakes and sings!  
    The rising winds,  
    And falling springs,  
    Birds, beasts, all things  
    Adore Him in their kinds.  
    Thus all is hurled  
In sacred hymns and order, the great  
Chime  
And Symphony of Nature. Prayer is

## *THE MORNING-WATCH*

The world in tune,  
A spirit-voice,  
And vocal joys,  
Whose echo is Heaven's bliss.  
O let me climb

When I lie down! The pious soul by night  
Is like a clouded star, whose beams,  
though said

To shed their light  
Under some cloud,  
Yet are above,  
And shine and move  
Beyond that misty shroud.  
So in my bed,

That curtained grave, though sleep, like  
ashes, hide  
My lamp and life, both shall in Thee abide.

## The Evening- watch

A DIALOGUE

*Body.*

Farewell! I go to sleep; but, when  
The day-star springs, I'll wake again.

*Soul.*

Go, sleep in peace; and when thou liest  
Unnumbered in thy dust, when all this  
frame

Is but one dram, and what thou now  
descriest

In several parts shall want a name,  
Then may His peace be with thee, and  
each dust

Writ in His book, Who ne'er betrayed  
man's trust.

*Body.*

Amen! but hark, e'er we two stray,  
How many hours dost think till day?

## *THE EVENING-WATCH*

*Soul.*

Ah! go; thou'rt weak and sleepy.  
Heaven  
Is a plain watch, and, without figures,  
winds  
All ages up; Who drew this circle, even  
He fills it; days and hours are blinds.  
Yet this take with thee; the last gasp  
of Time  
Is thy first breath, and man's eternal  
prime

## Silence and Stealth of Days!

Silence and stealth of days! 'Tis now,  
    Since thou art gone,  
Twelve hundred hours, and not a brow  
    But clouds hang on.  
As he that in some cave's thick damp,  
    Locked from the light,  
Fixeth a solitary lamp,  
    To brave the night,  
And, walking from his sun, when past  
    That glimmering ray,  
Cuts through the heavy mists in haste  
    Back to his day;  
So o'er fled minutes I retreat  
    Unto that hour,  
Which showed thee last, but did defeat  
    Thy light and power.  
I search and rack my soul to see  
    Those beams again;  
But nothing but the snuff to me  
    Appeareth plain.



## *SILENCE*

That, dark and dead, sleeps in its known  
And common urn;  
But those, fled to their Maker's throne,  
There shine and burn.  
O could I track them! but souls must  
Track one the other;  
And now the spirit, not the dust,  
Must be thy brother.  
Yet I have one Pearl, by Whose light  
All things I see;  
And in the heart of Earth and Night  
Find Heaven and thee.

## Church-Service

### I

Blest be the God of harmony and  
love!

The God above!

And holy Dove!

Whose interceding, spiritual groans

Make restless moans

For dust and stones;

For dust in every part,

But a hard, stony heart.

### 2

O how in this Thy quire of souls I  
stand,

Propped by Thy hand,

A heap of sand!

Which busy thoughts, like winds, would  
scatter quite,

And put to flight,

But for Thy might;

Thy hand alone doth tame

Those blasts, and knit my frame;

## *CHURCH-SERVICE*

### 3

So that both stones, and dust, and all of  
me

Jointly agree

To cry to Thee;

And in this music, by Thy martyrs' blood

Sealed and made good,

Present, O God,

The echo of these stones;

My sighs, and groans!

## Burial

### I

O Thou! the first-fruits of the dead,  
And their dark bed,  
When I am cast into that deep  
And senseless sleep,  
The wages of my sin:  
O then,  
Thou great Preserver of all men,  
Watch o'er that loose  
And empty house,  
Which I sometime lived in!

### 2

It is, in truth, a ruined piece,  
Not worth Thy eyes;  
And scarce a room, but wind and rain  
Beat through and stain  
The seats, and cells within;  
Yet Thou,  
Led by Thy love, wouldst stoop thus low,  
And in this cot,  
All filth and spot,  
Didst with Thy servant inn.

## BURIAL

3

And nothing can, I hourly see,  
Drive Thee from me:  
Thou art the same, faithful and just,  
In life or dust.  
Though then, thus crumbed, I stray  
In blasts,  
Or exhalations, and wastes  
Beyond all eyes,  
Yet Thy love spies  
That change, and knows Thy clay.

4

The world's Thy box: how then, there  
tossed,  
Can I be lost?  
But the delay is all; Time now  
Is old and slow;  
His wings are dull and sickly.  
Yet he  
Thy servant is, and waits on Thee.  
Cut then the sum:  
Lord, haste, Lord, come,  
O come, Lord Jesus, quickly!

ROM. CAP. 8. VER. 23.

*And not only they, but ourselves also, which  
have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we our-  
selves groan within ourselves, waiting for the  
adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body.*

## Cheerfulness

### I

Lord, with what courage and delight  
I do each thing,  
When Thy least breath sustains my wing!  
I shine and move  
Like those above,  
And, with much gladness  
Quitting sadness,  
Make me fair days of every night.

### 2

Affliction thus mere pleasure is;  
And hap what will,  
If Thou be in 't, 't is welcome still.  
But since Thy rays  
In sunny days  
Thou dost thus lend,  
And freely spend,  
Ah! what shall I return for this?

### 3

O that I were all soul! that Thou  
Wouldst make each part

## *CHEERFULNESS*

Of this poor, sinful frame, pure heart!  
Then would I drown  
My single one;  
And to Thy praise  
A consort raise  
Of hallelujahs here below.

Sure, there's a  
Tie of Bodies!



I

Sure, there's a tie of bodies! and as they  
Dissolve with it to clay,  
Love languisheth, and memory doth rust,  
O'ercast with that cold dust;  
For things thus centred, without beams  
or action,  
Nor give nor take contactation;  
And man is such a marigold, these fled,  
That shuts and hangs the head.

2

Absents within the line conspire, and sense  
Things distant doth unite;  
Herbs sleep unto the East, and some  
fowls thence  
Watch the returns of light.  
But hearts are not so kind: false, short  
delights  
Tell us the world is brave,  
And wrap us in imaginary flights,  
Wide of a faithful grave.



*SURE, THERE'S A TIE*

3

Thus Lazarus was carried out of town;  
For 'tis our Foe's chief art,  
By distance all good objects first to drown,  
And then besiege the heart.  
But I will be my own death's-head; and  
though  
The flatterer say I live,  
Because incertainties we cannot know,  
Be sure not to believe.

## Peace

My soul, there is a country  
Afar beyond the stars,  
Where stands a wingèd sentry  
All skilful in the wars.  
There, above noise and danger,  
Sweet Peace sits, crowned with smiles,  
And One born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous files.  
He is thy gracious Friend  
And (O my soul awake!)  
Did in pure love descend,  
To die here for thy sake.  
If thou canst get but thither,  
There grows the flower of Peace,  
The Rose that cannot wither,  
Thy fortress, and thy ease.  
Leave then thy foolish ranges;  
For none can thee secure,  
But One, Who never changes,  
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

## The Passion



### I

O my Chief Good!  
My dear, dear God!  
When Thy blest blood  
Did issue forth, forced by the rod,  
What pain didst Thou  
Feel in each blow!  
How didst Thou weep,  
And Thyself steep  
In Thy own precious, saving tears!  
What cruel smart  
Did tear Thy heart!  
How didst Thou groan it  
In the spirit,  
O Thou, Whom my soul loves and fears!

### 2

Most blessed Vine!  
Whose juice so good  
I feel as wine,  
But Thy fair branches felt as blood,  
How wert Thou pressed  
To be my feast!

## *THE PASSION*

In what deep anguish  
Didst Thou languish!  
What springs of sweat and blood did  
drown Thee!

How in one path  
Did the full wrath  
Of Thy great Father  
Crowd and gather,  
Doubling Thy griefs, when none would  
own Thee!

### 3

How did the weight  
Of all our sins,  
And death unite  
To wrench and rack Thy blessed limbs!  
How pale and bloody  
Looked Thy body!  
How bruised and broke,  
With every stroke!  
How meek, and patient was Thy spirit!  
How didst Thou cry,  
And groan on high  
"Father forgive,  
And let them live!  
I die to make My foes inherit!"

### 4

O blessed Lamb;  
That took'st my sin,

## *THE PASSION*

That took'st my shame,  
How shall Thy dust Thy praises sing!  
I would I were  
One hearty tear!  
One constant spring!  
Then would I bring  
Thee two small mites, and be at strife  
Which should most vie,  
My heart, or eye,  
Teaching my years  
In smiles and tears  
To weep, to sing, Thy death, my life.

And do they So?  
Have they a  
Sense

ROM. CAP. 8. VER. 19

*Etenim res creatae exerto capite observantes  
expectant revelationem filiorum Dei.*

I

And do they so? have they a sense  
Of aught but influence?  
Can they their heads lift, and expect,  
And groan too? why th' elect,  
Can do no more: my volumes said  
They were all dull, and dead;  
They judged them senseless, and their state  
Wholly inanimate.  
Go, go; seal up thy looks,  
And burn thy books!

2

I would I were a stone, or tree,  
Or flower by pedigree,  
Or some poor highway herb, or spring  
To flow, or bird to sing!  
Then should I (tied to one sure state,)  
All day expect my date.

*AND DO THEY SO?*

But I am sadly loose, and stray,  
A giddy blast each way;  
O let me not thus range!  
Thou canst not change.

3

Sometimes I sit with Thee, and tarry  
An hour or so, then vary.  
Thy other creatures in this scene  
Thee only aim and mean;  
Some rise to seek Thee, and with heads  
Erect peep from their beds;  
Others, whose birth is in the tomb,  
And cannot quit the womb,  
Sigh there, and groan for Thee,  
Their liberty.

4

O let not me do less! shall they  
Watch, while I sleep or play?  
Shall I Thy mercies still abuse  
With fancies, friends, or news?  
O brook it not! Thy blood is mine,  
And my soul should be Thine;  
O brook it not! why wilt Thou stop  
After whole showers one drop?  
Sure, Thou wilt joy to see  
Thy sheep with Thee.

## The Relapse

My God, how gracious art Thou! I had  
slipped

Almost to Hell,  
And, on the verge of that dark, dreadful  
pit

Did hear them yell;  
But O Thy love! Thy rich, almighty love,  
That saved my soul,  
And checked their fury, when I saw them  
move,

And heard them howl!  
O my sole Comfort, take no more these  
ways,

This hideous path,  
And I will mend my own without delays:  
Cease Thou Thy wrath!

I have deserved a thick, Egyptian damp,  
(Dark as my deeds,)

Should mist within me, and put out that  
lamp

Thy Spirit feeds;  
A darting conscience full of stabs and  
fears,

No shade but yew,



## *THE RELAPSE*

Sullen and sad eclipses, cloudy spheres,  
These are my due.

But He That with His blood, (a price too  
dear,)

My scores did pay,  
Bid me, by virtue from Him, challenge here  
The brightest day;

Sweet, downy thoughts, soft lily-shades,  
calm streams,

Joys full and true,  
Fresh, spicy mornings, and eternal beams,—  
These are His due.

## The Resolve

I have considered it; and find  
    A longer stay  
Is but excused neglect. To mind  
    One path, and stray  
Into another, or to none,  
    Cannot be love;  
When shall that traveller come home,  
    That will not move?  
If thou would'st thither, linger not,  
    Catch at the place;  
Tell youth and beauty they must rot,  
    They're but a case;  
Loose, parcelled hearts will freeze: the sun  
    With scattered locks  
Scarce warms, but by contraction  
    Can heat rocks.  
Call in thy powers; run, and reach  
    Home with the light;  
Be there before the shadows stretch,  
    And span up night.  
Follow the cry no more: there is  
    An ancient way

## *THE RESOLVE*

All strewed with flowers and happiness,  
And fresh as May;  
There turn, and turn no more. Let wits  
Smile at fair eyes,  
Or lips; but who there weeping sits,  
Hath got the prize.

## The Match

### I

Dear friend! whose holy, ever-living lines  
Have done much good  
To many, and have checked my blood,  
My fierce, wild blood, that still heaves and  
inclines,  
But is still tamed  
By those bright fires which thee inflamed;  
Here I join hands, and thrust my stubborn  
heart  
Into thy deed,  
There from no duties to be freed;  
And if hereafter youth or folly thwart  
And claim their share,  
Here I renounce the poisonous ware.

### II

Accept, dread Lord, this poor oblation;  
It is but poor;  
Yet through Thy mercies may be more.  
O Thou! That canst not wish my soul's  
damnation,  
Afford me life,  
And save me from all inward strife!

## THE MATCH

Two lives I hold from Thee, my gracious  
Lord,

Both cost Thee dear;

For one, I am Thy tenant here;  
The other, the true life, in the next world  
And endless is,

O let me still mind *that* in *this*!  
To Thee therefore my thoughts, words,  
actions

I do resign;

Thy will in all be done, not mine.  
Settle my house, and shut out all distractions

That may unknit

My heart, and Thee planted in it;  
Lord Jesu! Thou didst bow Thy blessed  
head

Upon a tree,

O do as much, now unto me!  
O hear, and heal Thy servant! Lord, strike  
dead

All lusts in me,

Who only wish life to serve Thee!  
Suffer no more this dust to overflow  
And drown my eyes;

But seal, or pin them to Thy skies.  
And let this grain, which here in tears I sow,  
Though dead and sick,

Through Thy increase grow new and  
quick.

## Rules and Lessons

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul  
leave

To do the like; our bodies but forerun  
The spirit's duty. True hearts spread and  
heave

Unto their God, as flowers do to the  
sun.

Give Him thy first thoughts then; so  
shalt thou keep

Him company all day, and in His  
sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up. Prayer should  
Dawn with the day. There are set, awful  
hours

'Twixt Heaven and us. The manna was  
not good

After sun-rising; far-day sullies flowers.

Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins  
glut,

And Heaven's gate opens when this  
world's is shut.

## *RULES AND LESSONS*

Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the  
hush

And whispers amongst them. There's not  
a spring,

Or leaf but hath his morning-hymn.  
Each bush

And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou  
not sing?

O leave thy cares, and follies! go this  
way;

And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let Him not  
go,

Until thou hast a blessing; then resign  
The whole unto Him; and remember who  
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did  
shine.

Pour oil upon the stones; weep for thy  
sin;

Then journey on, and have an eye to  
Heaven.

Mornings are mysteries; the first world's  
youth,

Man's resurrection, and the Future's bud  
Shroud in their births: The Crown of life,  
light, truth

Is styled their "star", the "stone", and  
"hidden food".

## *RULES AND LESSONS*

Three blessings wait upon them, two of  
which  
Should move; they make us holy, happy,  
rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm  
abroad,  
Keep thou thy temper; mix not with each  
clay;  
Dispatch necessities; life hath a load  
Which must be carried on, and safely may.  
Yet keep those cares without thee, let  
the heart  
Be God's alone, and choose the better  
part.

Through all thy actions, counsels, and  
discourse,  
Let mildness and religion guide thee out;  
If truth be thine, what needs a brutish  
force?  
But what's not good and just ne'er go  
about.  
Wrong not thy conscience for a rotten  
stick;  
That gain is dreadful, which makes  
spirits sick.

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true;  
If priest and people change, keep thou  
thy ground.



## *RULES AND LESSONS*

Who sells Religion, is a Judas Jew;  
And, oaths once broke, the soul cannot  
be sound.

The perjurer's a devil let loose: what  
can

Tie up his hands, that dares mock God,  
and man?

Seek not the same steps with the crowd;  
stick thou

To thy sure trot; a constant, humble mind  
Is both his own joy, and his Maker's too;  
Let folly dust it on, or lag behind.

A sweet self-privacy in a right soul  
Outruns the earth, and lines the utmost  
pole.

To all that seek thee, bear an open heart;  
Make not thy breast a labyrinth or trap;  
If trials come, this will make good thy  
part,

For honesty is safe, come what can hap;  
It is the good man's feast, the prince  
of flowers,

Which thrives in storms, and smells best  
after showers.

Seal not thy eyes up from the poor, but  
give

Proportion to their merits and thy purse;

## *RULES AND LESSONS*

Thou may'st in rags a mighty prince  
relieve,  
Who, when thy sins call for 't, can fence  
a curse.

Thou shalt not lose one mite. Though  
waters stray,  
The bread we cast returns in fraughts  
one day.

Spend not an hour so as to weep another,  
For tears are not thine own; if thou giv'st  
words,

Dash not thy friend, nor Heaven; O smother  
A viperous thought; some syllables are  
swords.

Unbitted tongues are in their penance  
double;

They shame their owners, and the  
hearers trouble.

Injure not modest blood, whose spirits rise  
In judgment against lewdness; that's base  
wit,

That voids but filth and stench. Hast  
thou no prize

But sickness or infection? stifle it.

Who makes his jest of sins, must be at  
least

If not a very devil, worse than a beast.

## *RULES AND LESSONS*

Yet fly no friend, if he be such indeed;  
But meet to quench his longings, and  
thy thirst;

Allow your joys Religion: that done, speed,  
And bring the same man back, thou wert  
at first.

Who so returns not, cannot pray aright,  
But shuts his door, and leaves God out  
all night.

To heighten thy devotions, and keep low  
All mutinous thoughts, what business e'er  
thou hast,

Observe God in His works; here fountains  
flow,

Birds sing, beasts feed, fish leap, and th'  
earth stands fast;

Above are restless motions, running  
lights,

Vast circling azure, giddy clouds, days,  
nights.

When seasons change, then lay before  
thine eyes

His wondrous method; mark the various  
scenes

In heaven; hail, thunder, rainbows, snow,  
and ice,

Calms, tempests, light, and darkness, by  
His means;

## *RULES AND LESSONS*

Thou canst not miss His praise; each  
tree, herb, flower  
Are shadows of His wisdom, and His  
power.

To meals when thou dost come, give Him  
the praise  
Whose arm supplied thee; take what may  
suffice,  
And then be thankful; O admire His ways  
Who fills the world's unemptied granaries!  
A thankless feeder is a thief, his feast  
A very robbery, and himself no guest.

High-noon thus passed, thy time decays;  
provide  
Thee other thoughts: away with friends  
and mirth;  
The sun now stoops, and hastes his beams  
to hide  
Under the dark and melancholy earth.  
All but preludes thy end. Thou art the  
man  
Whose rise, height, and descent, is but  
a span.

Yet, set as he doth, and 'tis well. Have all  
Thy beams home with thee: trim thy  
lamp, buy oil,

## *RULES AND LESSONS*

And then set forth; who is thus dressed,  
the Fall  
Furthers his glory, and gives Death the  
foil.

Man is a summer's day; whose youth  
and fire  
Cool to a glorious evening, and expire.

When night comes, list thy deeds; make  
plain the way

'Twixt Heaven and thee; block it not with  
delays;

But perfect all before thou sleep'st; then  
say

"There's one sun more strung on my  
bead of days".

What's good score up for joy; the bad,  
well scanned,

Wash off with tears, and get thy Master's  
hand.

Thy accounts thus made, spend in the  
grave one hour

Before thy time; be not a stranger there,  
Where thou may'st sleep whole ages; Life's  
poor flower

Lasts not a night sometimes. Bad spirits  
fear

This conversation; but the good man lies  
Entombèd many days before he dies.

## *RULES AND LESSONS*

Being laid, and dressed for sleep, close not  
thy eyes  
Up with thy curtains; give thy soul the  
wing  
In some good thoughts; so, when the day  
shall rise,  
And thou unrak'st thy fire, those sparks  
will bring  
New flames; besides where these lodge,  
vain heats mourn  
And die; that Bush, where God is, shall  
not burn.

When thy nap's over, stir thy fire, unrake  
In that dead age; one beam i' th' dark  
outvies  
Two in the day; then from the damps and  
ache  
Of night shut up thy leaves; be chaste;  
God pries  
Through thickest nights; though then  
the sun be far,  
Do thou the works of day, and rise a  
star.

Briefly, "Do as thou would'st be done  
unto",  
"Love God, and love thy neighbour";  
"Watch, and Pray".

## *RULES AND LESSONS*

These are the words, and works of life;  
this do,

And live; who doth not thus, hath lost  
Heaven's way.

O lose it not! look up, wilt change  
those lights

For chains of darkness and eternal  
nights?

## Corruption

Sure, it was so. Man in those early  
days

Was not all stone and earth;  
He shined a little, and by those weak rays  
Had some glimpse of his birth.  
He saw Heaven o'er his head, and knew  
from whence

He came, condemnèd, hither,  
And, as first Love draws strongest, so  
from hence

His mind sure progressed thither.  
Things here were strange unto him: sweat  
and till;

All was a thorn or weed;  
Nor did those last, but, like himself, died  
still

As soon as they did seed;  
They seemed to quarrel with him; for that  
act,

That fell him, foiled them all;  
He drew the curse upon the world, and  
cracked

The whole frame with his fall.



## *CORRUPTION*

This made him long for home, as loth  
to stay

With murmurers and foes;  
He sighed for Eden, and would often  
say

“Ah! what bright days were  
those!”

Nor was Heaven cold unto him; for each  
day

The valley, or the mountain  
Afforded visits, and still Paradise lay

In some green shade or fountain.  
Angels lay lieger here; each bush, and  
cell,

Each oak and highway knew them:  
Walk but the fields, or sit down at some  
well,

And he was sure to view them.  
Almighty Love! where art Thou now? mad  
man

Sits down, and freezeth on:  
He raves, and swears to stir nor fire, nor  
fan,

But bids the thread be spun.  
I see Thy curtains are close-drawn; Thy  
bow

Looks dim too in the cloud;  
Sin triumphs still, and man is sunk  
below

The centre, and his shroud.

*CORRUP*

All's in deep sleep and  
ness lies

And hatcheth o'er T.

But hark! what trumpet's t  
cries

"Arise! thrust in Thy sickle!"

*CORR*

This made him lo  
to stay  
With mur  
He sighed for  
say  
y Scriptures

Welcome, dear book, soul's joy and food!  
The feast  
Of spirits: Heaven extracted lies in thee.  
Thou art Life's charter, the Dove's spot-  
less nest  
Where souls are hatched unto Eternity.

In thee the Hidden Stone, the Manna lies;  
Thou art the Great Elixir, rare and choice;  
The Key that opens to all mysteries,  
The Word in characters, God in the voice.

O that I had deep cut in my hard heart  
Each line in thee! Then would I plead  
in groans  
Of my Lord's penning, and by sweetest art  
Return upon Himself, the Law, and  
Stones.

Read here, my faults are Thine. This  
Book and I  
Will tell Thee so; Sweet Saviour, Thou  
didst die!

## Unprofitableness

How rich, O Lord, how fresh Thy visits  
are;

'T was but just now my bleak leaves hope-  
less hung,

Sullied with dust and mud;  
Each snarling blast shot through me, and  
did shear

Their youth and beauty; cold showers  
nipped and wrung

Their spiciness and blood;  
But since Thou didst in one sweet glance  
survey

Their sad decays, I flourish, and once  
more

Breathe all perfumes and spice;  
I smell a dew like myrrh, and all the  
day

Wear in my bosom a full sun; such  
store

Hath one beam from my eyes.  
But, ah, my God! what fruit hast Thou  
of this?

What one poor leaf did ever I let fall

## *UNPROFITABLENESS*

To wait upon Thy wreath?  
Thus Thou all day a thankless weed dost  
dress,  
And when Th' hast done, a stench or fog  
is all  
The odour I bequeath.

## Christ's Nativity

### I

Awake, glad heart! get up and sing!  
It is the birth-day of thy King.

Awake! awake!

The sun doth shake

Light from his locks, and, all the way  
Breathing perfumes, doth spice the day.

### 2

Awake, awake! hark how th' wood rings;  
Winds whisper, and the busy springs

A consort make;

Awake! awake!

Man is their high-priest, and should rise  
To offer up the sacrifice.

### 3

I would I were some bird, or star,  
Fluttering in woods, or lifted far

Above this inn

And rod of sin!

Then either star or bird should be  
Shining or singing still to Thee.

## *CHRIST'S NATIVITY*

4

I would I had in my best part  
Fit rooms for Thee! or that my heart  
Were so clean as  
Thy manger was!  
But I am all filth, and obscene;  
Yet, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make clean.

5

Sweet Jesu! will then. Let no more  
This leper haunt and soil Thy door!  
Cure him, ease him,  
O release him!  
And let once more, by mystic birth,  
The Lord of Life be born in Earth.

II

How kind is Heaven to man! If here  
One sinner doth amend,  
Straight there is joy, and every sphere  
In music doth contend.  
And shall we then no voices lift?  
Are mercy and salvation  
Not worth our thanks? Is life a gift  
Of no more acceptance?  
Shall He That did come down from thence,  
And here for us was slain,  
Shall He be now cast off? no sense  
Of all His woes remain?

*CHRIST'S NATIVITY*

Can neither love nor sufferings bind?

Are we all stone and earth?

Neither His bloody passions mind,

Nor one day bless His birth?

Alas, my God! Thy birth, now here,

Must not be numbered in the year.



## The Check



### I

Peace, peace! I blush to hear thee; when  
thou art

A dusty story,  
A speechless heap, and in the midst my  
heart,

In the same livery dressed,  
Lies tame as all the rest;  
When six years thence digged up, some  
youthful eye

Seeks there for symmetry,  
But finding none, shall leave thee to the  
wind,

Or the next foot to crush,  
Scattering thy kind,  
And humble dust,—tell then, dear flesh,  
Where is thy glory?

### 2

As he that in the midst of day expects  
The hideous night,  
Sleeps not, but shaking off sloth and  
neglects,

## THE CHECK

Works with the sun, and sets,  
Paying the day its debts;  
That (for repose and darkness bound,) he  
might

Rest from the fears i' th' night;  
So should we too. All things teach us  
to die,

And point us out the way;  
While we pass by,  
And mind it not; play not away  
Thy glimpse of light:

### 3

View thy forerunners: creatures, given  
to be

Thy youth's companions,  
Take their leave, and die; birds, beasts,  
each tree

All that have growth or breath,  
Have one large language, Death!  
O then play not! but strive to Him, Who  
can

Make these sad shades pure sun,  
Turning their mists to beams, their damps  
to day;

Whose power doth so excel  
As to make clay  
A spirit, and true glory dwell  
In dust and stones.

## THE CHECK

### 4

Hark, how He doth invite thee! with  
what voice

Of love and sorrow

He begs and calls! "O, that in these thy  
days

Thou knew'st but thy own good!"

Shall not the cries of blood,

Of God's own blood, awake thee? He  
bids beware

Of drunk'ness, surfeits, care;

But thou sleep'st on; where's now thy  
protestation,

Thy lines, thy love? Away!

Redeem the day;

The day that gives no observation

Perhaps to-morrow.

## Disorder and Frailty

### I

When first Thou didst even from the grave  
And womb of darkness beckon out  
My brutish soul, and to Thy slave  
Becam'st Thyself both guide and scout;

Even from that hour  
Thou got'st my heart; and though here  
tossed

By winds, and bit with frost,  
I pine and shrink,  
Breaking the link  
'Twixt Thee and me; and ofttimes creep  
Into th' old silence, and dead sleep,  
Quitting Thy way  
All the long day;

Yet, sure, my God! I love Thee most.  
Alas, Thy Love!

### 2

I threaten Heaven, and from my cell  
Of clay and frailty break and bud,  
Touched by Thy fire and breath; Thy blood  
Too is my dew, and springing well.

## *DISORDER AND FRAILTY*

But while I grow  
And stretch to Thee, aiming at all  
Thy stars and spangled hall,  
Each fly doth taste  
Poison, and blast  
My yielding leaves; sometimes a shower  
Beats them quite off; and in an hour  
Not one poor shoot,  
But the bare root,  
Hid underground, survives the fall.  
Alas, frail weed!

### 3

Thus like some sleeping exhalation,  
Which, waked by heat and beams, makes  
up  
Unto that comforter, the sun,  
And soars, and shines; but ere we sup  
And walk two steps,  
Cooled by the damps of night, descends,  
And, whence it sprung, there ends;—  
Doth my weak fire  
Pine, and retire;  
And, after all my height of flames,  
In sickly expirations tames,  
Leaving me dead  
On my first bed,  
Until Thy sun again ascends.  
Poor, falling star!

## DISORDER AND FRAILTY

### 4

O, yes! but give wings to my fire;  
And hatch my soul, until it fly  
Up where Thou art, amongst Thy tire  
Of stars, above infirmity;

Let not perverse  
And foolish thoughts add to my bill  
Of forward sins, and kill

That seed, which Thou

In me didst sow;

But dress, and water with Thy grace,  
Together with the seed, the place;

And, for His sake

Who died to stake

His life for mine, tune to Thy will

My heart, my verse.

HOSEA, CAP. 6. VER. 4.

*O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O  
Judah, how shall I intreat thee? for thy good-  
ness is as a morning cloud, and as the early  
dew it goeth away.*

## Idle Verse

Go, go, quaint follies, sugared sin,  
Shadow no more my door!  
I will no longer cobwebs spin;  
I'm too much on the score.

For since amidst my youth and night  
My great Preserver smiles,  
We'll make a match, my only Light,  
And join against their wiles.

Blind, desperate fits, that study how  
To dress and trim our shame;  
That gild rank poison, and allow  
Vice in a fairer name;

The purls of youthful blood, and bows  
Lust in the robes of love,  
The idle talk of feverish souls  
Sick with a scarf or glove;

Let it suffice my warmer days  
Simpere and shined on you;  
Twist not my cypress with your bays  
Or roses with my yew.

*IDLE VERSE*

Go, go, seek out some greener thing;  
It snows and freezeth here;  
Let nightingales attend the Spring;  
Winter is all my year.



## Son-Days

### I

Bright shadows of true rest! some shoots  
of bliss;

Heaven once a week;  
The next world's gladness prepossessed in  
this;

A day to seek  
Eternity in time; the steps by which  
We climb above all ages; lamps that light  
Man through his heap of dark days; and  
the rich,  
And full redemption of the whole week's  
flight!

### 2

The pulleys unto headlong man; Time's  
bower;

The narrow way;  
Transplanted Paradise; God's walking  
hour;

The cool o' th' day!

## SON-DAYS

The creature's Jubilee; God's parle with  
dust;  
Heaven here; man on those hills of myrrh  
and flowers;  
Angels descending; the returns of trust;  
A Glean of glory after six-days-showers!

### 3

The Church's love-feasts; Time's pre-  
rogative,  
And interest  
Deducted from the whole; the combs, and  
hive,  
And home of rest.

The milky way chalked out with suns, a  
clue  
That guides through erring hours; and,  
in full story,  
A taste of Heaven on earth; the pledge  
and cue  
Of a full feast; and the out-courts of  
glory.

## Repentance

Lord, since Thou didst in this vile clay  
That sacred ray,  
Thy Spirit, plant, quickening the whole  
With that one grain's infused wealth,  
My forward flesh crept on, and subtly  
stole  
Both growth and power; checking the  
health  
And heat of Thine. That little gate  
And narrow way, by which to Thee  
The passage is, he termed a grate  
And entrance to captivity:  
Thy laws but nets, where some small  
birds,  
(And those but seldom too,) were  
caught,  
Thy promises but empty words  
Which none but children heard, or  
taught.  
This I believed: and though a friend  
Came oft from far, and whispered, "No";  
Yet, that not sorting to my end,  
I wholly listened to my foe.

## REPENTANCE

Wherefore, pierced through with grief, my  
sad,

Seducèd soul sighs up to Thee;

To Thee, Who with true light art clad,

And seest all things just as they be.

Look from Thy throne upon this roll

Of heavy sins, my high transgressions,

Which I confess with all my soul;

My God, accept of my confession!

It was last day,

(Touched with the guilt of my own  
way,)

I sat alone, and taking up

The bitter cup,

Through all Thy fair and various store,

Sought out what might outvie my score.

The blades of grass Thy creatures feed-  
ing;

The trees, their leaves; the flowers, their  
seeding;

The dust, of which I am a part;

The stones, much softer than my  
heart;

The drops of rain, the sighs of wind,

The stars, to which I am stark blind;

The dew Thy herbs drink up by night,

The beams they warm them at i' th'  
light;

All that have signature or life

I summoned to decide this strife;

## REPENTANCE

And lest I should lack for arrears,  
A spring ran by, I told her tears;  
But when these came unto the scale,  
My sins alone outweighed them all.  
O my dear God! my life, my love!  
Most blessed Lamb! and mildest Dove!  
Forgive your penitent offender,  
And no more his sins remember;  
Scatter these shades of death, and give  
Light to my soul, that it may live;  
Cut me not off for my transgressions,  
Wilful rebellions, and suppressions;  
But give them in those streams a part  
Whose spring is in my Saviour's heart.  
Lord, I confess the heinous score,  
And pray I may do so no more;  
Though then all sinners I exceed;  
O think on this; "Thy Son did bleed!"  
O call to mind His wounds, His woes,  
His Agony, and bloody throes;  
Then look on all that Thou hast made,  
And mark how they do fail and fade;  
The heavens themselves, though fair and  
bright,  
Are dark and unclean in Thy sight;  
How then, with Thee, can man be holy,  
Who dost Thine angels charge with  
folly?  
O what am I, that I should breed  
Figs on a thorn, flowers on a weed?

## REPENTAN

I am the gourd of sin and s  
Growing o'ernight, and gone t  
In all this round of Life and L  
Nothing's more vile than is my L  
Profaneness on my tongue doth res  
Defects and darkness in my breast;  
Pollutions all my body wed,  
And even my soul to Thee is dead;  
Only in Him, on Whom I feast,  
Both soul and body are well dressed;  
His pure perfection quits all score,  
And fills the boxes of His poor;  
He is the centre of long life and light;  
I am but finite, He is infinite.  
O let Thy justice then in Him confine;  
And through His merits make Thy mercy  
mine!

*REP*

And lest I  
A spring  
But w'  
My

**O the Burial  
of an Infant**



Blest infant bud, whose blossom-life  
Did only look about, and fall,  
Wearied out in a harmless strife  
Of tears, and milk, the food of all!

Sweetly didst thou expire: thy soul  
Flew home unstained by his new kin;  
For ere thou knew'st how to be foul,  
Death weaned thee from the world and sin.

Softly rest all thy virgin-crumbs!  
Lapped in the sweets of thy young breath,  
Expecting till thy Saviour comes  
To dress them, and unswaddle death.

## Faith

Bright and blest beam! whose strong  
projection,

Equal to all,  
Reacheth as well things of dejection,  
As th' high and tall;

How hath my God by raying thee  
Enlarged His Spouse,

And of a private family  
Made open house!

All may be now co-heirs; no noise  
Of bond or free

Can interdict ~~—~~ from those joys  
That wait on thee.

The Law and ceremonies made  
A glorious night,

Where stars and clouds both, light and  
shade,

Had equal right;  
But, as in Nature, when the day  
Breaks, night adjourns,  
Stars shut up shop, mists pack away,  
And the moon mourns;

So, when the Sun of Righteousness  
Did once appear,



## *FAITH*

That scene was changed, and a new dress  
Left for us here;  
Veils became useless, altars fell,  
Fires smoking die;  
And all that sacred pomp, and shell  
Of things did fly.  
Then did He shine forth, Whose sad fall,  
And bitter fights  
Were figured in those mystical  
And cloudy rites;  
And as i' th' natural sun, these three,  
Light, motion, heat,  
So are now Faith, Hope, Charity  
Through Him complete;  
Faith spans up bliss; what Sin and Death  
Put us quite from,  
Lest we should run for't out of breath,  
Faith brings us home;  
So that I need no more but say  
"I do believe",  
And my most loving Lord straightway  
Doth answer, "Live!"

## The Dawning

Ah! what time wilt Thou come? when  
shall that cry

“The Bridegroom’s coming!” fill the sky?

Shall it in the evening run

When our words and works are done?

Or will Thy all-surprising light

Break at midnight,

When either sleep, or some dark pleasure

Possesseth mad man without measure?

Or shall these early, fragrant hours

Unlock Thy bowers?

And with their blush of light descry

Thy locks crowned with Eternity?

Indeed, it is the only time

That with Thy glory doth best chime;

All now are stirring, every field

Full hymns doth yield;

The whole creation shakes off night,

And for Thy shadow looks, the light;

Stars now vanish without number,

Sleepy planets set and slumber,

The pury clouds disband and scatter,

All expect some sudden matter,

Not one beam triumphs, but from far

That morning-star.

## *THE DAWNING*

O at what time soever Thou,  
Unknown to us, the heavens wilt bow,  
And, with Thy angels in the van,  
Descend to judge poor careless man,  
Grant I may not like puddle lie  
In a corrupt security,  
Where, if a traveller water crave,  
He finds it dead, and in a grave;  
But as this restless, vocal spring  
All day and night doth run, and sing,  
And though here born, yet is acquainted  
Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted;  
So let me all my busy age  
In Thy free services engage;  
And though (while here) of force I must  
Have commerce sometimes with poor dust,  
And in my flesh, though vile and low,  
As this doth in her channel flow,  
Yet let my course, my aim, my love,  
And chief acquaintance be above;  
So when that day and hour shall come,  
In which Thy Self will be the sun,  
Thou'lt find me dressed and on my way,  
Watching the break of Thy great day.

## Admission

### I

How shrill are silent tears! when sin got  
head

And all my bowels turned  
To brass and iron; when my stock lay  
dead,

And all my powers mourned;  
Then did these drops, (for marble  
sweats,

And rocks have tears,)  
As rain here at our windows beats,  
Chide in Thine ears;

### 2

No quiet couldst Thou have: nor didst  
Thou wink,

And let Thy beggar lie,  
But ere my eyes could overflow their brink  
Didst to each drop reply.

Bowels of love! at what low rate,

And slight a price  
Dost Thou relieve us at Thy gate,  
And still our cries!

## ADMISSION

### 3

We are Thy infants, and suck Thee; if  
Thou

But hide, or turn Thy face,  
Because where Thou art, yet, we cannot  
go,

We send tears to the place.  
These find Thee out, and, though our  
sins

Drove Thee away,  
Yet with Thy love that absence wins  
Us double pay.

### 4

O give me then a thankful heart! a heart  
After Thy own, not mine;

So after Thine, that all and every part  
Of mine may wait on Thine;

O hear! yet not my tears alone,  
Hear now a flood,

A flood that drowns both tears and groans;  
My Saviour's blood.

## Praise

King of comforts! King of life!  
Thou hast cheered me;  
And when fears and doubts were rife,  
Thou hast cleared me!

Not a nook in all my breast  
But Thou fill'st it;  
Not a thought that breaks my rest,  
But Thou kill'st it;

Wherefore with my utmost strength  
I will praise Thee,  
And as Thou giv'st line and length,  
I will raise Thee;

Day and night, not once a day,  
I will bless Thee;  
And my soul in new array  
I will dress Thee;

Not one minute in the year  
But I'll mind Thee;  
As my seal and bracelet here  
I will bind Thee;

## *PRAISE*

In Thy word, as if in Heaven,  
I will rest me;  
And Thy promise, till made even  
There, shall feast me.

Then, Thy sayings all my life  
They shall please me,  
And Thy bloody wounds and strife,  
They will ease me;

With Thy groans my daily breath  
I will measure,  
And my life hid in Thy death  
I will treasure.

Though then Thou art  
(Past thought of heart)  
All perfect fulness,  
And canst no whit  
Access admit  
From dust and dulness;

Yet to Thy name,  
As not the same  
With Thy bright essence,  
Our foul, clay hands  
At Thy commands  
Bring praise and incense;

## *PRAISE*

If then, dread Lord,  
When to Thy board  
Thy wretch comes begging,  
He hath a flower,  
Or, to his power,  
Some such poor offering;

When Thou hast made  
Thy beggar glad,  
And filled his bosom,  
Let him, though poor,  
Strow at Thy door  
That one poor blossom.



## Dressing



O Thou that lovest a pure and whitened  
soul!

That feed'st among the lilies, till the day  
Break, and the shadows flee! touch with  
one coal

My frozen heart! and with Thy secret key

Open my desolate rooms; my gloomy  
breast

With Thy clear fire refine, burning to dust  
These dark confusions that within me  
nest,

And soil Thy temple with a sinful rust.

Thou holy, harmless, undefiled High-priest!  
The perfect, full oblation for all sin,  
Whose glorious conquest nothing can  
resist,

But even in babes dost triumph still and  
win;

Give to Thy wretched one  
Thy mystical communion,

## *DRESSING*

That, absent, he may see,  
Live, die, and rise with Thee;  
Let him so follow here, that in the end  
He may take Thee, as Thou dost him  
intend.

Give him Thy private seal,  
Earnest, and sign; Thy gifts so deal  
That these forerunners here  
May make the future clear;  
Whatever Thou dost bid, let faith make  
good,  
Bread for Thy body, and wine for Thy  
blood.

Give him, with pity, love,  
Two flowers that grew with Thee above;  
Love that shall not admit  
Anger for one short fit;  
And pity of such a divine extent,  
That may Thy members, more than mine,  
resent.

Give me, my God! Thy grace,  
The beams and brightness of Thy face;  
That never like a beast  
I take Thy sacred feast,  
Or the dread mysteries of Thy blessed blood  
Use with like custom as my kitchen food.

## *DRESSING*

Some sit to Thee, and eat  
Thy body as their common meat;  
O let not me do so!  
Poor dust should lie still low;  
Then kneel, my soul and body, kneel and  
bow;  
If saints and angels fall down, much more  
thou.

## Easter-day

Thou, whose sad heart and weeping head  
lies low,

Whose cloudy breast cold damps invade,  
Who never feel'st the sun, nor smooth'st  
thy brow,

But sitt'st oppressèd in the shade,

Awake! awake!

And in His resurrection partake,

Who on this day (that thou might'st  
rise as He,)

Rose up, and cancelled two deaths due  
to thee.

Awake! awake! and, like the sun, disperse  
All mists that would usurp this day;  
Where are thy palms, thy branches, and  
thy verse?

Hosanna! hark! why dost thou stay?

Arise! arise!

And with His healing blood anoint thine  
eyes,

Thy inward eyes; His blood will cure  
thy mind,

Whose spittle only could restore the  
blind.

## Easter Hymn

Death and darkness, get you packing,  
Nothing now to man is lacking;  
All your triumphs now are ended,  
And what Adam marred is mended;  
Graves are beds now for the weary,  
Death a nap, to wake more merry;  
Youth now, full of pious duty,  
Seeks in thee for perfect beauty;  
The weak and aged, tired with length  
Of days, from thee look for new strength;  
And infants with thy pangs contest  
As pleasant as if with the breast.

Then unto Him, Who thus hath thrown  
Even to contempt thy kingdom down,  
And by His blood did us advance  
Unto His own inheritance;  
To Him be glory, power, praise,  
From this unto the last of days!

## The Holy Communion

Welcome, sweet and sacred feast! welcome  
life!

Dead I was, and deep in trouble;  
But grace and blessings came with thee so  
rife,

That they have quickened e'en dry stubble.

Thus souls their bodies animate,

And thus, at first, when things were rude,

Dark, void, and crude,

They, by Thy Word, their beauty had and  
date;

All were by Thee,

And still must be;

Nothing that is, or lives,

But hath his quickenings, and reprieves,

As Thy hand opes or shuts;

Healings and cuts,

Darkness and daylight, life and death

Are but mere leaves turned by Thy breath.

Spirits without Thee die,

And blackness sits

On the divinest wits,

## *THE HOLY COMMUNION*

As on the sun eclipses lie.  
But that great darkness at Thy death,  
When the veil broke with Thy last breath,  
    Did make us see  
    The way to Thee;  
And now by these sure, sacred ties,  
    After Thy blood  
    (Our sovereign good)  
    Had cleared our eyes,  
    And given us sight;  
Thou dost unto Thy Self betroth  
    Our souls and bodies both,  
    In everlasting light.

Was't not enough that Thou hadst paid  
    the price,  
    And given us eyes  
When we had none, but Thou must also  
    take  
    Us by the hand,  
    And keep us still awake,  
    When we would sleep,  
    Or from Thee creep,  
Who without Thee cannot stand?

Was't not enough to lose Thy breath  
And blood by an accursèd death,  
    But Thou must also leave  
    To us, that did bereave

## *THE HOLY COMMUNION*

Thee of them both, these seals, the means

That should both cleanse

And keep us so,

Who wrought Thy woe?

O Rose of Sharon! O the Lily

Of the Valley!

How art Thou now, Thy flock to keep,

Become both food, and Shepherd to Thy  
sheep!



## Psalm 121

Up to those bright and gladsome hills,  
Whence flows my weal and mirth,  
I look, and sigh for Him Who fills  
Unseen both heaven and earth.

He is alone my help and hope,  
That I shall not be moved;  
His watchful eye is ever ope,  
And guardeth His beloved;

The glorious God is my sole stay,  
He is my sun and shade;  
The cold by night, the heat by day,  
Neither shall me invade.

He keeps me from the spite of foes;  
Doth all their plots control;  
And is a shield, not reckoning those,  
Unto my very soul.

Whether abroad amidst the crowd,  
Or else within my door,  
He is my pillar and my cloud  
Now and for evermore.

## Affliction



Peace! peace! it is not so. Thou dost  
miscall

Thy physic: pills that change  
Thy sick accessions into settled health;  
This is the Great Elixir that turns gall  
To wine and sweetness, poverty to wealth,  
And brings man home, when he doth  
range.

Did not He, Who ordained the day,  
Ordain night too?

And in the greater world display  
What in the lesser He would do?  
All flesh is clay, thou know'st; and but  
that God

Doth use His rod,  
And by a fruitful change of frosts and  
showers

Cherish and bind thy powers,  
Thou wouldst to weeds and thistles quite  
disperse,

And be more wild than is thy verse.  
Sickness is wholesome, and crosses are but  
curbs

## *AFFLICTION*

To check the mule, unruly man;  
They are Heaven's husbandry, the famous  
fan,

Purging the floor which chaff disturbs.  
Were all the year one constant sunshine,  
we

Should have no flowers;  
All would be drought and leanness; not a  
tree

Would make us bowers.  
Beauty consists in colours; and that's best  
Which is not fixed, but flies and flows;  
The settled red is dull, and whites that  
rest

Something of sickness would disclose.

Vicissitude plays all the game;

Nothing that stirs,

Or hath a name,

But waits upon this wheel;  
Kingdoms too have their physic, and for  
steel

Exchange their peace and furs.  
Thus doth God key disordered man,

Which none else can;  
Tuning his breast to rise or fall;  
And by a sacred, needful art,  
Like strings, stretch every part,  
Making the whole most musical.

## The Tempest

How is man parcelled out! how every hour  
Shows him himself, or something he  
should see!

This late, long heat may his instruction  
be;

And tempests have more in them than a  
shower.

When Nature on her bosom saw

Her infants die,

And all her flowers withered to straw,

Her breasts grown dry;

She made the Earth, their nurse and tomb,

Sigh to the sky,

Till to those sighs, fetched from her womb,

Rain did reply;

So in the midst of all her fears

And faint requests,

Her earnest sighs procured her tears

And filled her breasts.

O that man could do so! that he would hear  
The world read to him! all the vast  
expense

## THE TEMPEST

In the creation shed, and slaved to sense,  
Makes up but lectures for his eye and ear.

Sure, Mighty Love, foreseeing the descent  
Of this poor creature, by a gracious art  
Hid in these low things snares to gain  
his heart,  
And laid surprises in each element.

All things here show him Heaven; waters  
that fall,  
Chide and fly up; mists of corruptest  
foam  
Quit their first beds and mount; trees,  
herbs, flowers, all  
Strive upwards still, and point him the  
way home.

How do they cast off grossness? only  
earth  
And man, like Issachar, in loads  
delight;  
Water's refined to motion, air to light,  
Fire to all three,<sup>1</sup> but man hath no such  
mirth.

Plants in the root with *earth* do most  
comply,  
Their leaves with *water* and *humidity*,

<sup>1</sup> Light, Motion, Heat.

## THE TEMPEST

The flowers to *air* draw near and  
    *subtlety*,  
And seeds a kindred *fire* have with the  
    sky.

All have their keys and set ascents; but  
    man,  
    Though he knows these, and hath  
    more of his own,  
    Sleeps at the ladder's foot; alas! what  
    can  
These new discoveries do, except they  
    drown?

Thus, grovelling in the shade and darkness,  
    he  
    Sinks to a dead oblivion; and though all  
    He sees (like pyramids,) shoot from this  
    ball,  
And, lessening still, grow up invisibly:

Yet hugs he still his dirt; the stuff he  
    wears,  
    And painted trimming, takes down  
    both his eyes;  
    Heaven hath less beauty than the dust  
    he spies,  
And money better music than the spheres.

## *THE TEMPEST*

Life's but a blast; he knows it; what?  
shall straw

And bulrush-fetters temper his short  
hour?

Must he nor sip, nor sing? grows ne'er  
a flower

To crown his temples? shall dreams be  
his law?

O foolish man! how hast thou lost thy  
sight?

How is it that the sun to thee alone  
Is grown thick darkness, and thy bread  
a stone?

Hath flesh no softness now? mid-day no  
light?

Lord! Thou didst put a soul here. If I  
must

Be broke again, for flints will give no  
fire

Without a steel, O let Thy power clear  
Thy gift once more, and grind this flint to  
dust!

## Retirement

### I

Who on yon throne of azure sits,  
Keeping close house  
Above the morning-star,  
Whose meaner shows  
And outward utensils these glories are,  
That shine and share  
Part of His mansion; He one day  
When I went quite astray,  
Out of mere love,  
By His mild Dove,  
Did show me home and put me in the way.

### 2

Let it suffice, at length thy fits  
And lusts (said He,)  
Have had their wish and way;  
Press not to be  
Still thy own foe and Mine; for to this day  
I did delay,  
And would not see, but chose to wink;  
Nay, at the very brink  
And edge of all,  
When thou wouldst fall,  
My love-twist held thee up, My unseen link.



## RETIREMENT

### 3

I know thee well; for I have framed,  
And hate thee not;  
Thy spirit too is Mine;  
I know thy lot,  
Extent, and end, for My hands drew the line  
Assigned thine;  
If then thou wouldst unto My seat,  
'Tis not th' applause and feat  
Of dust and clay  
Leads to that way,  
But from those follies a resolved retreat.

### 4

Now here below, where yet untamed  
Thou dost thus rove,  
I have a house as well  
As there above;  
In it My name and honour both do dwell;  
And shall until  
I make all new; there nothing gay  
In perfumes or array;  
Dust lies with dust,  
And hath but just  
The same respect and room with every clay.

### 5

A faithful school, where thou may'st see,  
In heraldry

## *RETIREMENT*

Of stones and speechless earth,  
Thy true descent;  
Where dead men preach, who can turn  
feasts and mirth  
To funerals and Lent.  
There dust, that out of doors might fill  
Thy eyes and blind thee still,  
Is fast asleep:  
Up then, and keep  
Within those doors, My doors. Dost hear?  
"I will."

## Love and Discipline



Since in a land not barren still,  
(Because Thou dost Thy grace distil,)  
My lot is fallen, blessed be Thy will!

And since these biting frosts but kill  
Some tares in me which choke or spill  
That seed Thou sow'st, blessed be Thy skill!

Blessed be Thy dew, and blessed Thy  
frost,  
And happy I to be so crossed.  
And cured by crosses at Thy cost.

The dew doth cheer what is distressed,  
The frosts ill weeds nip and molest,  
In both Thou work'st unto the best.

Thus while Thy several mercies plot,  
And work on me, now cold, now hot,  
The work goes on, and slacketh not;

For as Thy hand the weather steers,  
So thrive I best, 'twixt joys and tears,  
And all the year have some green ears.

## The Pilgrimage



As travellers, when the twilight's come,  
And in the sky the stars appear,  
The past day's accidents do sum  
With, "Thus we saw there, and thus  
here";

Then, Jacob-like, lodge in a place,  
(A place, and no more, is set down,)  
Where till the day restore the race,  
They rest and dream homes of their own:

So for this night I linger here,  
And, full of tossings to and fro,  
Expect still when Thou wilt appear,  
That I may get me up and go.

I long, and groan, and grieve for Thee,  
For Thee my words, my tears do gush;  
O that I were but where I see!  
Is all the note within my bush.

As birds robbed of their native wood,  
Although their diet may be fine,  
Yet neither sing, nor like their food,  
But with the thought of home do pine;

## THE PILGRIMAGE

So do I mourn and hang my head;  
And though Thou dost me fulness give,  
Yet look I for far better bread,  
Because by this man cannot live.

O feed me then! and since I may  
Have yet more days, more nights to count,  
So strengthen me, Lord, all the way,  
That I may travel to Thy mount.

HEB. CAP. II. VER. 13.

*And they confessed that they were strangers  
and pilgrims on the earth.*

## The Law and the Gospel

### I

Lord, when Thou didst on Sinai pitch,  
And shine from Paran, when a fiery law,  
Pronounced with thunder, and Thy threats,  
did thaw

Thy people's hearts, when all Thy weeds  
were rich,

And inaccessible for light,  
Terror, and might;—

How did poor flesh (which after Thou didst  
wear,)

Then faint and fear!

Thy chosen flock, like leaves in a high wind,  
Whispered obedience, and their heads  
inclined.

### 2

But now since we to Sion came,  
And through Thy blood Thy glory see,  
With filial confidence we touch e'en Thee;  
And where the other Mount, all clad in  
flame

## THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL

And threatening clouds, would not so  
much

As 'bide the touch,  
We climb up this, and have too all the way  
Thy hand our stay;  
Nay, Thou tak'st ours, and (which full  
comfort brings,)  
Thy Dove too bears us on Her sacred wings.

### 3

Yet, since man is a very brute,  
And after all Thy acts of grace doth kick,  
Slighting that health Thou gav'st when  
he was sick,  
Be not displeased, if I, who have a suit  
To Thee each hour, beg at Thy door  
For this one more;  
O plant in me Thy Gospel and Thy Law;  
Both faith and awe;  
So twist them in my heart, that ever there  
I may as well as love, find too Thy fear!

### 4

Let me *not spill*, but *drink* Thy blood;  
Not break Thy fence, and by a black excess  
Force down a just curse, when Thy hands  
would bless;  
Let me not scatter and despise my food,

## THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL

Or nail those blessed limbs again  
Which bore my pain.  
So shall Thy mercies flow: for while I fear,  
I know Thou'lt bear,  
But should Thy mild injunction nothing  
move me,  
I would both think and judge I did not  
love Thee.

JOHN, CAP. 14. VER. 15.

*If ye love Me, keep My commandments.*



## The World

### I

I saw Eternity the other night,  
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,  
    All calm, as it was bright;  
And round beneath it, Time, in hours,  
    days, years,  
    Driven by the spheres,  
Like a vast shadow moved, in which the  
    world  
    And all her train were hurled.  
The doting lover in his quaintest strain  
    Did there complain;  
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,  
    (Wit's sour delights,)  
With gloves, and knots the silly snares of  
    pleasure,  
    (Yet his dear treasure,)  
All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour  
    Upon a flower.

### 2

The darksome statesman, hung with  
    weights and woe,  
Like a thick midnight-fog, moved there  
    so slow,

## THE WORLD

He did nor stay, nor go;  
Condemning thoughts, like sad eclipses,  
scowl

Upon his soul,  
And clouds of crying witnesses without  
Pursued him with one shout.  
Yet digged the mole, and, lest his ways  
be found,

Worked under ground,  
Where he did clutch his prey. But one  
did see

That policy:  
Churches and altars fed him; perjuries  
Were gnats and flies;  
It rained about him blood and tears; but  
he

Drank them as free.

### 3

The fearful miser on a heap of rust  
Sat pining all his life there, did scarce  
trust

His own hands with the dust,  
Yet would not place one piece above, but  
lives

In fear of thieves.  
Thousands there were as frantic as him-  
self,

And hugged each one his pelf;

## THE WORLD

The downright epicure placed Heaven in  
sense,  
And scorned pretence;  
While others, slipped into a wide excess,  
Said little less;  
The weaker sort slight, trivial wares en-  
slave,  
Who think them brave;  
And poor, despised Truth sat counting by  
Their victory.

### 4

Yet some, who all this while did weep and  
sing,  
And sing, and weep, soared up into the ring;  
But most would use no wing.  
"O fools," said I, "thus to prefer dark  
night  
Before true light!  
To live in grotts and caves, and hate the  
day  
Because it shows the way;  
The way, which from this dead and dark  
abode  
Leads up to God;  
A way where you might tread the sun,  
and be  
More bright than he!"  
But, as I did their madness so discuss,  
One whispered thus,

## THE WORLD

This Ring the Bridegroom did for none  
provide,  
But for His Bride.

JOHN [1ST EP.] CAP. 2. VER. 16, 17.

*All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh,  
the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, is not  
of the Father, but is of the world.*

*And the world passeth away, and the lusts  
thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth  
for ever.*

## The Mutiny

### I

Weary of this same clay and straw, I  
laid

Me down to breathe, and casting in my  
heart

The after-burthens and griefs yet to  
come,

The heavy sum  
So shook my breast, that, sick and sore  
dismayed,

My thoughts, like water which some stone  
doth start,

Did quit their troubled channel, and retire  
Unto the banks, where, storming at those  
bounds,

They murmured sore; but I, who felt them  
boil,

And knew their coil,  
Turning to Him, Who made poor sand to  
tire

And tame proud waves, If yet these barren  
grounds

And thirsty brick must be (said I,)  
My task and destiny,

## THE MUTINY

### 2

Let me so strive and struggle with Thy  
foes,  
(Not Thine alone, but mine too,) that when  
all  
Their arts and force are built unto the  
height,  
That Babel-weight  
May prove Thy glory and their shame; so  
close  
And knit me to Thee, that though in this  
vale  
Of sin and death I sojourn, yet one eye  
May look to Thee, to Thee the finisher  
And author of my faith; so show me home,  
That all this foam  
And frothy noise, which up and down doth  
fly,  
May find no lodging in mine eye or ear;  
O seal them up! that these may fly  
Like other tempests by.

### 3

Not but I know Thou hast a shorter cut  
To bring me home, than through a wilder-  
ness,  
A sea, or sands, and serpents; yet since  
Thou,  
(As Thy words show,)

## THE MUTINY

Though in this desert I were wholly shut,  
Canst light and lead me there with such  
redress

That no decay shall touch me; O be pleased  
To fix my steps; and whatsoever path  
Thy sacred and eternal will decreed

For Thy bruised reed,  
O give it full obedience, that so seized  
Of all I have, I may nor move Thy wrath  
Nor grieve Thy Dove, but soft and mild  
Both live and die Thy child.

REVEL. CAP. 2. VER. 17.

*To him that overcometh will I give to eat of  
the Hidden Manna; and I will give him a white  
stone, and in the stone a new name written,  
which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth  
it.*

## The Constellation

Fair, ordered lights, (whose motion without noise

Resembles those true joys

Whose spring is on that hill where you do grow,

And we here taste sometimes below,)

With what exact obedience do you move

Now beneath, and now above!

And in your vast progressions overlook

The darkest night and closest nook!

Some nights I see you in the gladsome East,

Some others near the West,

And when I cannot see, yet do you shine,

And beat about your endless line.

Silence, and light, and watchfulness with you

Attend and wind the clue;

No sleep, nor sloth assails you, but poor man

Still either sleeps, or slips his span.



## THE CONSTELLATION

He gropes beneath here, and with restless  
care,

First makes, then hugs a snare;  
Adores dead dust, sets heart on corn and  
grass,

But seldom doth make Heaven his glass.

Music and mirth (if there be music here,)

Take up and tune his year;  
These things are kin to him, and must  
be had;

Who kneels, or sighs a life, is mad.

Perhaps some nights he'll watch with  
you, and peep

When it were best to sleep;  
Dares know effects, and judge them long  
before,

When th' herb he treads knows much,  
much more.

But seeks he your obedience, order, light,

Your calm and well-trained flight,  
Where, though the glory differ in each star,  
Yet is there peace still, and no war?

Since placed by Him, Who calls you by  
your names,

And fixed there all your flames,  
Without command you never acted aught,  
And then you in your courses fought.

## *THE CONSTELLATION*

But here, commissioned by a black self-  
will,

The sons the father kill,  
The children chase the mother, and would  
heal

The wounds they give by crying "Zeal".

Then cast her blood and tears upon Thy  
book,

Where they for fashion look;  
And, like that lamb, which had the  
dragon's voice,  
Seem mild, but are known by their noise.

Thus by our lusts disordered into wars,  
Our guides prove wandering stars,  
Which for these mists and black days were  
reserved,

What time we from our First Love swerved.

Yet O, for His sake Who sits now by Thee  
All crowned with victory,  
So guide us through this darkness, that  
we may

Be more and more in love with day!

Settle, and fix our hearts, that we may  
move

In order, peace, and love;

## *THE CONSTELLATION*

And, taught obedience by Thy whole crea-  
tion,  
Become an humble, holy nation!

Give to Thy Spouse her perfect and pure  
dress,  
Beauty and holiness;  
And so repair these rents, that men may  
see  
And say, "Where God is, all agree".

## The Shepherds

Sweet, harmless live[r]s! on whose holy  
leisure

Waits Innocence and Pleasure,  
Whose leaders to those pastures and clear  
springs

Were patriarchs, saints, and kings;  
How happened it that in the dead of night

You only saw true light,  
While Palestine was fast asleep, and lay  
Without one thought of day?

Was it because those first and blessed  
swains

Were pilgrims on those plains,  
When they received the Promise;—for  
which now

'Twas there first shown to you?  
'Tis true, He loves that dust whereon  
they go

That serve Him here below,  
And therefore might, for memory of those,  
His love there first disclose;

But wretched Salem (once His love,) must  
now

No voice nor vision know,

## THE SHEPHERDS

Her stately piles with all their height and  
pride

Now languishèd and died,  
And Bethlem's humble cots above them  
stept,

While all her seers slept;  
Her cedar, fir, hewed stones, and gold  
were all

Polluted through their fall,  
And those once sacred mansions were now  
Mere emptiness and show.

This made the Angel call at reeds and  
thatch

(Yet where the shepherds watch,)  
And God's own lodging, though He could  
not lack,

To be a common rack;  
No costly pride, no soft-clothed luxury,  
In those thin cells could lie;  
Each stirring wind and storm blew through  
their cots,

Which never harboured plots;  
Only Content and Love and humble joys  
Lived there without all noise;  
Perhaps some harmless cares for the next  
day

Did in their bosoms play,  
As where to lead their sheep, what silent  
nook,

What springs or shades to look;

## *THE SHEPHERDS*

But that was all; and now with gladsome  
care

They for the town prepare;  
They leave their flock, and in a busy talk  
All towards Bethlem walk  
To see their soul's great Shepherd, Who  
was come,

To bring all stragglers home;  
Where now they find Him out, and, taught  
before,

That Lamb of God adore,  
That Lamb Whose days great kings and  
prophets wished

And longed to see, but missed.  
The first light they beheld was bright and  
gay,

And turned their night to day;  
But to this later light they saw in Him,  
Their day was dark and dim.

## Misery

Lord, bind me up, and let me lie  
A prisoner to my liberty,  
If such a state at all can be  
As an impris'nment serving Thee;  
The wind, though gathered in Thy fist,  
Yet doth it blow still where it list,  
And yet shouldst Thou let go Thy hold  
Those gusts might quarrel and grow bold.

As waters here, headlong and loose,  
The lower grounds still chase and choose,  
Where, spreading all the way, they seek  
And search out every hole and creek;  
So my spilled thoughts, winding from Thee,  
Take the down-road to vanity,  
Where they all stray and strive, which shall  
Find out the first and steepest fall.  
I cheer their flow, giving supply  
To what's already grown too high,  
And having thus performed that part  
Feed on those vomits of my heart.  
I break the fence my own hands made,  
Then lay that trespass in the shade;  
Some fig-leaves still I do devise,  
As if Thou hadst nor ears nor eyes.

## MISERY

Excess of friends, of words, and wine  
Take up my day, while Thou dost shine  
All unregarded, and Thy Book  
Hath not so much as one poor look.  
If Thou steal in amidst the mirth  
And kindly tell me I am earth,  
I shut Thee out, and let that slip;  
Such music spoils goodfellowship.  
Thus wretched I, and most unkind,  
Exclude my dear God from my mind,  
Exclude Him thence, Who of that cell  
Would make a court, should He there dwell.  
He goes, He yields; and troubled sore  
His Holy Spirit grieves therefor;  
The mighty God, th' eternal King  
Doth grieve for dust, and dust doth sing.  
But I go on, haste to divest  
Myself of reason, till oppressed  
And buried in my surfeits I  
Prove my own shame and misery.  
Next day I call and cry for Thee,  
Who shouldst not then come near to me;  
But, now it is Thy servant's pleasure,  
Thou must, and dost, give him his measure.  
Thou dost, Thou com'st, and in a shower  
Of healing sweets Thyself dost pour  
Into my wounds; and now Thy grace  
(I know it well,) fills all the place;  
I sit with Thee by this new light,  
And for that hour Thou'rt my delight;



## MISERY

No man can more the world despise,  
Or Thy great mercies better prize;  
I school my eyes, and strictly dwell  
Within the circle of my cell;  
That calm and silence are my joys,  
Which to Thy peace are but mere noise;  
At length I feel my head to ache,  
My fingers itch, and burn to take  
Some new employment, I begin  
To swell and foam and fret within.

“The age, the present times are not  
To snudge in, and embrace a cot;  
Action and blood now get the game,  
Disdain treads on the peaceful name;  
Who sits at home too, bears a load  
Greater than those that gad abroad.”

Thus do I make Thy gifts given me  
The only quarrellers with Thee;  
I'd loose those knots Thy hands did tie,  
Then would go travel, fight, or die.  
Thousands of wild and waste infusions  
Like waves beat on my resolutions;  
As flames about their fuel run,  
And work and wind till all be done;  
So my fierce soul bustles about,  
And never rests till all be out.  
Thus wilded by a peevish heart,  
Which in Thy music bears no part,  
I storm at Thee, calling my peace  
A lethargy, and mere disease;

## MISERY

Nay those bright beams shot from Thy eyes  
To calm me in these mutinies,  
I style mere tempers, which take place  
At some set times, but are Thy grace.

Such is man's life, and such is mine,  
The worst of men, and yet still Thine,  
Still Thine, Thou know'st, and if not so,  
Then give me over to my foe.

Yet since as easy 'tis for Thee  
To make man good as bid him be,  
And with one glance (could he that gain,)

To look him out of all his pain,  
O send me from Thy holy hill

So much of strength, as may fulfil  
All Thy delights, whate'er they be,  
And sacred institutes in me!

Open my rocky heart, and fill  
It with obedience to Thy will;  
Then seal it up, that as none see,  
So none may enter there but Thee.

O hear, my God! hear Him, Whose blood  
Speaks more and better for my good!

O let my cry come to Thy throne!

My cry not poured with tears alone,  
(For tears alone are often foul,)

But with the blood of all my soul;  
With spirit-sighs, and earnest groans,

Faithful and most repenting moans,

With these I cry, and crying pine,

Till Thou both mend, and make me Thine.

## The Sap

Come, sapless blossom, creep not still on  
earth,

Forgetting thy first birth!

'Tis not from dust; or if so, why dost thou  
Thus call and thirst for dew?

It tends not thither; if it doth, why then  
This growth and stretch for heaven?

Thy root sucks but diseases; worms there  
seat,

And claim it for their meat.

Who placed thee here, did something then  
infuse,

Which now can tell thee news.

There is beyond the stars an hill of myrrh,  
From which some drops fall here;

On it the Prince of Salem sits, Who deals  
To thee thy secret meals;

There is thy country, and He is the  
way,

And hath withal the key.

Yet lived He here sometime, and bore for  
thee

A world of misery,

## *THE SAP*

For thee, who in the first man's loins  
didst fall

From that hill to this vale;  
And had not He so done, it is most true  
Two deaths had been thy due;  
But going hence, and knowing well what  
woes

Might His friends discompose,  
To show what strange love He had to our  
good,

He gave His sacred blood,  
By will our sap and cordial; now in this  
Lies such a Heaven of bliss,  
That who but truly tastes it, no decay  
Can touch him any way.

Such secret life and virtue in it lies,  
It will exalt and rise,  
And actuate such spirits as are shed,  
Or ready to be dead;

And bring new too. Get then this sap,  
and get

Good store of it, but let  
The vessel where you put it be for sure,  
To all your power, most pure;  
There is at all times, though shut up, in  
you

A powerful, rare dew,  
Which only grief and love extract; with  
this

Be sure, and never miss,

## *THE SAP*

To wash your vessel well: then humbly  
take

This balm for souls that ache;  
And one who drank it thus, assures that you  
Shall find a joy so true,  
Such perfect ease, and such a lively sense  
Of grace against all sins,  
That you'll confess the comfort such, as even  
Brings to, and comes from, Heaven.

## Mount of Olives



When first I saw True Beauty, and Thy  
joys,  
Active as light, and calm without all noise,  
Shined on my soul, I felt through all my  
powers  
Such a rich air of sweets, as evening  
showers,  
Fanned by a gentle gale, convey and breathe  
On some parched bank crowned with a  
flowery wreath;  
Odours, and myrrh, and balm in one rich  
flood  
O'er-ran my heart, and spirited my blood;  
My thoughts did swim in comforts, and  
mine eye  
Confessed the world did only paint and lie.  
And where before I did no safe course steer,  
But wandered under tempests all the year;  
Went bleak and bare in body as in mind,  
And was blown through by every storm  
and wind,  
I am so warmed now by this glance on me,  
That midst all storms I feel a ray of Thee.

## MOUNT OF OLIVES

So have I known some beauteous paisage  
rise

In sudden flowers and arbours to my eyes,  
And in the depth and dead of Winter bring  
To my cold thoughts a lively sense of Spring.

Thus fed by Thee, Who dost all beings  
nourish,

My withered leaves again look green and  
flourish;

I shine and shelter underneath Thy wing,  
Where sick with love I strive Thy name  
to sing;

Thy glorious name! which grant I may so  
do,

That these may be Thy praise, and my joy  
too!

## Man

### I

Weighing the stedfastness and state  
Of some mean things which here below  
    reside,  
Where birds, like watchful clocks, the noise-  
    less date  
And intercourse of times divide,  
Where bees at night get home and hive,  
    and flowers,  
    Early as well as late,  
Rise with the sun, and set in the same  
    bowers;

### 2

I would (said I,) my God would give  
The staidness of these things to man! for  
    these  
To His divine appointments ever cleave,  
And no new business breaks their peace;  
The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and  
    dine,  
The flowers without clothes live,  
Yet Solomon was never dressed so fine.



## MAN

### 3

Man hath still either toys or care;  
He hath no root, nor to one place is tied,  
But ever restless and irregular

About this earth doth run and ride.  
He knows he hath a home, but scarce  
knows where;

He says it is so far,  
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

### 4

He knocks at all doors, strays and  
roams;  
Nay, hath not so much wit as some stones  
have,  
Which in the darkest nights point to their  
homes,

By some hid sense their Maker gave;  
Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest  
And passage through these looms  
God ordered motion, but ordained no rest.

I Walked the  
Other Day, to  
Spend my Hour

I

I walked the other day, to spend my hour,  
    Into a field,  
Where I sometimes had seen the soil to  
    yield  
    A gallant flower;  
But Winter now had ruffled all the bower  
    And curious store  
I knew there heretofore.

2

Yet I, whose search loved not to peep and  
    peer  
    I' th' face of things,  
Thought with myself there might be other  
    springs  
    Besides this here,  
Which, like cold friends, sees us but once  
    a year;  
    And so the flower  
Might have some other bower.

*I WALKED THE OTHER DAY*

3

Then taking up what I could nearest spy,  
I digged about  
That place where I had seen him to grow  
out;  
And by and by  
I saw the warm recluse alone to lie,  
Where fresh and green  
He lived of us unseen.

4

Many a question intricate and rare  
Did I there strow;  
But all I could extort was, that he now  
Did there repair  
Such losses as befell him in this air,  
And would ere long  
Come forth most fair and young.

5

This past, I threw the clothes quite o'er  
his head;  
And stung with fear  
Of my own frailty dropped down many a  
tear  
Upon his bed;  
Then sighing whispered, "Happy are the  
dead!"

*I WALKED THE OTHER DAY*

What peace doth now  
Rock him asleep below!"

6

And yet, how few believe such doctrine  
springs  
From a poor root,  
Which all the Winter sleeps here under  
foot,  
And hath no wings  
To raise it to the truth and light of  
things;  
But is still trod  
By every wandering clod.

7

O Thou! Whose Spirit did at first inflame  
And warm the dead,  
And by a sacred incubation fed  
With life this frame,  
Which once had neither being, form, nor  
name;  
Grant I may so  
Thy steps track here below,

8

That in these masques and shadows I  
may see  
Thy sacred way;

*I WALKED THE OTHER DAY*

And by those hid ascents climb to that  
day,

Which breaks from Thee,  
Who art in all things, though invisibly:  
Show me Thy peace,  
Thy mercy, love, and ease!

9

And from this care, where dreams and  
sorrows reign,

Lead me above,  
Where light, joy, leisure, and true com-  
forts move

Without all pain;  
There, hid in Thee, show me his life  
again,

At whose dumb urn  
Thus all the year I mourn!

## Begging

King of mercy, King of love,  
In Whom I live, in Whom I move,  
Perfect what Thou hast begun,  
Let no night put out this sun;  
Grant I may, my chief desire,  
Long for Thee, to Thee aspire!  
Let my youth, my bloom of days  
Be my comfort, and Thy praise;  
That hereafter, when I look  
O'er the sullied, sinful book,  
I may find Thy hand therein  
Wiping out my shame and sin!  
O! it is Thy only art  
To reduce a stubborn heart;  
And since Thine is victory,  
Strongholds should belong to Thee;  
Lord, then take it, leave it not  
Unto my dispose or lot;  
But since I would not have it mine,  
O my God, let it be Thine!

JUDE, VER. 24, 25.

*Now unto Him That is able to keep us from*

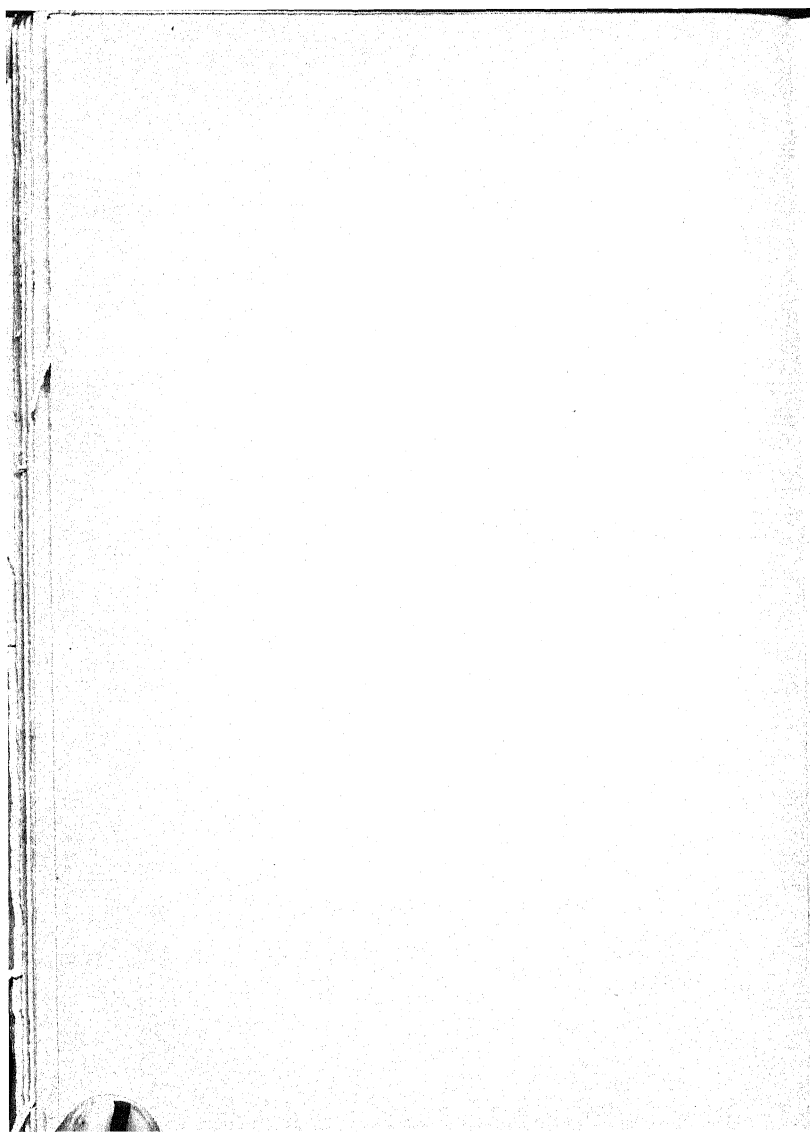
## BEGGING

*falling, and to present us faultless before the  
presence of His glory with exceeding joy,*

*To the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory,  
and majesty, dominion and power, now and  
ever, Amen.*

## Part II





## Ascension-Day

Lord Jesus! with what sweetness and  
delights,

Sure, holy hopes, high joys, and quicken-  
ing flights,

Dost Thou feed Thine! O Thou! the Hand  
That lifts

To Him Who gives all good and perfect  
gifts,

Thy glorious, bright Ascension (though  
removed

So many ages from me,) is so proved

And by Thy Spirit sealed to me, that I

Feel me a sharer in Thy victory!

I soar and rise

Up to the skies,

Leaving the world their day;

And in my flight

For the True Light

Go seeking all the way.

I greet Thy sepulchre, salute Thy grave,

That blest enclosure, where the Angels  
gave

The first glad tidings of Thy early light,

And resurrection from the earth and night.

## ASCENSION-DAY

I see that morning in Thy convert's<sup>1</sup> tears,  
Fresh as the dew, which but this dawning  
wears.  
I smell her spices; and her ointment  
yields,  
As rich a scent as the now primrosed  
fields.  
The day-star smiles, and light with Thee  
deceased  
Now shines in all the chambers of the  
East.  
What stirs, what posting intercourse and  
mirth  
Of saints and angels glorify the Earth?  
What sighs, what whispers, busy stops  
and stays,  
Private and holy talk, fill all the ways?  
They pass as at the last great day, and  
run  
In their white robes to seek the Risen  
Sun;  
I see them, hear them, mark their haste,  
and move  
Amongst them, with them, winged with  
faith and love.  
Thy forty days more secret commerce  
here  
After Thy death and funeral, so clear

<sup>1</sup> St. Mary Magdalene.

## ASCENSION-DAY

And indisputable shows to my sight  
As the sun doth, which to those days  
gave light.

I walk the fields of Bethany, which shine  
All now as fresh as Eden, and as fine.  
Such was the bright world on the first  
seventh day,

Before man brought forth sin, and sin  
decay;

When like a virgin clad in flowers and  
green

The pure Earth sat; and the fair woods  
had seen

No frost, but flourished in that youthful  
vest,

With which their great Creator had them  
dressed:

When heaven above them shined like  
molten glass,

While all the planets did unclouded pass;  
And springs, like dissolved pearls, their  
streams did pour,

Ne'er marred with floods, nor angered  
with a shower.

With these fair thoughts I move in this  
fair place,

And the last steps of my mild Master trace;  
I see Him leading out His chosen train  
All sad with tears, which like warm  
summer rain

## ASCENSION-DAY

In silent drops steal from their holy eyes,  
Fixed lately on the Cross, now on the  
skies.

And now, eternal Jesus! Thou dost heave  
Thy blessed hands to bless these Thou  
dost leave.

The cloud doth now receive Thee, and  
their sight

Having lost Thee, behold two men in  
white!

Two and no more: "What two attest is  
true",

Was Thine own answer to the stubborn  
Jew.

Come then, Thou faithful Witness! come,  
dear Lord,

Upon the clouds again to judge this world!

## Ascension Hymn



Dust and clay,  
Man's ancient wear,  
Here you must stay,  
But I elsewhere!  
Souls sojourn here, but may not rest;  
Who will ascend, must be undressed.

And yet some,  
That know to die  
Before death come,  
Walk to the sky  
Even in this life; but all such can  
Leave behind them "the old Man".

If a star  
Should leave the sphere,  
She must first mar  
Her flaming wear,  
And after fall; for in her dress  
Of glory she cannot transgress.

Man of old  
Within the line

## *ASCENSION HYMN*

Of Eden could  
Like the sun shine,  
All naked, innocent, and bright,  
And intimate with Heaven, as light;

But since he  
That brightness soiled,  
His garments be  
All dark and spoiled,  
And here are left as nothing worth,  
Till the Refiner's fire breaks forth.

Then comes He  
Whose mighty light  
Made His clothes be  
Like Heaven all bright;  
The Fuller, Whose pure blood did flow,  
To make stained man more white than  
snow!

He alone,  
And none else, can  
Bring bone to bone  
And rebuild man;  
And by His all-subduing might  
Make clay ascend more quick than light.

They are All  
Gone into the  
World of Light

They are all gone into the world of light!  
And I alone sit lingering here!  
Their very memory is fair and bright,  
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,  
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,  
Or those faint beams in which this hill is  
dressed  
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,  
Whose light doth trample on my days;  
My days, which are at best but dull and  
hoary,  
Mere glimmering and decays.

O, holy Hope! and high Humility!  
High as the heavens above!  
These are your walks, and you have  
showed them me  
To kindle my cold love.



## *THEY ARE ALL GONE*

Dear, beauteous Death; the jewel of the  
just,  
Shining nowhere but in the dark;  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's  
nest may know,  
At first sight, if the bird be flown;  
But what fair well or grove he sings in  
now,  
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams  
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,  
So some strange thoughts transcend our  
wonted themes,  
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,  
Her captive flames must needs burn  
there;  
But when the hand that locked her up  
gives room,  
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all  
Created glories under Thee!  
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall  
Into true liberty!

*THEY ARE ALL GONE*

Either disperse these mists, which blot  
and fill

My perspective still as they pass;  
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,  
Where I shall need no glass!

## White Sunday



Welcome, white day! a thousand suns,  
Though seen at once, were black to  
thee!  
For after their light darkness comes,  
But thine shines to eternity.

Those flames, which on the Apostles  
rushed  
At this great Feast, and in a fire  
Of cloven tongues their heads all brushed,  
And crowned them with prophetic fire,—

Can these new lights be like to those?  
These lights of serpents like the Dove?  
Thou hadst no gall e'en for Thy foes,  
And Thy two wings were Grief and  
Love.

Though then some boast that fire each  
day,  
And on Christ's coat pin all their shreds,  
Not sparing openly to say,  
His candle shines upon their heads;

## WHITE SUNDAY

Yet while some rays of that great light  
Shine here below within Thy Book,  
They never shall so blind my sight  
But I will know which way to look.

For though Thou dost that great light  
    lock,  
And by this lesser commerce keep,  
Yet by these glances of the flock  
I can discern wolves from the sheep.

Not but that I have wishes too,  
And pray, "These last may be as first,  
Or better"; but Thou long ago  
Hast said these last should be the worst.

Besides, Thy method with Thy own,  
Thy own dear people, pens *our* times;  
*Our* stories are in *theirs* set down,  
And penalties spread to *our* crimes.

Again, if "worst and worst" implies  
A state that no redress admits,  
Then from Thy Cross unto these days  
The rule without exception fits.

And yet, as in Night's gloomy page  
One silent star may interline,  
So in this last and lewdest age  
Thy ancient love on some may shine.

## WHITE SUNDAY

For, though we hourly breathe decays,  
And our best note and highest ease  
Is but mere changing of the keys,  
And a consumption that doth please;

Yet Thou the great eternal Rock  
Whose height above all ages shines,  
Art still the same, and canst unlock  
Thy waters to a soul that pines.

Since then Thou art the same this day  
And ever, as Thou wert of old,  
And nothing doth Thy love allay,  
But our hearts' dead and sinful cold;

As Thou long since wert pleased to buy  
Our drowned estate, taking the curse  
Upon Thyself, so to destroy  
The knots we tied upon Thy purse;

So let Thy grace now make the way  
Even for Thy love; for by that means  
We, who are nothing but foul clay,  
Shall be fine gold which Thou didst  
cleanse.

O come! refine us with Thy fire!  
Refine us! we are at a loss.  
Let not Thy stars for Balaam's hire  
Dissolve into the common dross!

## The Proffer

Be still, black parasites,  
Flutter no more;  
Were it still winter, as it was before,  
You'd make no flights;  
But now the dew and sun have warmed  
my bowers,  
You fly and flock to suck the flowers.

But you would honey make:  
These buds will wither,  
And what you now extract, in harder  
weather  
Will serve to take;  
Wise husbands will (you say,) their wants  
prevent,  
Who do not so, too late repent.

O poisonous, subtle fowls!  
The flies of hell,  
That buzz in every ear, and blow on souls,  
Until they smell  
And rot, descend not here, nor think to  
stay!  
I've read, Who 't was drove you away.

## THE PROFFER

Think you these longing eyes,  
Though sick and spent,  
And almost famished, ever will consent  
To leave those skies,  
That glass of souls and spirits, where  
well dressed  
They shine in white, like stars, and  
rest.

Shall my short hour, my inch,  
My one poor sand  
And crumb of life, now ready to disband,  
Revolt and flinch;  
And having borne the burthen all the  
day,  
Now cast at night my crown away?

No, No; I am not he;  
Go seek elsewhere!  
I skill not your fine tinsel, and false hair,  
Your sorcery  
And smooth seducements: I'll not stuff  
my story  
With your commonwealth and glory.

There are that will sow tares  
And scatter death  
Amongst the quick, selling their souls  
and breath  
For any wares;

## *THE PROFFER*

But when thy Master comes, they'll find  
and see  
There's a reward for them and thee.

Then keep the ancient way!  
Spit out their phlegm,  
And fill thy breast with home; think on  
thy dream:  
A calm, bright day!  
A land of flowers and spices! the word  
given,  
"If these be fair, O what is Heaven!"



## Cock-Crowing



Father of lights! what sunny seed,  
What glance of day hast Thou confined  
Into this bird? To all the breed  
This busy ray Thou hast assigned;  
Their magnetism works all night,  
And dreams of Paradise and light.

Their eyes watch for the morning-hue,  
Their little grain, expelling night,  
So shines and sings, as if it knew  
The path unto the house of light;  
It seems their candle, howe'er done,  
Was tinned and lighted at the Sun.

If such a tincture, such a touch,  
So firm a longing can empower,  
Shall Thy Own image think it much  
To watch for Thy appearing hour?  
If a mere blast so fill the sail,  
Shall not the breath of God prevail?

O Thou, immortal Light and Heat!  
Whose hand so shines through all this  
frame,  
That by the beauty of the seat,  
We plainly see Who made the same;

## COCK-CROWING

Seeing Thy seed abides in me,  
Dwell Thou in it, and I in Thee!

To sleep without Thee is to die;  
Yea, 'tis a death partakes of hell:  
For, where Thou dost not close the eye,  
It never opens, I can tell;  
In such a dark, Egyptian border,  
The shades of death dwell, and disorder.

If joys, and hopes, and earnest throes,  
And hearts, whose pulse beats still for light,  
Are given to birds; who, but Thee, knows  
A love-sick soul's exalted flight?

Can souls be tracked by any eye  
But His, Who gave them wings to fly?

Only this veil which Thou hast broke,  
And must be broken yet in me,  
This veil, I say, is all the cloak,  
And cloud which shadows Thee from me.

This veil Thy full-eyed love denies,  
And only gleams and fractions spies.

O take it off! make no delay;  
But brush me with Thy light, that I  
May shine unto a perfect day,  
And warm me at Thy glorious eye!

O take it off! or till it flee,  
Though with no lily, stay with me!

## The Star

Whatever 't is, whose beauty here below  
Attracts thee thus, and makes thee stream  
    and flow,  
    And wind and curl, and wink and smile,  
    Shifting thy gait and guile,

Though thy close commerce nought at  
    all imbars  
My present search, for eagles eye not stars;  
    And still the lesser by the best  
    And highest good is blessed;

Yet, seeing all things that subsist and be,  
Have their commissions from Divinity,  
    And teach us duty, I will see  
    What man may learn from thee.

First, I am sure, the subject so respected  
Is well-disposed; for bodies, once infected,  
    Depraved, or dead, can have with thee  
    No hold, nor sympathy.

Next, there's in it a restless, pure desire  
And longing for thy bright and vital fire,

## THE STAR

Desire that never will be quenched,  
Nor can be writhed nor wrenched.

These are the magnets, which so strongly  
move  
And work all night upon thy light and  
love;  
As beauteous shapes, we know not why,  
Command and guide the eye.

For where desire, celestial, pure desire,  
Hath taken root, and grows, and doth  
not tire,  
There God a commerce states, and sheds  
His secret on their heads.

This is the heart He craves; and whoso  
will  
But give it Him, and grudge not, he shall  
feel  
That God is true, as herbs unseen  
Put on their youth and green.

## The Palm-Tree



Dear friend, sit down, and bear awhile  
this shade,  
As I have yours long since. This plant  
you see  
So pressed and bowed, before sin did  
degrade  
Both you and it, had equal liberty

With other trees; but now shut from the  
breath  
And air of Eden, like a malcontent  
It thrives nowhere. This makes these  
weights, like death  
And sin, hang at him; for the more he's  
bent

The more he grows. Celestial natures  
still  
Aspire for home. This, Solomon of old  
By flowers and carvings and mysterious  
skill  
Of wings, and cherubims, and palms fore-  
told.

## *THE PALM-TREE*

This is the life which, hid above with  
Christ  
In God, doth always (hidden) multiply,  
And spring, and grow, a tree ne'er to be  
priced,  
A tree whose fruit is immortality.

Here spirits that have run their race, and  
fought,  
And won the fight, and have not feared the  
frowns  
Nor loved the smiles of greatness, but have  
wrought  
Their Master's will, meet to receive their  
crowns.

Here is the patience of the saints: this  
tree  
Is watered by their tears, as flowers are fed  
With dew by night; but One you cannot  
see  
Sits here, and numbers all the tears they  
shed.

Here is their faith too, which if you will keep  
When we two part, I will a journey make  
To pluck a garland hence while you do  
sleep,  
And weave it for your head against you  
wake.

## Joy



Be dumb, coarse measures; jar no more;  
to me

There is no discord but your harmony,  
False, juggling sounds; a groan well  
dressed, where care

Moves in disguise, and sighs afflict the  
air.

Sorrows in white; griefs tuned; a sugared  
dosis

Of wormwood, and a death's-head crowned  
with roses.

He weighs not your forced accents, who  
can have

A lesson played him by a wind or wave.  
Such numbers tell their days, whose spirits  
be

Lulled by those charmers to a lethargy.  
But as for thee, whose faults long since  
require

More eyes than stars; whose breath, could  
it aspire

To equal winds, would prove too short:  
thou hast

Another mirth, a mirth, though overcast

## JOY

With clouds and rain, yet full as calm and  
fine

As those clear heights which above tem-  
pests shine.

Therefore while the various showers

Kill and cure the tender flowers,

While the winds refresh the year

Now with clouds, now making clear,

Be sure under pains of death

To ply both thine eyes and breath.

As leaves in bowers

Whisper their hours,

And hermit-wells

Drop in their cells:

So in sighs and unseen tears

Pass thy solitary years,

And going hence, leave written on some  
tree,

“Sighs make joy sure, and shaking fastens  
thee”.



## The Favour



O Thy bright looks! Thy glance of love  
Shown, and but shown, me from above!  
Rare looks! that can dispense such joy  
As without wooing wins the coy,  
And makes him mourn, and pine, and die,  
Like a starved eaglet, for Thine eye.  
Some kind herbs here, though low and far,  
Watch for and know their loving star.  
O let no star compare with Thee!  
Nor any herb out-duty me!  
So shall my nights and mornings be  
Thy time to shine, and mine to see.

## The Garland

Thou, who dost flow and flourish here  
below,  
To whom a falling star and nine days'  
glory,  
Or some frail beauty makes the bravest  
show,  
Hark, and make use of this ensuing  
story.

When first my youthful, sinful age  
Grew master of my ways,  
Appointing Error for my page,  
And Darkness for my days;  
I flung away, and with full cry  
Of wild affections, rid  
In post for pleasures, bent to try  
All gamesters that would bid.  
I played with fire, did counsel spurn  
Made life my common stake;  
But never thought that fire would burn,  
Or that a soul could ache.  
Glorious deceptions, gilded mists,  
False joys, fantastic flights,

## THE GARLAND

Pieces of sackcloth with silk lists,  
    These were my prime delights.  
I sought choice bowers, haunted the spring,  
    Culled flowers and made me posies;  
Gave my fond humours their full wing,  
    And crowned my head with roses.  
But at the height of this career  
    I met with a dead man,  
Who, noting well my vain abear,  
    Thus unto me began:  
"Desist, fond fool, be not undone;  
    What thou hast cut to-day  
Will fade at night, and with this sun  
    Quite vanish and decay.

Flowers gathered in this world die here;  
    if thou  
Wouldst have a wreath that fades not, let  
    them grow,  
And grow for thee. Who spares them  
    here, shall find  
A garland, where comes neither rain, nor  
    wind."

## Love-Sick



Jesus, my life! how shall I truly love  
Thee?

O that Thy Spirit would so strongly move  
me:

That Thou wert pleased to shed Thy grace  
so far

As to make man all pure love, flesh a star!  
A star that would ne'er set, but ever rise,  
So rise and run, as to out-run these skies,  
These narrow skies (narrow to me,) that bar,  
So bar me in, that I am still at war,  
At constant war with them. O come, and  
rend

Or bow the heavens! Lord, bow them and  
descend,

And at Thy presence make these mountains  
flow,

These mountains of cold ice in me! Thou  
art

Refining fire, O then refine my heart,  
My foul, foul heart! Thou art immortal heat;  
Heat motion gives; then warm it, till it  
beat;

## *LOVE-SICK*

So beat for Thee, till Thou in mercy hear;  
So hear, that Thou must open; open to  
A sinful wretch, a wretch that caused Thy  
    woe;  
Thy woe, Who caused his weal; so far his  
    weal  
That Thou forgott'st Thine own, for Thou  
    didst seal  
Mine with Thy blood, Thy blood which  
    makes Thee mine,  
Mine ever, ever; and me ever Thine.

## Trinity Sunday



O holy, blessed, glorious Three,  
Eternal witnesses that be  
In Heaven, One God in Trinity!

As here on Earth, when men withstood,  
The Spirit, Water and the Blood  
Made my Lord's Incarnation good:

So let the anti-types in me  
Elected, bought, and sealed for free,  
Be owned, saved, sainted by you Three!

## Psalm 104



Up, O my soul, and bless the Lord! O  
God,  
My God, how great, how very great art  
Thou!  
Honour and majesty have their abode  
With Thee, and crown Thy brow.

Thou cloth'st Thyself with light, as with  
a robe,  
And the high, glorious heavens Thy  
mighty hand  
Doth spread like curtains round about  
this globe  
Of air, and sea, and land.

The beams of Thy bright chambers Thou  
dost lay  
In the deep waters, which no eye can  
find;  
The clouds Thy chariots are, and Thy path-  
way  
The wings of the swift wind.

*PSALM 104*

In Thy celestial, gladsome messages  
    Dispatched to holy souls, sick with  
    desire  
And love of Thee, each willing angel is  
    Thy minister in fire.

Thy arm unmoveable for ever laid  
    And founded the firm Earth; then with  
    the deep  
As with a veil Thou hidst it; Thy floods  
    played  
    Above the mountains steep.

At Thy rebuke they fled, at the known  
    voice  
    Of their Lord's thunder they retired  
    apace:  
Some up the mountains passed by secret  
    ways,  
    Some downwards to their place.

For Thou to them a bound hast set, a  
    bound  
    Which (though but sand,) keeps in and  
    curbs whole seas:  
There all their fury, foam, and hideous  
    sound,  
    Must languish and decrease;



*PSALM 104*

And as Thy care bounds these, so Thy rich  
love

Doth broach the Earth; and lesser brooks  
lets forth,  
Which run from hills to valleys, and  
improve  
Their pleasure and their worth.

These to the beasts of every field give  
drink;

There the wild asses swallow the cool  
spring:  
And birds amongst the branches on their  
brink

Their dwellings have, and sing.

Thou from Thy upper springs above, from  
those

Chambers of rain, where heaven's large  
bottles lie,

Dost water the parched hills, whose  
breaches close,

Healed by the showers from high.

Grass for the cattle, and herbs for man's  
use

Thou mak'st to grow; these, blessed by  
Thee, the earth

Brings forth, with wine, oil, bread: all  
which infuse

To man's heart strength and mirth.

*PSALM 104*

Thou giv'st the trees their greenness, e'en  
to those  
Cedars in Lebanon, in whose thick  
boughs  
The birds their nests build; though the  
stork doth choose  
The fir-trees for her house.

To the wild goats the high hills serve for  
folds,  
The rocks give conies a retiring place:  
Above them the cool moon her known  
course holds,  
And the sun runs his race.

Thou makest darkness, and then comes  
the night;  
In whose thick shades and silence each  
wild beast  
Creeps forth, and, pinched for food, with  
scent and sight  
Hunts in an eager quest.

The lion's whelps, impatient of delay,  
Roar in the covert of the woods, and  
seek  
Their meat from Thee, Who dost appoint  
the prey,  
And feed'st them all the week.

*PSALM 104*

This past, the sun shines on the earth,  
and they  
Retire into their dens; man goes  
abroad  
Unto his work, and at the close of day  
Returns home with his load.

O Lord my God, how many and how  
rare  
Are Thy great works! In wisdom hast  
Thou made  
Them all; and this the earth, and every  
blade  
Of grass we tread, declare.

So doth the deep and wide sea, wherein  
are  
Innumerable creeping things, both small  
And great: there ships go, and the ship-  
men's fear,  
The comely spacious whale.

These all upon Thee wait, that Thou may'st  
feed  
Them in due season: what Thou giv'st  
they take;  
Thy bounteous open hand helps them at  
need,  
And plenteous meals they make.

*PSALM 104*

When Thou dost hide Thy face (Thy face  
which keeps  
All things in being,) they consume and  
mourn:

When Thou withdraw'st their breath their  
vigour sleeps,  
And they to dust return.

Thou send'st thy Spirit forth, and they  
revive,  
The frozen Earth's dead face Thou dost  
renew:

Thus Thou Thy glory through the world  
dost drive,  
And to Thy works art true.

Thine eyes behold the earth, and the whole  
stage  
Is moved and trembles, the hills melt  
and smoke

With Thy least touch; lightnings and  
winds that rage  
At Thy rebuke are broke.

Therefore, as long as Thou wilt give me  
breath,

I will in songs to Thy great name employ  
That gift of Thine, and to my day of death  
Thou shalt be all my joy.

*PSALM 104*

I'll spice my thoughts with Thee, and from  
Thy Word

Gather true comforts; but the wicked  
liver

Shall be consumed. O my soul, bless thy  
Lord!

Yea, bless thou Him for ever!

## The Bird

Hither thou com'st. The busy wind all  
night  
Blew through thy lodging, where thy own  
warm wing  
Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm,  
For which coarse man seems much the  
fitter born,

Rained on thy bed  
And harmless head;

And now as fresh and cheerful as the light,  
Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing  
Unto that Providence, Whose unseen arm  
Curbed them, and clothed thee well and  
warm.

All things that be praise Him; and had  
Their lesson taught them when first  
made.

So hills and valleys into singing break;  
And though poor stones have neither  
speech nor tongue,

## THE BIRD

While active winds and streams both run  
and speak,  
Yet stones are deep in admiration.  
Thus praise and prayer here beneath the sun  
Make lesser mornings, when the great are  
done.

For each enclosed spirit is a star  
Enlight'ning his own little sphere,  
Whose light, though fetched and borrowed  
from far,  
Both mornings makes and evenings there.

But as these birds of light make a land glad,  
Chirping their solemn matins on each  
tree:  
So in the shades of night some dark  
fowls be,  
Whose heavy notes make all that hear  
them sad.

The turtle then in palm-trees mourns,  
While owls and satyrs howl;  
The pleasant land to brimstone turns,  
And all her streams grow foul.

Brightness and mirth, and love and faith,  
all fly,  
Till the day-spring breaks forth again from  
high.

## The Timber



Sure thou didst flourish once! and many  
springs,  
Many bright mornings, much dew, many  
showers  
Passed o'er thy head: many light hearts  
and wings,  
Which now are dead, lodged in thy living  
bowers.

And still a new succession sings and flies;  
Fresh groves grow up, and their green  
branches shoot  
Towards the old and still-enduring skies;  
While the low violet thrives at their root.

But thou beneath the sad and heavy line  
Of death doth waste all senseless, cold,  
and dark;  
Where not so much as dreams of light  
may shine,  
Nor any thought of greenness, leaf, or  
bark.



## THE TIMBER

And yet (as if some deep hate and dissent,  
Bred, in thy growth, betwixt high winds  
and thee,  
Were still alive,) thou dost great storms  
resent,  
Before they come, and know'st how near  
they be.

Else, all at rest thou liest, and the fierce  
breath  
Of tempests can no more disturb thy  
ease;  
But this thy strange resentment after death  
Means only those who broke (in life) thy  
peace.

So murdered man, when lovely life is done,  
And his blood freezed, keeps in the centre  
still  
Some secret sense, which makes the dead  
blood run  
At his approach that did the body kill.

And is there any murderer worse than sin?  
Or any storms more foul than a lewd  
life?  
Or what resentient can work more within,  
Than true remorse, when with past sins  
at strife?

## *THE TIMBER*

He that hath left life's vain joys and vain  
care,

And truly hates to be detained on earth,  
Hath got an house where many mansions  
are,

And keeps his soul unto eternal mirth.

But though thus dead unto the world, and  
ceased

From sin, he walks a narrow, private  
way;

Yet grief and old wounds make him sore  
displeased,

And all his life a rainy, weeping day.

For though he should forsake the world,  
and live

As mere a stranger, as men long since  
dead;

Yet joy itself will make a right soul grieve  
To think he should be so long vainly  
led.

But as shades set off light, so tears and  
grief,

(Though of themselves but a sad blub-  
bered story,)

By showing the sin great, show the relief  
Far greater, and so speak my Saviour's  
glory.

## THE TIMBER

If my way lies through deserts and wild  
woods,  
Where all the land with scorching heat  
is cursed;  
Better the pools should flow with rain and  
floods  
To fill my bottle, than I die with thirst.

Blest showers they are, and streams sent  
from above,  
Begetting virgins where they use to  
flow;  
And trees of life no other waters love:  
These upper springs, and none else make  
them grow.

But these chaste fountains flow not till  
we die:  
Some drops may fall before, but a clear  
spring  
And ever running, till we leave to fling  
Dirt in her way, will keep above the sky.

ROM. CAP. 6. VER. 7.

*He that is dead, is freed from sin.*

## The Jews

When the fair year  
Of your Deliverer comes,  
And that long frost which now benumbs  
Your hearts shall thaw; when angels here  
Shall yet to man appear,  
And familiarly confer  
Beneath the oak and juniper;  
When the bright Dove,  
Which now these many, many springs  
Hath kept above,  
Shall with spread wings  
Descend, and living waters flow  
To make dry dust and dead trees grow;

O then that I  
Might live, and see the olive bear  
Her proper branches! which now lie  
Scattered each where,  
And, without root and sap, decay,  
Cast by the husbandman away.  
And sure it is not far!  
For as your fast and foul decays,  
Forerunning the bright morning-star,  
Did sadly note His healing rays

## THE JEWS

Would shine elsewhere, since you were  
blind,

And would be cross, when God was kind:—

So by all signs

Our fulness too is now come in;

And the same sun, which here declines  
And sets, will few hours hence begin  
To rise on you again, and look  
Towards old Mamre and Eshcol's brook.

For surely He

Who loved the world so as to give

His only Son to make it free,  
Whose Spirit too doth mourn and grieve  
To see man lost, will for old love  
From your dark hearts this veil remove.

Faith sojourned first on earth in you,

You were the dear and chosen stock:  
The Arm of God, glorious and true,  
Was first revealed to be your Rock.

You were the eldest child, and when

Your stony hearts despised love,  
The youngest, e'en the Gentiles, then,  
Were cheered, your jealousy to move.

Thus, righteous Father! dost Thou deal  
With brutish men; Thy gifts go round  
By turns, and timely, and so heal  
The lost son by the newly found.

## Begging

Aye, do not go! Thou know'st I'll die!  
My spring and fall are in Thy book!  
Or, if Thou goest, do not deny  
To lend me, though from far, one look!

My sins long since have made Thee strange,  
A very stranger unto me;  
No morning meetings since this change,  
Nor evening walks have I with Thee.

Why is my God thus slow and cold,  
When I am most, most sick and sad?  
Well fare those blessed days of old,  
When Thou didst hear the weeping lad!

O do not Thou do as I did,  
Do not despise a love-sick heart!  
What though some clouds defiance bid,  
Thy sun must shine in every part.

Though I have spoiled, O spoil not Thou!  
Hate not Thine Own dear gift and token!  
Poor birds sing best, and prettiest show,  
When their nest is fall'n and broken.

## *BEGGING*

Dear Lord! restore Thy ancient peace,  
Thy quickening friendship, man's bright  
wealth!

And if Thou wilt not give me ease  
From sickness, give my spirit health!

## Palm-Sunday



Come, drop your branches, strow the way,  
Plants of the day!

Whom sufferings make most green and  
gay.

The King of grief, the Man of Sorrow,  
Weeping still, like the wet morrow,  
Your shades and freshness comes to bor-  
row.

Put on, put on your best array;  
Let the joyed road make holiday,  
And flowers, that into fields do stray  
Or secret groves, keep the highway.

Trees, flowers, and herbs; birds, beasts,  
and stones,

That, since man fell, expect with groans  
To see the Lamb, (which all at once,)  
Lift up your heads and leave your moans;

For here comes He

Whose death will be

Man's life, and your full liberty.



## *PALM-SUNDAY*

Hark! how the children shrill and high  
    "Hosanna" cry;  
Their joys provoke the distant sky,  
Where thrones and seraphins reply;  
And their own angels shine and sing,  
    In a bright ring:  
    Such young, sweet mirth  
    Makes Heaven and Earth  
Join in a joyful symphony.

The harmless, young, and happy Ass,  
(Seen long before<sup>1</sup> this came to pass,)  
Is in these joys an high partaker,  
Ordained and made to bear his Maker.

Dear feast of palms, of flowers and dew!  
Whose fruitful dawn sheds hopes and  
    lights;  
Thy bright solemnities did shew  
The third glad day through two sad  
    nights.

I'll get me up before the sun,  
I'll cut me boughs off many a tree,  
And all alone full early run  
To gather flowers to welcome thee.

Then, like the palm, though wrong I'll bear,  
I will be still a child, still meek

<sup>1</sup> Zechariah, chap. 9, ver. 9.

## *PALM-SUNDAY*

As the poor ass which the proud jeer,  
And only my dear Jesus seek.

If I lose all, and must endure  
The proverb'd griefs of holy Job,  
I care not, so I may secure  
But one green branch and a white robe.

## Jesus Weeping

S. LUKE, CHAP. 19. VER. 41.

Blessèd, unhappy city! dearly loved,  
But still unkind! Art this day nothing  
moved?

Art senseless still? O canst thou sleep  
When God Himself for thee doth weep?  
Stiff-neckèd Jews! your fathers' breed,  
That served the calf, not Abra'm's seed;  
Had not the babes "Hosanna" cried,  
The stones had spoke what you denied.

Dear Jesus, weep on! pour this latter  
Soul-quickenng rain, this living water  
On their dead hearts; but (O my fears!)  
They will drink blood that despise tears.  
My dear, bright Lord! my Morning-star!  
Shed this live-dew on fields which far  
From hence long for it! shed it there,  
Where the starved earth groans for one  
tear!

This land, though with Thy heart's blessed  
extract fed,  
Will nothing yield but thorns to wound  
Thy head.

## The Daughter of Herodias



S. MATT. CHAP. 14. VER. 6, &C.

Vain, sinful art! who first did fit  
Thy lewd, loathed motions unto sounds,  
And made grave Music, like wild wit,  
Err in loose airs beyond her bounds?

What fires hath he heaped on his head!  
Since to his sins, as needs it must,  
His art adds still (though he be dead,)  
New, fresh accounts of blood and lust.

Leave then, young sorceress;<sup>1</sup> the ice  
Will those coy spirits cast asleep,  
Which teach thee now to please his eyes  
Who<sup>2</sup> doth thy loathsome mother keep.

<sup>1</sup> Her name was Salome; in passing over a frozen river,  
the ice broke under her, and chopped off her head.

<sup>2</sup> Herod Antipas.

*THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS*

But thou hast pleased so well, he swears,  
And gratifies thy sin with vows;  
His shameless lust in public wears,  
And to thy soft arts strongly bows.

Skilful enchantress, and true bred!  
Who out of evil can bring forth good?  
Thy mother's nets in thee were spread,  
She tempts to incest, thou to blood.

## Jesus Weeping



S. JOHN, CHAP. II. VER. 35.

My dear, Almighty Lord! why dost Thou  
weep?  
Why dost Thou groan and groan again?  
And with such deep,  
Repeated sighs Thy kind heart pain?  
Since the same sacred breath, which thus  
Doth mourn for us,  
Can make man's dead and scattered  
bones  
Unite, and raise up all that died at once?

O holy groans! groans of the Dove!  
O healing tears! the tears of love!  
Dew of the dead! which makes dust move  
And spring, how is't that you so sadly  
grieve,  
Who can relieve?

Should not Thy sighs refrain Thy store  
Of tears, and not provoke to more?  
Since two afflictions may not reign  
In one at one time, as some feign.

## *JESUS WEEPING*

Those blasts, which o'er our heads here  
    stray,  
If showers then fall, will showers allay;  
As those poor pilgrims oft have tried,  
Who in this windy world abide.

Dear Lord! Thou art all grief and love;  
But which Thou art most, none can prove.  
Thou griev'st man should himself undo,  
And lov'st him, though he works Thy woe.

'Twas not that vast, almighty measure  
Which is required to make up life,  
(Though purchased with Thy heart's dear  
    treasure,)

    Did breed this strife  
Of grief and pity in Thy breast,  
The throne where peace and power rest:  
    But 't was Thy love that (without leave,)  
Made Thine eyes melt, and Thy heart heave.  
For though death cannot so undo  
What Thou hast done, (but though man too  
Should help to spoil, Thou canst restore  
All better far than 't was before,)  
Yet Thou so full of pity art  
(Pity which overflows Thy heart,) ·  
That, though the cure of all man's harm  
Is nothing to Thy glorious Arm,  
Yet canst not Thou that free cure do,  
But Thou must sorrow for him too.

## JESUS WEEPING

Then farewell joys! for while I live,  
My business here shall be to grieve:  
A grief that shall outshine all joys  
For mirth and life, yet without noise;  
A grief, whose silent dew shall breed  
Lilies and myrrh, where the cursed seed  
Did sometimes rule; a grief so bright,  
'T will make the land of darkness light;  
And while too many sadly roam,  
Shall send me, swan-like, singing home.

PSALM 73. VER. 25.

*Whom have I in Heaven but Thee? and there  
is none upon Earth that I desire besides Thee.*



## Providence

Sacred and secret Hand!  
By Whose assisting, swift command  
The angel showed that holy well,  
Which freed poor Hagar from her fears,  
And turned to smiles the begging tears  
Of young, distressed Ishmael:

How in a mystic cloud  
(Which doth Thy strange sure mercies  
shroud,)  
Dost Thou convey man food and money  
Unseen by him, till they arrive  
Just at his mouth, that thankless hive  
Which kills Thy bees, and eats Thy honey!

If I Thy servant be,  
(Whose service makes e'en captives free,)  
A fish shall all my tribute pay,  
The swift-winged raven shall bring me  
meat,  
And I, like flowers, shall still go neat,  
As if I knew no month but May.

## PROVIDENCE

I will not fear what man  
With all his plots and power can.  
Bags that wax old may plundered be;  
But none can sequester or let  
A state that with the sun doth set,  
And comes next morning fresh as he.

Poor birds this doctrine sing,  
And herbs which on dry hills do spring,  
Or in the howling wilderness  
Do know Thy dewy morning hours,  
And watch all night for mists or showers,  
Then drink and praise Thy bounteousness.

May he for ever die  
Who trusts not Thee, but wretchedly  
Hunts gold and wealth, and will not lend  
Thy service nor his soul one day!  
May his crown, like his hopes, be clay;  
And what he saves, may his foes spend!

If all my portion here,  
The measure given by Thee each year,  
Were by my causeless enemies  
Usurped; it never should me grieve,  
Who know how well Thou canst relieve,  
Whose hands are open as Thine eyes.

Great King of love and truth!  
Who wouldst not hate my froward youth,

*PROVIDENCE*

And wilt not leave me when grown old;  
Gladly will I, like Pontic sheep,  
Unto their wormwood diet keep,  
Since Thou hast made Thy Arm my fold.

## The Knot



Bright Queen of Heaven! God's Virgin  
Spouse!

The glad world's Blessèd Maid!  
Whose beauty tied life to thy house,  
And brought us saving aid:

Thou art the true Love's-knot; by thee  
God is made our ally;  
And man's inferior essence He  
With His did dignify.

For coalescent by that band  
We are His body grown,  
Nourished with favours from His hand  
Whom for our Head we own.

And such a knot what arm dares loose,  
What life, what death can sever?  
Which us in Him, and Him in us,  
United keeps for ever.

## The Ornament

The lucky World showed me one day  
Her gorgeous mart and glittering store,  
Where with proud haste the rich made way  
To buy, the poor came to adore.

Serious they seemed, and bought up all  
The latest modes of pride and lust;  
Although the first must surely fall,  
And the last is most loathsome dust.

But while each gay, alluring ware  
With idle hearts and busy looks  
They viewed, (for Idleness hath there  
Laid up all her archives and books,)

Quite through their proud and pompous file,  
Blushing, and in meek weeds arrayed,  
With native looks which knew no guile,  
Came the sheep-keeping Syrian maid.

Whom straight the shining row all faced,  
Forced by her artless looks and dress;  
While one cried out, "We are disgraced!  
For she is bravest, you confess".

## St. Mary Magdalen



Dear, beauteous Saint! more white than  
day

When in his naked, pure array;  
Fresher than morning-flowers which show,  
As thou in tears dost, best in dew:  
How art thou changed, how lively-fair,  
Pleasing, and innocent an air,  
Not tutored by thy glass, but free,  
Native and pure, shines now in thee!  
But since thy beauty doth still keep  
Bloomy and fresh, why dost thou weep?  
This dusky state of sighs and tears  
Durst not look on those smiling years  
When Magdal-castle was thy seat,  
Where all was sumptuous, rare and neat.  
Why lies this hair despised now  
Which once thy care and art did show?  
Who then did dress the much-loved toy  
In spires, globes, angry curls and coy,  
Which with skilled negligence seemed shed  
About thy curious, wild, young head?  
Why is this rich, this Pistie nard

## ST. MARY MAGDALEN

Spilled, and the box quite broke and  
marred?

What pretty sullenness did haste  
Thy easy hands to do this waste?  
Why art thou humbled thus, and low  
As earth thy lovely head dost bow?  
Dear soul! thou knew'st flowers here on  
earth

At their Lord's footstool have their  
birth;

Therefore thy withered self in haste  
Beneath His blessed feet thou didst cast,  
That at the root of this green tree  
Thy great decays restored might be.

Thy curious vanities, and rare  
Odorous ointments, kept with care  
And dearly bought, (when thou didst see  
They could not cure nor comfort thee,)

Like a wise, early penitent,  
Thou sadly didst to Him present,  
Whose interceding, meek, and calm  
Blood is the world's all-healing balm.

This, this Divine restorative  
Called forth thy tears, which ran in live  
And hasty drops, as if they had  
(Their Lord so near,) sense to be glad.

Learn, ladies, here the faithful cure,  
Makes beauty lasting, fresh and pure;  
Learn Mary's art of tears, and then  
Say you have got the day from men.

## *ST. MARY MAGDALEN*

Cheap, mighty art! her art of love,  
Who loved much, and much more could  
move;

Her art! whose memory must last  
Till truth through all the world be passed;  
Till his abused, despised flame  
Return to Heaven, from whence it came,  
And send a fire down, that shall bring  
Destruction on his ruddy wing.

Her art! whose pensive, weeping eyes,  
Were once Sin's loose and tempting spies;  
But now are fixed stars, whose light  
Helps such dark stragglers to their sight.

Self-boasting Pharisee! how blind  
A judge wert thou, and how unkind!  
It was impossible that thou,  
Who wert all false, shouldst true grief  
know.

Is't just to judge her faithful tears  
By that foul rheum thy false eye wears?

"This Woman", say'st thou, "is a sinner!"  
And sat there none such at thy dinner?  
Go, leper, go! wash till thy flesh  
Comes, like a child's, spotless and fresh;  
He is still leprous that still paints:  
Who saint themselves, they are no saints.



## The Rainbow



Still young and fine! but what is still in  
view

We slight as old and soiled, though fresh  
and new.

How bright wert thou, when Shem's admir-  
ing eye

Thy burnished, flaming arch did first  
descry!

When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,  
The youthful world's gray fathers in one  
knot,

Did with intente looks watch every  
hour

For thy new light, and trembled at each  
shower!

When thou dost shine, Darkness looks white  
and fair,

Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and  
air:

Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and  
pours

Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and  
flowers.

## THE RAINBOW

Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the  
sure tie  
Of thy Lord's hand, the object<sup>1</sup> of His eye!  
When I behold thee, though my light be  
dim,  
Distant, and low, I can in thine see Him,  
Who looks upon thee from His glorious  
throne,  
And minds the covenant 'twixt All and  
One.  
O foul, deceitful men! my God doth keep  
His promise still, but we break ours and  
sleep.  
After the Fall the first sin was in blood,  
And drunkenness quickly did succeed the  
Flood;  
But since Christ died (as if we did devise  
To lose Him too, as well as Paradise,)  
These two grand sins we join and act to-  
gether,  
Though blood and drunkenness make but  
foul, foul weather.  
Water (though both heaven's windows and  
the deep  
Full forty days o'er the drowned world did  
weep,)  
Could not reform us, and blood, (in despite,)  
Yea, God's own blood, we tread upon and  
slight.

<sup>1</sup> Gen. chap. 9, ver. 16.

## *THE RAINBOW*

So those bad daughters, which God saved  
from fire,  
While Sodom yet did smoke lay with their  
sire.

Then peaceful, signal bow, but in a cloud  
Still lodged, where all thy unseen arrows  
shroud;

I will on thee as on a comet look,  
A comet, the sad world's ill-boding book;  
Thy light as luctual and stained with woes  
I'll judge, where penal flames sit mixed  
and close;

For though some think thou shin'st but to  
restrain

Bold storms, and simply dost attend on  
rain;

Yet I know well, and so our sins require,  
Thou dost but court cold rain, till rain  
turns fire.

The Seed  
Growing  
Secretly



S. MARK, CHAP. 4. VER. 26.

If this world's friends might see but once  
What some poor man may often feel,  
Glory and gold, and crowns and thrones,  
They would soon quit, and learn to  
kneel.

My Dew, my Dew! my early Love,  
My soul's bright Food, Thy absence kills!  
Hover not long, eternal Dove!  
Life without Thee is loose, and spills.

Something I had, which long ago  
Did learn to suck and sip and taste;  
But now grown sickly, sad and slow,  
Doth fret and wrangle, pine and waste.

O spread Thy sacred wings, and shake  
One living drop! one drop life keeps!  
If pious griefs Heaven's joys awake,  
O fill his bottle! Thy child weeps!

*SEED GROWING SECRETLY*

Slowly and sadly doth he grow,  
And soon as left shrinks back to ill;  
O feed that life, which makes him blow  
And spread and open to Thy will!

For Thy eternal, living wells  
None stained or withered shall come  
near:  
A fresh, immortal green there dwells,  
And spotless white is all the wear.

Dear, secret greenness! nursed below  
Tempests and winds, and winter-nights!  
Vex not that but One sees thee grow:  
That One made all these lesser lights.

If those bright joys He singly sheds  
On thee, were all met in one crown,  
Both sun and stars would hide their heads,  
And moons, though full, would get them  
down.

Let glory be their bait whose minds  
Are all too high for a low cell:  
Though hawks can prey through storms  
and winds,  
The poor bee in her hive must dwell.

Glory, the crowd's cheap tinsel, still  
To what most takes them is a drudge;

### *SEED GROWING SECRETLY*

And they too oft take good for ill,  
And thriving vice for virtue judge.

What needs a conscience, calm and bright  
Within itself, an outward test?  
Who breaks his glass to take more light,  
Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch  
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;  
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and  
watch,  
Till the white-winged reapers come!

As Time One  
Day by Me  
did Pass

As Time one day by me did pass,  
Through a large dusky glass  
He held, I chanced to look,  
And spied his curious book  
Of past days, where sad Heaven did shed  
A mourning light upon the dead.

Many disordered lives I saw,  
And foul records which thaw  
My kind eyes still, but in  
A fair, white page of thin  
And even, smooth lines, like the sun's rays,  
Thy name was writ, and all thy days.

O bright and happy calendar!  
Where youth shines like a star  
All pearled with tears, and may  
Teach age the holy way;  
Where through thick pangs, high agonies,  
Faith into Life breaks, and Death dies.

## AS TIME ONE DAY

As some meek night-piece which day quails,  
To candle-light unveils:  
So by one beamy line  
From thy bright lamp did shine  
In the same page thy humble grave,  
Set with green herbs, glad hopes and  
brave.

Here slept my thought's dear mark! which  
dust  
Seemed to devour like rust;  
But dust (I did observe,)  
By hiding doth preserve;  
As we, for long and sure recruits,  
Candy with sugar our choice fruits.

O calm and sacred bed, where lies  
In Death's dark mysteries  
A beauty far more bright  
Than the noon's cloudless light;  
For whose dry dust green branches bud,  
And robes are bleached in the Lamb's  
blood.

Sleep, happy ashes! (blessèd sleep!)  
While hapless I still weep;  
Weep that I have outlived  
My life, and unrelieved  
Must (soulless shadow!) so live on,  
Though life be dead, and my joys gone.



## Fair and Young Light!

Fair and Young Light! my guide to holy  
Grief and soul-curing melancholy;  
Whom living here I did still shun  
As sullen night-ravens do the sun,  
And led by my own foolish fire  
Wandered through darkness, dens, and  
mire:

How am I now in love with all  
That I termed then mere bonds and thrall!  
And to Thy name, (which still I keep,)  
Like the surviving turtle, weep!  
O bitter cursed delights of men!  
Our souls' diseases first, and then  
Our bodies'; poisons that entreat  
With fatal sweetness, till we eat;  
How artfully do you destroy,  
That kill with smiles and seeming joy!  
If all the subtleties of vice  
Stood bare before unpractised eyes,  
And every act she doth commence  
Had writ down its sad consequence,  
Yet would not men grant their ill fate

## *FAIR AND YOUNG LIGHT!*

Lodged in those false looks, till too late.  
O holy, happy, healthy Heaven,  
Where all is pure, where all is even,  
Plain, harmless, faithful, fair, and bright,  
But what Earth breathes against thy  
light!

How blessed had men been, had their  
sire

Lived still in league with thy chaste fire;  
Nor made life through her long descents  
A slave to lustful elements!

I did once read in an old book,  
Soiled with many a weeping look,  
"That the seeds of foul sorrows be  
The finest things that are to see."  
So that famed fruit, which made all die,  
Seemed fair unto the woman's eye.  
If these supplanters in the shade  
Of Paradise could make man fade,  
How in this world should they deter  
This world, their fellow-murderer!  
And why then grieve we to be sent  
Home by our first fair punishment,  
Without addition to our woes  
And lingering wounds from weaker foes?  
Since that doth quickly freedom win,  
"For he that's dead is freed from sin".

O that I were winged and free,  
And quite undressed just now with Thee

*FAIR AND YOUNG LIGHT!*

Where freed souls dwell by living fountains  
On everlasting, spicy mountains!

Alas! my God! take home Thy sheep;  
This world but laughs at those that  
weep.

## The Stone



JOSH. CHAP. 24. VER. 27.

I have it now:  
But where to act that none shall know,  
Where I shall have no cause to fear  
    An eye or ear,  
    What man will show?  
If nights, and shades, and secret rooms,  
    Silent as tombs,  
Will not conceal nor assent to  
My dark designs, what shall I do?  
Man I can bribe, and woman will  
Consent to any gainful ill,  
But these dumb creatures are so true,  
No gold nor gifts can them subdue.  
"Hedges have ears," said the old sooth,  
"And every bush is something's booth";  
This cautious fools mistake, and fear  
Nothing but man, when ambushed there.

But I, alas!  
Was shown one day in a strange glass  
That busy commerce kept between  
God and His creatures, though unseen.

## THE STONE

They hear, see, speak,  
And into loud discoveries break,  
As loud as blood. Not that God needs  
Intelligence, Whose Spirit feeds  
All things with life, before Whose eyes  
Hell and all hearts stark naked lies.  
But He<sup>1</sup> that judgeth as He hears,  
He that accuseth none, so steers  
His righteous course, that though He  
knows

All that man doth, conceals or shows,  
Yet will not He by His own light  
(Though both all-seeing and all right,)  
Condemn men; but will try them by  
A process, which e'en man's own eye  
Must needs acknowledge to be just.

Hence sand and dust  
Are shaken for witnesses, and stones,  
Which some think dead, shall all at once  
With one attesting voice detect  
Those secret sins we least suspect.  
For know, wild men, that when you err  
Each thing turns scribe and register,  
And, in obedience to his Lord,  
Doth your most private sins record.

The Law delivered to the Jews,  
Who promised much, but did refuse

<sup>1</sup> S. John, chap. 5, ver. 30, 45.

## THE STONE

Performance, will for that same deed  
Against them by a stone proceed;  
Whose substance, though 't is hard enough,  
Will prove their hearts more stiff and  
tough.

But now, since God on Himself took  
What all mankind could never brook,  
If any (for He all invites,)  
His easy yoke rejects or slights,  
The Gospel then (for 't is His word,  
And not Himself,<sup>1</sup> shall judge the world,)  
Will by loose dust that man arraign,  
As one than dust more vile and vain.

<sup>1</sup> S. John, chap. 12, ver. 47, 48.

## The Dwelling-Place

S. JOHN, CHAP. I. VER. 38, 39.

What happy, secret fountain,  
Fair shade, or mountain,  
Whose undiscovered virgin glory  
Boasts it this day, though not in story,  
Was then Thy dwelling? did some cloud,  
Fixed to a tent, descend and shroud  
My distressed Lord? or did a star,  
Beckoned by Thee, though high and far,  
In sparkling smiles haste gladly down  
To lodge Light, and increase her own?  
My dear, dear God! I do not know  
What lodged Thee then, nor where, nor  
how;  
But I am sure Thou dost now come  
Oft to a narrow, homely room,  
Where Thou too hast but the least part;  
My God, I mean my sinful heart.

## The Men of War



S. LUKE, CHAP. 23. VER. 11.

"If any have an ear,"  
Saith holy John,<sup>1</sup> "then let him hear!  
He, that into captivity  
Leads others, shall a captive be.  
Who with the sword doth others kill,  
A sword shall his blood likewise spill.  
Here is the patience of the saints,  
And the true faith which never faints."

Were not Thy word, dear Lord! my light,  
How would I run to endless night,  
And persecuting Thee and Thine,  
Enact for saints myself and mine!  
But now enlightened thus by Thee,  
I dare not think such villany;  
Nor for a temporal self-end  
Successful wickedness commend.  
For in this bright, instructing verse  
Thy saints are not the conquerors;  
But patient, meek, and overcome  
Like Thee, when set at naught and dumb.

<sup>1</sup> Revel. chap. 13, ver. 10.



## THE MEN OF WAR

Armies Thou hast in Heaven, which fight  
And follow Thee all clothed in white;  
But here on Earth (though Thou hadst  
need,)

Thou wouldst no legions, but wouldst  
bleed.

The sword wherewith Thou dost command  
Is in Thy mouth, not in Thy hand,  
And all Thy saints do overcome  
By Thy blood, and their martyrdom.  
But seeing soldiers long ago  
Did spit on Thee, and smote Thee too;  
Crowned Thee with thorns, and bowed the  
knee,

But in contempt, as still we see,  
I'll marvel not at aught they do,  
Because they used my Saviour so;  
Since of my Lord they had their will,  
The servant must not take it ill.

Dear Jesus, give me patience here,  
And faith to see my crown as near,  
And almost reached, because 't is sure  
If I hold fast, and slight the lure.  
Give me humility and peace,  
Contented thoughts, innoxious ease,  
A sweet, revengeless, quiet mind,  
And to my greatest haters, kind.  
Give me, my God! a heart as mild  
And plain, as when I was a child.

## *THE MEN OF WAR*

That when "Thy throne is set," and all  
These "conquerors" before it fall,  
I may be found (preserved by Thee!)  
Amongst that chosen company,  
Who by no blood (here) overcame  
But the blood of the blessed Lamb.

## The Ass

S. MATT. CHAP. 21.

Thou Who didst place me in this busy  
street  
Of flesh and blood, where two ways meet:  
The one of goodness, peace, and life,  
The other of death, sin, and strife;  
Where frail visibles rule the mind,  
And present things find men most kind;  
Where obscure cares the mean defeat,  
And splendid vice destroys the great;  
As Thou didst set no law for me,  
But that of perfect liberty,  
Which neither tires, nor doth corrode,  
But is a pillow, not a load:  
So give me grace ever to rest,  
And build on it, because the best;  
Teach both mine eyes and feet to move  
Within those bounds set by Thy love;  
Grant I may soft and lowly be,  
And mind those things I cannot see;  
Tie me to faith, though above reason;  
(Who question Power, they speak treason.)

## THE ASS

Let me, Thy ass, be only wise  
To carry, not search, mysteries.  
(Who carries Thee, is by Thee led;  
Who argues, follows his own head.)  
To check bad motions, keep me still  
Amongst the dead, where thriving Ill  
Without his brags and conquests lies,  
And Truth, oppressed here, gets the  
prize.

At all times, whatsoe'er I do,  
Let me not fail to question, who  
Shares in the act, and puts me to't?  
And if not Thou, let not me do't.  
Above all, make me love the poor,  
Those burthens to the rich man's door;  
Let me admire those, and be kind  
To low estates and a low mind.  
If the world offers to me aught,  
That by Thy book must not be sought,  
Or, though it should be lawful, may  
Prove not expedient for Thy way,  
To shun that peril let Thy grace  
Prevail with me to shun the place;  
Let me be wise to please Thee still,  
And let men call me what they will.

When thus Thy mild, instructing hand  
Finds Thy poor foal at Thy command,  
When he from wild is become wise,  
And slights that most which men most  
prize;

## THE ASS

When all things here to thistles turn  
Pricking his lips, till he doth mourn  
And hang the head, sighing for those  
Pastures of life where the Lamb goes:  
O then, just then! break or untie  
These bonds, this sad captivity,  
This leaden state, which men miscall  
Being and life, but is dead thrall.  
And when, O God! the ass is free,  
In a state known to none but Thee,  
O let him by his Lord be led  
To living springs, and there be fed,  
Where light, joy, health, and perfect peace  
Shut out all pain and each disease;  
Where death and frailty are forgotten,  
And bones rejoice which once were broken!

## The Hidden Treasure

S. MATT. CHAP. 13. VER. 44.

“What can the man do that succeeds the  
king?  
Even what was done before, and no new  
thing.”<sup>1</sup>  
Who shows me but one grain of sincere  
light?  
False stars and fire-drakes, the deceits of  
night  
Set forth to fool and foil thee, do not  
boast;  
Such coal-flames show but kitchen-rooms  
at most.  
And those I saw searched through; yea,  
those and all,  
That these three thousand years Time did  
let fall  
To blind the eyes of lookers-back; and I,  
Now all is done, find all is vanity.

<sup>1</sup> Ecclesiastes, chap. 2, ver. 12.

## *THE HIDDEN TREASURE*

Those secret searches which afflict the  
wise,  
Paths that are hidden from the vulture's  
eyes,  
I saw at distance, and where grows that  
fruit  
Which others only grope for and dispute.  
The world's loved wisdom, (for the  
world's friends think  
There is none else,) did not the dreadful  
brink  
And precipice it leads to bid me fly,  
None could with more advantage use  
than I.  
Man's favourite sins, those tainting ap-  
petites,  
Which nature breeds, and some fine clay  
invites,  
With all their soft, kind arts and easy  
strains,  
Which strongly operate, though without  
pains,  
Did not a greater beauty rule mine  
eyes,  
None would more dote on, nor so soon  
entice.  
But since these sweets are sour and  
poisoned here,  
Where the impure seeds flourish all the  
year,

## *THE HIDDEN TREASURE*

And private tapers will but help to stray  
Even those who by them would find out  
the day,

I'll seal my eyes up, and to Thy commands

Submit my wild heart, and restrain my  
hands;

I will do nothing, nothing know, nor see,  
But what Thou bidst, and show'st, and  
teachest me.

Look what Thou gav'st; all that I do  
restore,

But for one thing, though purchased once  
before.



## Childhood

I cannot reach it; and my striving eye  
Dazzles at it, as at Eternity.

Were now that chronicle alive,  
Those white designs which children drive,  
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,  
With their content too, in my power,  
Quickly would I make my path even,  
And by mere playing go to Heaven.

Why should men love  
A wolf, more than a lamb or dove?  
Or choose Hell-fire and brimstone streams  
Before bright stars and God's own beams?  
Who kisseth thorns will hurt his face,  
But flowers do both refresh and grace;  
And sweetly living (fie on men!)  
Are, when dead, medicinal then.  
If seeing much should make staid eyes,  
And long experience should make wise;  
Since all that age doth teach is ill,  
Why should I not love childhood still?  
Why, if I see a rock or shelf,  
Shall I from thence cast down myself,

## CHILDHOOD

Or by complying with the world,  
From the same precipice be hurled?  
Those observations are but foul,  
Which make me wise to lose my soul.

And yet the practice worldlings call  
Business and weighty action all,  
Checking the poor child for his play,  
But gravely cast themselves away.

Dear, harmless age! the short, swift  
span  
Where weeping Virtue parts with man;  
Where love without lust dwells, and bends  
What way we please without self-ends.

An age of mysteries! which he  
Must live twice that would God's face  
see;  
Which Angels guard, and with it play,  
Angels! which foul men drive away.

How do I study now, and scan  
Thee more than e'er I studied man,  
And only see through a long night  
Thy edges and thy bordering light!  
O for thy centre and mid-day!  
For sure that is the narrow way!

## The Night

S. JOHN, CHAP. 3. VER. 2.

Through that pure virgin shrine,  
That sacred veil drawn o'er Thy glorious  
noon,  
That men might look and live, as glow-  
worms shine,  
And face the moon,  
Wise Nicodemus saw such light  
As made him know his God by night.

Most blest believer he!  
Who in that land of darkness and blind  
eyes  
Thy long-expected healing wings could  
see,  
When Thou didst rise;  
And, what can never more be done,  
Did at midnight speak with the Sun!

O who will tell me, where  
He found Thee at that dead and silent  
hour?

## THE NIGHT

What hallowed solitary ground did bear  
    So rare a flower;  
Within whose sacred leaves did lie  
The fulness of the Deity?

No mercy-seat of gold,  
No dead and dusty cherub, nor carved stone,  
But His own living works, did my Lord  
    hold

    And lodge alone;  
Where trees and herbs did watch and  
    peep  
And wonder, while the Jews did sleep.

Dear Night! this world's defeat;  
The stop to busy fools; care's check and  
    curb;  
The day of spirits; my soul's calm retreat  
    Which none disturb!  
Christ's<sup>1</sup> progress—, and His prayer-time;  
The hours to which high Heaven doth  
    chime.

God's silent, searching flight;  
When my Lord's head is filled with dew,  
    and all  
His locks are wet with the clear drops of  
    night;  
    His still, soft call;

<sup>1</sup> S. Mark, chap. 1, ver. 35.   S. Luke chap. 21, ver. 37.

## THE NIGHT

His knocking-time; the soul's dumb  
watch,  
When spirits their fair kindred catch.

Were all my loud, evil days  
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,  
Whose peace but by some angel's wing  
or voice

Is seldom rent;  
Then I in heaven all the long year  
Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the sun  
Doth all things wake, and where all mix  
and tire  
Themselves and others, I consent and run  
To every mire;  
And by this world's ill-guiding light,  
Err more than I can do by night.

There is in God, some say,  
A deep, but dazzling darkness; as men  
here  
Say it is late and dusky, because they  
See not all clear.  
O for that Night! where I in Him  
Might live invisible and dim!

## Abel's Blood

Sad, purple well! whose bubbling eye  
Did first against a murderer cry;  
Whose streams, still vocal, still complain  
    Of bloody Cain;  
And now at evening are as red  
As in the morning when first shed.  
    If single thou  
(Though single voices are but low,)  
Could'st such a shrill and long cry rear  
As speaks still in thy Maker's ear,  
What thunders shall those men arraign  
Who cannot count those they have slain,  
Who bathe not in a shallow flood,  
But in a deep, wide sea of blood?  
A sea, whose loud waves cannot sleep,  
But deep still calleth upon deep:  
Whose urgent sound, like unto that  
Of many waters, beateth at  
The everlasting doors above,  
Where souls behind the altar move,  
And with one strong, incessant cry  
Inquire "How long?" of the Most High.  
    Almighty Judge!  
At Whose just laws no just men grudge;

## ABEL'S BLOOD

Whose blessed, sweet commands do pour  
Comforts, and joys, and hopes each hour  
On those that keep them; O accept  
Of his vowed heart, whom Thou hast kept  
From bloody men! and grant I may  
That sworn memorial duly pay  
To Thy bright Arm, Which was my light  
And leader through thick death and night!

Aye! may that flood,  
That proudly spilled and despised blood,  
Speechless and calm as infants, sleep!  
Or if it watch, forgive and weep  
For those that spilled it! May no cries  
From the low Earth to high Heaven rise,  
But what (like His Whose blood peace  
brings,)

Shall, when they rise, "speak better things  
Than Abel's" doth! May Abel be  
Still single heard, while these agree  
With His mild blood in voice and will  
Who prayed for those that did Him kill!

## Righteousness



Fair, solitary path! whose blessed shades  
The old, white prophets planted first  
and dressed;  
Leaving for us (whose goodness quickly  
fades,)  
A shelter all the way, and bowers to  
rest;

Who is the man that walks in thee? who  
loves  
Heaven's secret solitude, those fair  
abodes  
Where turtles build, and careless sparrows  
move  
Without to-morrow's evils and future  
loads?

Who hath the upright heart, the single  
eye,  
The clean, pure hand which never  
meddled pitch?  
Who sees invisibles, and doth comply  
With hidden treasures that make truly  
rich?



## *RIGHTEOUSNESS*

He that doth seek and love  
The things above,  
Whose spirit, ever poor, is, meek, and low;  
Who, simple still and wise,  
Still homewards flies,  
Quick to advance, and to retreat most slow.

Whose acts, words, and pretence,  
Have all one sense,  
One aim and end; who walks not by his  
sight;  
Whose eyes are both put out,  
And goes about  
Guided by faith, not by exterior light.

Who spills no blood, nor spreads  
Thorns in the beds  
Of the distressed, hasting their overthrow;  
Making the time they had  
Bitter and sad,  
Like chronic pains, which surely kill,  
though slow.

Who knows Earth nothing hath  
Worth love or wrath,  
But in his Hope and Rock is ever glad.  
Who seeks and follows peace,  
When with the ease  
And health of conscience it is to be had.

## *RIGHTEOUSNESS*

Who bears his cross with joy,  
And doth employ  
His heart and tongue in prayers for his  
foes;  
Who lends, not to be paid,  
And gives full aid  
Without that bribe which usurers impose.

Who never looks on man  
Fearful and wan,  
But firmly trusts in God; (the great man's  
measure,  
Though high and haughty, must  
Be ta'en in dust;  
But the good man is God's peculiar  
treasure.)

Who doth thus, and doth not  
These good deeds blot  
With bad, or with neglect; and heaps not  
wrath  
By secret filth, nor feeds  
Some snake or weeds,  
Cheating himself; that man walks in this  
path.

## Anguish

My God and King! to Thee  
I bow my knee;  
I bow my troubled soul, and greet  
With my foul heart Thy holy feet.  
Cast it, or tread it! it shall do  
Even what Thou wilt, and praise Thee too.

My God, could I weep blood,  
Gladly I would;  
Or if Thou wilt give me that art  
Which through the eyes pours out the  
heart,  
I will exhaust it all, and make  
Myself all tears, a weeping lake.

O! 'tis an easy thing  
To write and sing;  
But to write true, unfeignèd verse  
Is very hard! O God, disperse  
These weights, and give my spirit leave  
To act as well as to conceive!

O my God, hear my cry;  
Or let me die!—

## Tears



O when my God, my Glory, brings  
His white and holy train  
Unto those clear and living springs  
Where comes no stain!

Where all is light, and flowers, and fruit,  
And joy, and rest,  
Make me amongst them ('t is my suit!)  
The last one, and the least.

And when they all are fed, and have  
Drunk of Thy living stream,  
Bid Thy poor ass (with tears I crave!)  
Drink after them.

Thy love claims highest thanks, my sin  
The lowest pitch:  
But if he pays, who loves much, then  
Thou hast made beggars rich.

## Jacob's Pillow and Pillar

I see the Temple in thy pillar reared,  
And that dread Glory which thy children  
feared,  
In mild, clear visions, without a frown,  
Unto thy solitary self is shown.  
'Tis number makes a schism: throngs are  
rude,  
And God Himself died by the multitude.  
This made Him put on clouds, and fire,  
and smoke;  
Hence He in thunder to thy offspring  
spoke.  
The small, still voice at some low cottage  
knocks,  
But a strong wind must break thy lofty  
rocks.

The first true worship of the world's  
great King  
From private and selected hearts did  
spring;

## *JACOB'S PILLOW AND PILLAR*

But He, most willing to save all mankind,  
Enlarged that light, and to the bad was  
kind.

Hence Catholic or Universal came,  
A most fair notion, but a very name.  
For this rich pearl, like some more common  
stone,

When once made public, is esteemed by  
none.

Man slights his Maker when familiar  
grown,

And sets up laws to pull His honour down.  
This God foresaw: and when slain by the  
crowd,

(Under that stately and mysterious cloud  
Which His death scattered,) He foretold the  
place

And form to serve Him in should be true  
grace

And the meek heart; not in a mount, nor  
at

Jerusalem, with blood of beasts and fat.  
A heart is that dread place, that awful  
cell,

That secret ark where the mild Dove doth  
dwell.

When the proud waters rage, when  
Heathens rule

By God's permission, and man turns a  
mule,

## *JACOB'S PILLOW AND PILLAR*

This little Goshen (in the midst of night  
And Satan's seat,) in all her coasts hath  
light;

Yea, Bethel shall have tithes, saith Israel's  
Stone,

And vows and visions, though her foes cry,  
"None".

Thus is the solemn Temple sunk again  
Into a pillar, and concealed from men.  
And glory be to His eternal Name,  
Who is contented that this holy flame  
Shall lodge in such a narrow pit, till He  
With His strong arm turns our captivity!

But blessed Jacob, though thy sad dis-  
tress

Was just the same with ours, and nothing  
less;

For thou a brother, and bloodthirsty too,  
Didst fly,<sup>1</sup> whose children wrought thy  
children's woe:

Yet thou in all thy solitude and grief,  
On stones didst sleep, and found'st but  
cold relief;

Thou from the Day-star a long way didst  
stand,

And all that distance was Law and com-  
mand.

<sup>1</sup> Obadiah, chap. 1, ver. 11. Amos, chap. 1, ver. 11.

## *JACOB'S PILLOW AND PILLAR*

But we a healing Sun by day and night  
Have our sure Guardian and our leading  
Light.

What thou didst hope for and believe, we  
find

And feel, a Friend most ready, sure and  
kind.

Thy pillow was but type and shade at  
best,

But we the substance have, and on Him  
rest.



## The Agreement



I wrote it down. But one, that saw  
And envied that record, did since  
Such a mist over my mind draw,  
It quite forgot that purposed glimpse.  
I read it sadly oft, but still  
Simply believed 't was not my quill.

At length my life's kind angel came,  
And, with his bright and busy wing  
Scattering that cloud, showed me the flame,  
Which straight like morning-stars did  
sing,  
And shine, and point me to a place,  
Which all the year sees the sun's face.

O beamy book! O my mid-day,  
Exterminating fears and night!  
The mount, whose white ascendants may  
Be in conjunction with true light!  
My thoughts, when towards thee they  
move,  
Glitter and kindle with thy love.

## THE AGREEMENT

Thou art the oil and the wine-house;  
Thine are the present healing leaves,  
Blown from the tree of life to us  
By His breath Whom my dead heart  
heaves.  
Each page of thine hath true life in 't,  
And God's bright mind expressed in  
print.

Most modern books are blots on thee,  
Their doctrine chaff and windy fits,  
Darkened along, as their scribes be,  
With those foul storms when they were  
writ;  
While the man's zeal lays out and  
blends  
Only self-worship and self-ends.

Thou art the faithful, pearly rock,  
The hive of beamy, living lights,  
Ever the same, whose diffused stock  
Entire still wears out blackest nights.  
Thy lines are rays the true Sun sheds;  
Thy leaves are healing wings He  
spreads.

For until thou didst comfort me,  
I had not one poor word to say:  
Thick busy clouds did multiply,  
And said I was no child of day;

## THE AGREEMENT

They said my own hands did remove  
That candle given me from above.

O God! I know and do confess  
My sins are great and still prevail,  
(Most heinous sins and numberless!)  
But Thy compassions cannot fail.  
If Thy sure mercies can be broken,  
Then all is true my foes have spoken.

But while Time runs, and after it  
Eternity, which never ends,  
Quite through them both, still infinite,  
Thy covenant by Christ extends;  
No sins of frailty, nor of youth,  
Can foil His merits, and Thy truth.

And this I hourly find, for Thou  
Dost still renew, and purge and heal:  
Thy care and love, which jointly flow,  
New cordials, new cathartics deal.  
But were I once cast off by Thee,  
I know, my God! this would not be.

Wherefore with tears, tears by Thee sent,  
I beg my faith may never fail!  
And when in death my speech is spent,  
O let that silence then prevail!  
O chase in that cold calm my foes,  
And hear my heart's last private throes!

## *THE AGREEMENT*

So Thou Who didst the work begin,  
(For I, till drawn,<sup>1</sup> came not to Thee,)  
Wilt finish it, and by no sin  
Will Thy free mercies hindered be.  
For which, O God, I only can  
Bless Thee, and blame unthankful man.

<sup>1</sup> S. John, chap. 6, ver. 44, 65.

## The Day of Judgment



O Day of life, of light, of love!  
The only day dealt from above!  
A day so fresh, so bright, so brave,  
'Twill show us each forgotten grave,  
And make the dead, like flowers, arise  
Youthful and fair to see new skies.  
All other days, compared to thee,  
Are but Light's weak minority;  
They are but veils and ciphers, drawn,  
Like clouds, before thy glorious dawn.  
O come! arise! shine! do not stay,  
Dearly loved day!

The fields are long since white, and I  
With earnest groans for freedom cry;  
My fellow-creatures too say, "Come!"  
And stones, though speechless, are not  
dumb.

When shall we hear that glorious voice  
Of life and joys?  
That voice, which to each secret bed  
Of my Lord's dead,

## *THE DAY OF JUDGMENT*

Shall bring true day, and make dust see  
The way to immortality?

When shall those first white pilgrims  
rise,

Whose holy, happy histories  
(Because they sleep so long,) some men  
Count but the blots of a vain pen?

Dear Lord! make haste!

Sin every day commits more waste;  
And Thy old enemy, which knows  
His time is short, more raging grows.  
Nor moan I only (though profuse,)  
Thy creatures' bondage and abuse;  
But, what is highest sin and shame,  
The vile despite done to Thy name;  
The forgeries which impious wit  
And power force on Holy Writ,  
With all detestable designs  
That may dishonour those pure lines.  
O God! though mercy be in Thee  
The greatest attribute we see,  
And the most needful for our sins;  
Yet, when Thy mercy nothing wins  
But mere disdain, let not man say  
"Thy arm doth sleep"; but write this day  
Thy judging one: Descend, descend!  
Make all things new, and without end!

## Psalm 65

Sion's true, glorious God! on Thee  
Praise waits in all humility.  
All flesh shall unto Thee repair,  
To Thee, O Thou That hearest prayer!  
But sinful words and works still spread  
And overrun my heart and head;  
Transgressions make me foul each day;  
O purge them, purge them all away!

Happy is he, whom Thou wilt choose  
To serve Thee in Thy blessed house!  
Who in Thy holy Temple dwells,  
And filled with joy Thy goodness tells!  
King of Salvation! by strange things  
And terrible, Thy justice brings  
Man to his duty. Thou alone  
Art the world's hope, and but Thee, none.  
Sailors that float on flowing seas  
Stand firm by Thee, and have sure peace.  
Thou still'st the loud waves, when most  
wild,  
And mak'st the raging people mild.  
Thy arm did first the mountains lay,  
And girds their rocky heads this day.

*PSALM 65*

The most remote, who know not Thee,  
At Thy great works astonished be.

The outgoings of the even and dawn  
In antiphones sing to Thy Name:  
Thou visit'st the low earth, and then  
Water'st it for the sons of men;  
Thy upper river, which abounds  
With fertile streams, makes rich all  
grounds;

And by Thy mercies still supplied  
The sower doth his bread provide.  
Thou water'st every ridge of land,  
And settlest with Thy secret hand  
The furrows of it; then Thy warm  
And opening showers (restrained from  
harm,)

Soften the mould, while all unseen  
The blade grows up alive and green.  
The year is with Thy goodness crowned,  
And all Thy paths drop fatness round;  
They drop upon the wilderness,  
For Thou dost e'en the deserts bless,  
And hills, full of springing pride,  
Wear fresh adornments on each side.  
The fruitful flocks fill every dale,  
And purling corn doth clothe the vale;  
They shout for joy, and jointly sing,  
"Glory to the Eternal King!"



## The Throne

REVEL. CHAP. 20. VER. 11.

When with these eyes, closed now by Thee,  
    But then restored,  
The great and white throne I shall see  
    Of my dread Lord;  
And lowly kneeling (for the most  
    Stiff then must kneel,)  
Shall look on Him, at Whose high cost  
    (Unseen,) such joys I feel;

Whatever arguments or skill  
    Wise heads shall use,  
Tears only and my blushes still  
    I will produce.  
And should those speechless beggars fail,  
    Which oft have won,  
Then taught by Thee I will prevail,  
    And say, "Thy will be done!"

## Death



Though, since thy first sad entrance by  
    Just Abel's blood,  
'Tis now six thousand years well nigh,  
And still thy sovereignty holds good.  
Yet by none art thou understood.

We talk and name thee with much ease  
    As a tried thing;  
And every one can slight his lease,  
As if it ended in a Spring,  
Which shades and bowers doth rent-free  
    bring.

To thy dark land these heedless go:  
    But there was One,  
Who searched it quite through to and fro,  
And then, returning like the sun,  
Discovered all that there is done.

And since His death we thoroughly see  
    All thy dark way;  
Thy shades but thin and narrow be,  
Which His first looks will quickly fray:  
Mists make but triumphs for the day.

## DEATH

As harmless violets, which give  
    Their virtues here  
For salves and syrups while they live,  
Do after calmly disappear,  
And neither grieve, repine, nor fear:

So die His servants; and as sure  
    Shall they revive.  
Then let not dust your eyes obscure,  
But lift them up, where still alive,  
Though fled from you, their spirits hive

## The Feast

O come away,  
Make no delay,  
Come while my heart is clean and steady!  
While Faith and Grace  
Adorn the place,  
Making dust and ashes ready!

No bliss here lent  
Is permanent,  
Such triumphs poor flesh cannot merit;  
Short sips and sights  
Endear delights:  
Who seeks for more, he would inherit.

Come then, True Bread,  
Quickening the dead,  
Whose eater shall not, cannot die!  
Come, antedate  
On me that state  
Which brings poor dust the victory.

Aye, victory!  
Which from Thine eye  
Breaks as the day doth from the East,  
When the spilt dew

## *THE FEAST*

Like tears doth show  
The sad world wept to be released.

Spring up, O Wine,  
And springing shine  
With some glad message from His heart,  
Who did, when slain,  
These means ordain  
For me to have in Him a part!

Such a sure part  
In His blest heart,  
The Well where living waters spring,  
That, with it fed,  
Poor dust, though dead,  
Shall rise again, and live, and sing.

O Drink and Bread,  
Which strikes Death dead,  
The food of man's immortal being!  
Under veils here  
Thou art my cheer,  
Present and sure without my seeing.

How dost thou fly  
And search and pry  
Through all my parts, and, like a quick  
And knowing lamp,  
Hunt out each damp  
Whose shadow makes me sad or sick!

## THE FEAST

O what high joys!  
The turtle's voice  
And songs I hear! O quickening showers  
Of my Lord's blood,  
You make rocks bud,  
And crown dry hills with wells and flowers!

For this true ease,  
This healing peace,  
For this taste of living glory,  
My soul and all,  
Kneel down and fall,  
And sing His sad victorious story!

O thorny crown  
More soft than down!  
O painful Cross, my bed of rest!  
O spear, the key  
Opening the way!  
O Thy worst state, my only best!

Oh! all Thy griefs  
Are my reliefs,  
As all my sins Thy sorrows were!  
And what can I  
To this reply?  
What, O God! but a silent tear!

Some toil and sow  
That wealth may flow,

## THE FEAST

And dress this earth for next year's meat:  
But let me heed  
Why Thou didst bleed,  
And what in the next world to eat.

REVEL. CHAP. 19. VER. 9.

*Blessed are they which are called unto the  
Marriage Supper of the Lamb!*

## The Obsequies

Since dying for me, Thou didst crave no  
more

Than common pay,  
Some few true tears, and those shed for  
My own ill way;  
With a cheap, plain remembrance still  
Of Thy sad death,  
Because forgetfulness would kill  
Even life's own breath:  
I were most foolish and unkind  
In my own sense,  
Should I not ever bear in mind,  
If not Thy mighty love, my own defence.  
Therefore those loose delights and lusts,  
which here

Men call good cheer,  
I will, close girt and tied,  
For mourning sackcloth wear, all mortified.

Not but that mourners too can have  
Rich weeds and shrouds;  
For some wore white e'en in Thy grave,  
And joy, like light, shines oft in clouds:



## *THE OBSEQUIES*

But Thou, Who didst man's whole life earn,  
Dost so invite and woo me still,  
That to be merry I want skill,

And time to learn.

Besides, those kerchiefs sometimes shed

To make me brave

I cannot find, but where Thy head

Was once laid for me in Thy grave.

Thy grave! To which my thoughts shall  
move

Like bees in storms unto their hive;  
That from the murdering world's false love  
Thy death may keep my soul alive.

## The Waterfall

With what deep murmurs, through Time's  
silent stealth,  
Dost thy transparent, cool, and watery  
wealth

Here flowing fall,  
And chide and call,  
As if his liquid, loose retinue stayed  
Lingering, and were of this steep place  
afraid;

The common pass,  
Where, clear as glass,  
All must descend  
Not to an end,  
But, quickened by this deep and rocky grave,  
Rise to a longer course more bright and  
brave.

Dear stream! dear bank! where often I  
Have sat, and pleased my pensive eye;  
Why, since each drop of thy quick store  
Runs thither whence it flowed before,  
Should poor souls fear a shade or night,  
Who came (sure) from a sea of light?

## THE WATERFALL

Or, since those drops are all sent back  
So sure to thee that none doth lack,  
Why should frail flesh doubt any more  
That what God takes He'll not restore?

O useful element and clear!  
My sacred wash and cleanser here;  
My first consigner unto those  
Fountains of life where the Lamb goes!  
What sublime truths and wholesome  
themes

Lodge in thy mystical, deep streams!  
Such as dull man can never find,  
Unless that Spirit lead his mind,  
Which first upon thy face did move  
And hatched all with His quickening love.  
As this loud brook's incessant fall  
In streaming rings restagnates all,  
Which reach by course the bank, and  
then

Are no more seen: just so pass men.  
O my invisible estate,  
My glorious liberty, still late!  
Thou art the channel my soul seeks,  
Not this with cataracts and creeks.

## Quickness



False life! a foil and no more, when  
    Wilt thou be gone?  
Thou foul deception of all men  
That would not have the true come on!

Thou art a moon-like toil; a blind  
    Self-posing state;  
A dark contest of waves and wind;  
A mere tempestuous debate.

Life is a fixed, discerning light,  
    A knowing joy;  
No chance, or fit; but ever bright,  
And calm, and full, yet doth not cloy.

'Tis such a blissful thing that still  
    Doth vivify,  
And shine and smile, and hath the skill  
To please without eternity.

Thou art a toilsome mole, or less,  
    A moving mist.  
But life is what none can express,  
A quickness which my God hath kissed.

## The Wreath

Since I in storms used most to be,  
And seldom yielded flowers,  
How shall I get a wreath for Thee  
From those rude, barren hours?

The softer dressings of the Spring,  
Or Summer's later store,  
I will not for Thy temples bring,  
Which thorns, not roses, wore.

But a twined wreath of grief and praise,  
Praise soiled with tears, and tears again  
Shining with joy, like dewy days,  
This day I bring for all Thy pain,  
Thy causeless pain! and, sad as death,  
Which sadness breeds in the most vain,  
(Oh, not in vain!) now beg Thy breath,  
Thy quickening breath, Which gladly bears  
Through saddest clouds to that glad place  
Where cloudless quires sing without tears,  
Sing Thy just praise, and see Thy face.

## The Queer



O tell me whence that joy doth spring  
Whose diet is divine and fair,  
Which wears Heaven like a bridal ring,  
And tramples on doubts and despair?

Whose Eastern traffic deals in bright  
And boundless empyrean themes,  
Mountains of spice, day-stars and light,  
Green trees of life, and living streams?

Tell me, O tell, who did thee bring,  
And here without my knowledge placed;  
Till thou didst grow and get a wing,  
A wing with eyes, and eyes that taste?

Sure, Holiness the magnet is,  
And Love the lure that woos thee down:  
Which makes the high transcendent bliss  
Of knowing thee, so rarely known!

## The Book



Eternal God! Maker of all  
That have lived here since the Man's fall!  
The Rock of ages! in Whose shade  
They live unseen, when here they fade!

Thou knew'st this paper, when it was  
Mere seed, and after that but grass;  
Before 't was dressed or spun, and when  
Made linen, who did wear it then:  
What were their lives, their thoughts and  
deeds,  
Whether good corn, or fruitless weeds.

Thou knew'st this tree, when a green shade  
Covered it, since a cover made,  
And where it flourished, grew, and spread,  
As if it never should be dead.

Thou knew'st this harmless beast, when he  
Did live and feed by Thy decree  
On each green thing; then slept, well fed,  
Clothed with this skin, which now lies  
spread

## THE BOOK

A covering o'er this agèd book,  
Which makes me wisely weep, and look  
On my own dust; mere dust it is,  
But not so dry and clean as this.  
Thou knew'st and saw'st them all, and  
though  
Now scattered thus, dost know them so.

O knowing, glorious Spirit! when  
Thou shalt restore trees, beasts and men,  
When Thou shalt make all new again,  
Destroying only Death and pain,  
Give him amongst Thy works a place,  
Who in them loved and sought Thy face!



## To the Holy Bible

O Book! Life's guide! how shall we part;  
And thou so long seized of my heart?  
Take this last kiss; and let me weep  
True thanks to thee before I sleep.

Thou wert the first put in my hand,  
When yet I could not understand,  
And daily didst my young eyes lead  
To letters, till I learned to read.  
But as rash youths, when once grown  
strong,  
Fly from their nurses to the throng,  
Where they new consorts choose, and stick  
To those till either hurt or sick;  
So with that first light gained from thee  
Ran I in chase of vanity,  
Cried dross for gold, and never thought  
My first cheap book had all I sought.  
Long reigned this vogue; and thou, cast by,  
With meek, dumb looks didst woo mine  
eye,  
And, oft left open, wouldst convey  
A sudden and most searching ray

TO THE HOLY BIBLE

Into my soul, with whose quick touch  
Refining still I struggled much.  
By this mild art of love at length  
Thou overcam'st my sinful strength,  
And, having brought me home, didst there  
Show me that pearl I sought elsewhere.  
Gladness, and peace, and hope, and love,  
The secret favours of the Dove;  
Her quickening kindness, smiles and kisses,  
Exalted pleasures, crowning blisses,  
Fruition, union, glory, life,  
Thou didst lead to, and still all strife.  
Living, thou wert my soul's sure ease,  
And dying mak'st me go in peace:  
Thy next effects no tongue can tell;  
Farewell, O book of God! farewell!

S. LUKE, CHAP. 2. VER. 14.

*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth  
peace, good will towards men.*

## L'Envoy

O the new world's new-quickening Sun!  
Ever the same, and never done!  
The seers of Whose sacred light  
Shall all be dressed in shining white,  
And made conformable to His  
Immortal shape, Who wrought their bliss;

Arise, arise!

And like old clothes fold up these skies,  
This long-worn veil: then shine and spread  
Thy own bright Self over each head,  
And through Thy creatures pierce and pass,  
Till all becomes Thy cloudless glass,  
Transparent as the purest day,  
And without blemish or decay,  
Fixed by Thy Spirit to a state  
For evermore immaculate;  
A state fit for the sight of Thy  
Immediate, pure, and unveiled eye,  
A state agreeing with Thy mind,  
A state Thy birth and death designed:  
A state for which Thy creatures all  
Travail and groan, and look and call.

## L'ENVOY

O seeing Thou hast paid our score,  
Why should the curse reign any more?  
But since Thy number is as yet  
Unfinished, we shall gladly sit  
Till all be ready, that the train  
May fully fit Thy glorious reign.  
Only let not our haters brag  
Thy seamless coat is grown a rag,  
Or that Thy truth was not here known,  
Because we forced Thy judgments down.  
Dry up their arms who vex Thy Spouse,  
And take the glory of Thy house  
To deck their own; then give Thy saints  
That faithful zeal, which neither faints  
Nor wildly burns, but meekly still  
Dares own the truth, and show the ill.  
Frustrate those cancerous, close arts  
Which cause solution in all parts,  
And strike them dumb who for mere  
words  
Wound Thy beloved more than swords.  
Dear Lord, do this! and then let grace  
Descend, and hallow all the place;  
Incline each hard heart to do good,  
And cement us with Thy Son's blood;  
That like true sheep, all in one fold,  
We may be fed, and one mind hold.  
Give watchful spirits to our guides;  
For sin, like water, hourly glides  
By each man's door, and quickly will

## L'ENVOY

Turn in, if not obstructed still.  
Therefore write in their hearts Thy law,  
And let these long, sharp judgments awe  
Their very thoughts, that by their clear  
And holy lives Mercy may here  
Sit regent yet, and blessings flow  
As fast as persecutions now.  
So shall we know in war and peace  
Thy service to be our sole ease,  
With prostrate souls adoring Thee,  
Who turned our sad captivity!

S. CLEMENS APUD BASIL:

Ζῆ ὁ Θεὸς καὶ ὁ κύριος Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς  
καὶ τὸ Πνεῦμα τὸ ἅγιον.

## Appendix

*Containing a list of the parallel passages in  
"The Temple" and in "Silex Scintillans"*

GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

1. *The Answer*

As a young exhalation, newly waking,  
Scorns his first bed of dirt, and means the sky;  
But cooling by the way, grows pursy and slow,  
And settling to a cloud, doth live and die  
In that dark state of tears: to all, that so  
Show me, and set me, I have one reply,  
Which they that know the rest, know more than I.

HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX  
SCINTILLANS"

*The Shower*

'T was so; I saw thy birth. That drowsy lake  
From her faint bosom breathed thee, the disease  
Of her sick waters, and infectious ease.

But now at even,  
Too gross for heaven,  
Thou fall'st in tears and weep'st for thy mistake.

*Disorder and Frailty*

Thus like some sleeping exhalation,  
Which waked by heat, and beams, makes up  
Unto that comforter, the sun,  
And soars, and shines, but ere we sup  
And walk two steps,  
Cooled by the damps of night, descends,  
And, whence it sprung, there ends,—  
Doth my weak fire,  
Pine, and retire;  
And, after all my height of flames,  
In sickly expirations tames,  
Leaving me dead  
On my first bed,  
Until Thy sun again ascends.

Cf. also for the idea *Isaac's Marriage* and *The Tempest*; and for Herbert's 'pursy cloud', Vaughan's 'the pursy clouds disband and scatter' (*The Dawning*).



## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

#### 2. *Home*

- XI O loose this frame, this knot of man untie!  
That my free soul may use her wing,  
(i) Which now is pinioned with mortality,  
As an entangled, hampered thing.

#### *The Church Porch*

- XIV God gave thy soul brave wings; put not those  
feathers  
Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

#### *The Church Porch*

- (ii) LXXVI  
Sum up at night, what thou hast done by day;  
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.  
Dress and undress thy soul:

#### *Whit Sunday*

- (iii) Listen, sweet Dove, unto my song,  
And spread Thy golden wings in me;  
Hatching my tender heart so long,  
Till it get wing, and fly away with Thee.

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

#### *Isaac's Marriage*

And now thou knew'st her coming, it was time  
To get thee wings on, and devoutly climb  
Unto thy God; . . . . .

This brought thee forth, where now thou didst undress

Thy soul, and with new pinions refresh  
Her wearied wings, which so restored did fly  
Above the stars, a track unknown and high;

#### *Rules and Lessons*

XXII

Being laid, and dressed for sleep, close not thy eyes  
Up with thy curtains; give thy soul the wing  
In some good thoughts;

#### *Ascension Hymn*

Souls sojourn here, but may not rest;  
Who will ascend, must be undressed.

#### *Holy Scriptures*

I Thou art life's charter, the Dove's spotless nest,  
Where souls are hatched unto eternity.

#### *Disorder and Frailty*

IV O, yes! but give wings to my fire,  
And hatch my soul, until it fly  
Up where Thou art,

## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

#### 3. *Providence*

xxx

Rain, do not hurt my flowers; but gently spend  
Your honey-drops: press not to smell them here:  
When they are ripe, their odour will ascend,  
And at your lodging with their thanks appear.

#### 4. *Sion*

- 3 All Solomon's sea of brass and world of stone  
Is not so dear to Thee as one good groan.
- 4 But groans are quick, and full of wings,  
And all their motions upward be;  
And ever as they mount, like larks they sing;  
The note is sad, yet music for a king.

#### *Gratefulness*

- vi Not that Thou hast not still above  
Much better tunes than groans can make;  
But that these country-airs Thy love  
Did take.

#### *The Family*

Joys oft are there, and griefs as oft as joys;  
But griefs without a noise:  
Yet speak they louder than distempered fears.  
What is so shrill as silent tears?

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

#### *The Rainbow*

When thou dost shine, Darkness looks white and fair,  
Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air :  
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours  
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.

#### *Isaac's Marriage*

The thankful earth unlocks herself, and blends  
A thousand odours, which, all mixed, she sends  
Up in one cloud, and so returns the skies  
The dew they lent, a breathing sacrifice.

#### *'Thou, that know'st for whom I mourn'*

A silent tear can pierce Thy throne,  
When loud joys want a wing ;  
And sweeter airs stream from a groan,  
Than any arted string.

[Donne probably furnished the root-idea of this conceit. In "A Litany", stanza xxiii, he says:

Hear us, O hear us, Lord ; to Thee  
A sinner is more music when he prays,  
Than spheres' or angels' praises be,  
In panegyric alleluias ;]

## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

#### *The Search*

v I sent a sigh to seek Thee out,  
Deep-drawn in pain,  
Winged like an arrow: but my scout  
Returns in vain.

vi I tuned another (having store)  
Into a groan;  
Because the search was dumb before:  
But all was one.

#### 5. *Sion*

i Lord, with what glory wast Thou served of old,  
When Solomon's temple stood and flourished!  
Where most things were of purest gold;  
The wood was all embellishèd  
With flowers and carvings, mystical and rare:  
All showed the builder's, craved the seer's care.

ii And truly brass and stone are heavy things,  
Tombs for the dead, not temples fit for Thee:  
But groans are quick, &c.

#### 6. *The Storm*

iii Poets have wronged poor storms: such days are  
best;  
They purge the air without, within the breast.

#### 7. *Prayer (i)*

A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear.

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

#### *The Palm-Tree*

. . . Celestial natures still  
Aspire for home: this, Solomon of old  
By flowers and carvings and mysterious skill  
Of wings, and cherubims, and palms foretold.

#### *The Night*

IV            No mercy-seat of gold,  
No dead and dusty cherub, nor carved stone,  
But His own living works did my Lord hold  
And lodge alone;

#### *The Storm*

So shall that storm purge this recluse  
Which sinful ease made foul  
And wind and water to Thy use  
Both wash and wing my soul.

Cf. also *Affliction*.

#### *The Morning Watch*

Prayer is  
The world in tune.

## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

#### 8. *Longing*

Wilt thou defer  
To succour me,  
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumb  
Says 'Come'?

#### *The Temper* (i)

iv Wilt Thou meet arms with man, that Thou dost  
stretch  
A crumb of dust from Heaven to Hell?

#### 9. *The Collar*

Call in thy Death's head there: tie up thy fears.

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

#### *Burial*

III Thou art the same, faithful and just,  
In life, or dust.  
Though then, thus crumbed, I stray  
In blasts,  
Or exhalations, and wastes,  
Beyond all eyes,  
Yet Thy love spies  
That change, and knows Thy clay.

#### *Distraction*

I O knit me, that am crumbled dust! the heap  
Is all dispersed and cheap;  
Give for a handful but a thought,  
And it is bought;

#### *The Proffer*

v Shall my short hour, my inch,  
My one poor sand,  
And crumb of life, now ready to disband,  
Revolt and flinch;  
And having borne the burthen all the day,  
Now cast at night my crown away?

*'Sure, there's a tie of bodies'*

But I will be my own Death's head;

#### *Foy*

False, juggling sounds; . . .  
A Death's head crowned with roses.



## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

#### 10. *The Agony*

- III Love is that liquor sweet and most divine,  
Which my God feels as blood; but I, as wine.

#### *The Bunch of Grapes*

- IV Blessed be God . . . . .  
Who of the law's sour juice sweet wine did make,  
Ev'n God Himself, being pressed for my sake.

#### 11. *Discipline*

- I Throw away Thy rod,  
Throw away Thy wrath:  
O my God,  
Take the gentle path.

#### 12. *Affliction (i)*

- IV My days were strawed with flowers and happiness;  
There was no month but May.

#### *The Flower*

- I Grief melts away  
Like snow in May,  
As if there were no such cold thing.

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

#### *The Passion*

- II Most blessed Vine!  
Whose juice so good  
I feel as wine,  
But Thy fair branches felt as blood.

#### *The Relapse*

- O my sole Comfort, take no more these ways,  
This hideous path,  
And I will mend my own without delays:  
Cease Thou Thy wrath!

#### *The Resolve*

- . . . . . There is  
An ancient way,  
All strewed with flowers and happiness,  
And fresh as May.

#### *Providence*

- III And I, like flowers, shall still go neat,  
As if I knew no month but May.

## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

#### 13. *Business.*

- VIII If He had not lived for thee,  
Thou hadst died most wretchedly;  
And two deaths had been thy fee.
- x If He had not died for thee,  
Thou hadst lived in misery  
Two lives worse than ten deaths be.

#### *Love Unknown*

. . . A Lord I had,  
And have, of Whom some grounds which may im-  
prove,  
I hold for two lives, and both lives in me.

#### 14. *The Church Porch*, with its moral and religious gested the form and the matter of *Rules and*

#### 15. *Sunday*

- I The week were dark, but for thy light:  
Thy torch doth shew the way.

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

#### *The Sap*

Yet lived He here sometimes, and bore for thee  
A world of misery,  
And had not He so done, it is most true  
Two deaths had been thy due;

#### *The Match*

II Two lives I hold from Thee, my gracious Lord,  
Both cost Thee dear;  
For one, I am thy tenant here;  
The other, the true life, in the next world  
And endless is,  
O let me still mind *that in this*.

#### *Easter Day*

Awake! awake!  
And in His Resurrection partake,  
Who on this day, that thou might'st rise as He,  
Rose up, and cancelled two deaths due to thee.

maxims (especially stanzas 63-77) obviously sug-  
*Lessons*.

#### *Son-Days*

I . . . Lamps that light  
Man through his heap of dark days;

## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

III Man had straight forward gone  
To endless death, but thou dost pull  
And turn us round to look on One  
Whom, if we were not very dull,  
We could not choose but look on still;

v The Sundays of man's life,  
Threaded together on Time's string,  
Make bracelets to adorn the wife  
Of the eternal glorious King:

I . . . Care's balm and bay:

16. *Prayer* (i) plainly suggested the idea and six  
in *Son-Days*

*Prayer, the Church's banquet, Angels' age,  
God's breath in man returning to his birth,  
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,  
The Christian plummet sounding heaven and earth;*

*Engine against th' Almighty, sinner's tower,  
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,  
The six-days'-world transposing in an hour,  
A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear.*

*Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,  
Exalted Manna, gladness of the best,  
Heaven in ordinary, man well drest,  
The milky way, the bird of Paradise.*

*Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's blood,  
The land of spices; something understood.*

*Prayer* (i) is also responsible for a similar catalogue

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

II The pulleys unto headlong man . . .

#### *Rules and Lessons*

XX There's one sun more strung on my bead of days.

#### *The Night*

v . . . Care's check and curb;

items of the catalogue of spiritual blessings found

II The creature's jubilee; *God's parle with dust;*  
*Heaven here; Man on those hills of myrrh and*  
*flowers;*  
Angels descending; the returns of trust;  
*A gleam of glory after six-days' showers!*

III *The Church's love-feasts;* Time's prerogative,  
And interest  
Deducted from the whole; the combs, and hive  
And home of rest.  
*The milky way chalked out with suns;* a clue  
That guides through erring hours; and in full  
story  
A taste of Heaven on Earth; the pledge and cue  
Of a full feast; and the out-courts of glory.

given in *The Night*, v and vi.

## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

#### 17. *Holy Scriptures* (i)

III . . . Thou art Heaven's lidger here,  
Working against the states of Death and Hell.

#### 18. *Providence*

IV Man is the world's High Priest: he doth present  
The sacrifice for all.

#### 19. *Love* (i)

Who sings Thy praise? Only a scarf or glove  
Doth warm our hands, and make them write of love.

#### 20. *The Star*

v Then with our trinity of light,  
Motion and heat, let's take our flight  
Unto the place where thou  
Before didst bow.

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

#### *Corruption*

Angels lay lieger here; each bush, and cell,  
Each oak, and highway knew them;

#### *Retirement (ii)*

They are the meek's calm region, where  
Angels descend and rule the sphere;  
Where Heaven lies lieger, and the Dove  
Duly as dew comes from above.

#### *Christ's Nativity (i)*

II Man is their High Priest, and should rise  
To offer up the sacrifice.

#### *The Bee*

The hermit hears, and with meek voice  
Offers his own up, and their, joys.

#### *Idle Verse*

The purls of youthful blood and bowls,  
Lust in the robes of love,  
The idle talk of feverish souls  
Sick with a scarf, or glove.

#### *Faith*

And as i' th' natural sun, these three,  
Light, motion, heat,  
So are now Faith, Hope, Charity  
Through Him complete;

#### *The Tempest*

VI How do they cast off grossness! only earth,  
And Man, like Issachar, in loads delight;  
Water's refined to motion, air to light,  
Fire to all three, but man hath no such mirth.



## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

21.

vi That so among the rest I may  
Glitter, and curl, and wind as they:  
That winding is their fashion  
Of adoration.

22.

vii Sure, thou wilt joy, by gaining me,  
To fly home like a laden bee  
Unto that hive of beams  
And garland streams.

#### *Praise (i)*

v O raise me then! poor bees, that work all day,  
Sting my delay,  
Who have a work, as well as they,  
And much, much more.

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

#### *Love-sick*

Thou art  
Refining fire, O then refine my heart,  
My foul, foul heart! Thou art immortal heat;  
Heat motion gives; then warm it till it beat;  
So beat for Thee, till Thou in mercy hear;

#### *The Lamp*

. . . I can see  
Met in thy flames all acts of piety;  
Thy light, is Charity; thy heat, is Zeal;  
And thy aspiring, active fires reveal  
Devotion still on wing; . . .

#### *The Star*

I Whatever 't is, whose beauty here below  
Attracts thee thus, and makes thee stream and flow,  
And wind and curl, and wink and smile,  
Shifting thy gate and guile:

#### *Man*

I Weighing the steadfastness and state  
Of some mean things which here below reside,  
Where birds, like watchful clocks, the noiseless  
date  
And intercourse of time divide,  
Where bees at night get home and hive, and  
flowers,  
Early as well as late,  
Rise with the sun, and set in the same bowers:

## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

#### 23. *The Church Floor*

Hither sometimes Sin steals, and stains  
The marble's neat and curious veins:  
But all is cleansed when the marble weeps.

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

#### *Providence*

- II How in a mystic cloud—  
Which doth Thy strange sure mercies shroud—  
Dost Thou convey man food and money  
Unseen by him, till they arrive  
Just at his mouth, that thankless hive  
Which kills Thy bees and eats Thy honey!

#### *The Obsequies*

- II The grave! To which my thoughts shall move  
Like bees in storms unto their hive;

#### *The Bee*

Give me the wisdom of the bee,  
And her unwearied industry!  
That from the wild gourds of these days,  
I may extract health, and Thy praise.  
Go with me to the shade and cell,  
Where thy best servants once did dwell.  
Till from them, like a laden bee,  
I may fly home and hive with Thee.

#### *The Seed Growing Secretly*

- IX Though hawks can prey through storms and winds,  
The poor bee in her hive must dwell.

#### *Admission*

- I Then did these drops (for marble sweats,  
And rocks have tears)  
As rain here at our windows beats,  
Chide in Thine ears;

## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

*Ephes. 4. 30*

iv O take thy lute, and tune it to a strain,  
Which may with thee  
All day complain.

There can no discord but in ceasing be.  
Marbles can weep; and surely strings  
More bowels have, than such hard things.

24. *Longing*

From Thee all pity flows.  
Mothers are kind, because Thou art,  
And dost dispose  
To them a part:  
Their infants, them; and they suck Thee  
More free.

*Whitsunday*

*(the last stanza in the Williams MS.)*

Show that Thy breasts cannot be dry,  
But that from them joys purl for ever,  
Melt into blessings all the sky  
So we may cease to suck, to praise Thee, never.

*The H. Scriptures*

i Oh Book! Infinite sweetness! let my heart  
Suck every letter,

*A Priest to the Temple*

But the chief and top of his knowledge consists in  
the Book of Books, the storehouse and magazine of  
life and comfort—the Holy Scriptures. There he  
sucks and lives.

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

#### *Admission*

III We are Thy infants, and suck Thee; if Thou  
But hide, or turn Thy face,  
Because where Thou art, yet, we cannot go,  
We send tears to the place.

#### *Easter Hymn*

And infants with thy pangs contest  
As pleasant, as if with the breast.

## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

#### 25. *Church Monuments*

I While that my soul repairs to her devotion,  
Here I intomb my flesh, that it betimes  
May take acquaintance of this heap of dust ;  
To which the blast of Death's incessant motion,  
Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,  
Drives all at last.

#### 26. Herbert's *Praise* (ii) obviously suggested to

I King of Glory, King of Peace!

I will love Thee :

And that love may never cease,

I will move Thee.

II Thou hast granted my request,

Thou hast heard me :

Thou didst note my working breast

Thou hast spared me.

III Wherefore with my utmost art

I will sing Thee,

And the cream of all my heart

I will bring Thee.

IV Though my sins against me cried,

Thou didst clear me ;

And alone, when they replied,

Thou didst hear me.

V Seven whole days, not one in seven,

I will praise Thee.

In my heart, though not in Heaven,

I can raise Thee.

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

#### *Rules and Lessons*

XXI

Thy accounts thus made, spend in the grave one hour  
Before thy time; be not a stranger there,  
Where thou may'st sleep whole ages; Life's poor flower  
Lasts not a night sometimes. Bad spirits fear  
This conversation; but the good man lies  
Entomb'd many days before he dies.

Vaughan the form of his *Praise*

I King of comforts! King of life!  
Thou hast cheered me;  
And when fears and doubts were rife,  
Thou hast cleared me!

II Not a nook in all my breast  
But Thou fill'st it,  
Not a thought, that breaks my rest,  
But Thou kill'st it;

III Wherefore with my utmost strength  
I will praise Thee,  
And as Thou giv'st line and length,  
I will raise Thee.

IV Day and night, not once a day  
I will bless Thee,  
And my soul in new array  
I will dress Thee.



## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

#### 27. *The Elixir*

- IV All may of Thee partake:  
Nothing can be so mean,  
Which with his tincture, 'for Thy sake',  
Will not grow bright and clean.
- VI This is the famous stone  
That turneth all to gold:  
For that which God doth touch and own  
Cannot for less be told.

#### 28. *The Holdfast*

- I I threatened to observe the strict decree  
Of my dear God with all my power and might:

#### 29. *The Temper* (i)

Yet take Thy way; for sure Thy way is best;  
Stretch or contract me—Thy poor debtor:  
This is but tuning of my breast,  
To make the music better.

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

#### *Affliction*

This is the great elixir that turns gall  
To wine and sweetness, poverty to wealth.

#### *Holy Scriptures*

In thee the hidden Stone the manna lies ;  
Thou art the Great Elixir, rare and choice ;

#### *Disorder and Frailty*

I threaten Heaven, and from my cell  
Of clay and frailty break and bud,

#### *Affliction (i)*

Thus doth God key disordered man,  
Which none else can,  
Tuning his breast to rise or fall ;  
And by a sacred, needful art  
Like strings, stretch every part,  
Making the whole most musical.

#### *Disorder and Frailty*

IV        And for His sake  
            Who died to stake  
His life for mine, tune to Thy will  
            My heart, my verse.

## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

30. *Miserie* is in theme and often in phrase the

VIII Man cannot serve Thee; let him go,  
And serve the swine: there, there is his delight:  
He doth not like this virtue, no;  
Give him his dirt to wallow in all night:

IX O foolish man! where are thine eyes?  
How hast thou lost them in a crowd of cares?  
Thou pull'st the rug, and wilt not rise,  
No not to purchase the whole pack of stars:

X and XI But Man doth know  
The spring, whence all things flow:  
And yet as though he knew it not,  
His knowledge winks, and lets his humours reign;

31. *The Pearl*

Yet through the labyrinths, not my grovelling wit,  
But Thy silk twist let down from Heaven to me,  
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it  
To climb to Thee.

32. Herbert's *A Parody* [*i.e.* a metaphorical appli-  
Donne's *Soul's joy, now I am gone* has a

I Soul's joy, when Thou art gone,  
And I alone,  
Which cannot be,  
Because Thou dost abide with me,  
And I depend on Thee;

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

model of *The Tempest*

IX Yet hugs he still his dirt ; the stuff he wears,  
And painted trimming, takes down both his  
eyes;  
Heaven hath less beauty than the dust he spies,  
And money better music than the spheres.

XI O foolish man ! how hast thou lost thy sight?  
How is it that the sun to thee alone  
Is grown thick darkness, and thy bread a stone?  
Hath flesh no softness now? midday no light?

VII All have their keys and set ascents ; but man  
Though he knows these, and hath more of his  
own,  
Sleeps at the ladder's foot ; alas ! what can  
These new discoveries do, except they drown?

*Retirement (i)*

Nay, at the very brink  
And edge of all,  
When thou would'st fall  
My love-twist held thee up, My unseen link.

cation] of the great metaphysical idea expounded in  
parallel in Vaughan's *Dressing*

IV Give to Thy wretched one  
Thy mystical communion,  
That, absent, he may see,  
Live, die, and rise with Thee;  
Let him so follow here, that in the end  
He may take Thee, as Thou dost him intend.

## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

33. *Good Friday* begins 'O my chief Good', and so

34. *Love-Unknown* begins 'Dear friend, sit down',

35. *Hope*

With that I gave a vial full of tears:  
But he a few green ears:

36. *Virtue*

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky:

*Sunday*

O day most calm, most bright,  
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

*The Passion* begins.

so *The Palm-Tree* begins.

*Love and Discipline*

For as Thy hand the weather steers,  
So thrive I best 'twixt joys and tears,  
And all the year have some green ears.

*The World* (i)

I saw Eternity the other night,  
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,  
All calm as it was bright ;

'This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,  
But for His Bride!'

*The Seed Growing Secretly*

XI What needs a conscience, calm and bright  
Within itself, an outward test?

*The Queer*

I O tell me whence that joy doth spring  
Whose diet is divine and fair,  
Which wears Heaven like a bridal ring,  
And tramples on doubts and despair?

*The Proffer*

VIII Think on thy dream:  
A calm, bright day!

## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

#### 37. *Providence*

XII                   Thou hast made poor sand  
Check the proud sea, e'en when it swells and gathers.

#### 38. *The Glimpse*

II   Me thinks delight should have  
      More skill in music, and keep better time.  
VI                   Thou know'st how grief and sin  
      Disturb the work. O make me not their sport,  
      Who by Thy coming may be made a Court!

#### 39. *Giddiness*

III   Now he will fight it out, and to the wars;  
      Now eat his bread in peace,  
      And snudge in quiet

#### 40. *The Glance*

III   If Thy first glance so powerful be,  
      What wonders shall we feel, when we shall see  
      Thy full-eyed love!  
      When Thou shalt look us out of pain,

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

#### *The Mutiny*

- I Turning to Him, Who made poor sand to tire  
And tame proud waves, . . .

#### *Psalm CIV*

VII

For Thou to them a bound hath set, a bound,  
Which, though but sand, keeps in and curbs whole  
seas:

#### *Misery*

I shut Thee out, and let that slip,  
Such music spoils good fellowship.  
Thus wretched I, and most unkind,  
Exclude my dear God from my mind,  
Exclude Him thence, who of that cell  
Would make a Court, should He there dwell.

'The age, the present times are not  
To snudge in, and embrace a cot;  
Action and blood now get the game,'

Yet since as easy 't is for Thee  
To make man good, as bid him be,  
And with one glance,—could he that gain—  
To look him out of all his pain,



## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

#### 41. *Nature*

O tame my heart ;  
It is Thy highest art  
To captivate strongholds to Thee

#### 42. *Affliction* (v)

IV Affliction then is ours ;  
We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more,

#### 43. *A Dialogue-Anthem*

Death :—' Let losers talk : yet thou shalt die ;'

#### 44. *Peace*

III Then went I to a garden, and did spy  
A gallant flower,  
The Crown Imperial: . . .

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

*Begging* (i) (which, like *Praise*, owes its opening to  
Herbert's *Praise* (ii) )

O it is Thy only art  
To reduce a stubborn heart;  
And since Thine is victory,  
Strongholds should belong to Thee;

*Joy*

'Sighs make joy sure, and shaking fastens thee.'

*The World* (ii)

I will not strive, nor the rule break,  
Which doth give losers leave to speak.

*'I walked the other day, to spend my hour'*

I walked the other day, to spend my hour,  
Into a field,  
Where I sometimes had seen the soil to yield  
A gallant flower;

*The Request*

With what sweet looks doth Thy love shine  
On those low violets of Thine,  
While the tall tulip is accurst,  
And Crowns Imperial die with thirst!

## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

45.

iv        There was a Prince of old  
          At Salem dwelt, Who lived with good increase  
                    Of flock and fold.

v        He sweetly lived ; yet sweetness did not save  
                    His life from foes.  
          But after death out of His grave  
          There sprang twelve stalks of wheat :  
          Which many, wondering at, got some of those  
                    To plant and set.

vi        It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse  
                    Through all the earth :  
          For they that taste it do rehearse  
          That virtue lies therein,  
          A secret virtue bringing peace and mirth  
                    By flight of sin.

vii        Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,  
                    And grows for you ;  
          Make bread of it : and that repose  
          And peace which every where  
          With so much earnestness you do pursue  
                    Is only there.

46. *The Pulley*

          When God at first made man,  
          Having a glass of blessings standing by ;  
          Let Us (said He) pour on him all we can :  
          Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,  
                    Contract into a span.

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

#### *The Sap*

There is beyond the stars an hill of myrrh,  
From which some drops fall here;  
On it the Prince of Salem sits, Who deals  
To thee thy secret meals;

Yet lived He here sometimes, and bore for thee  
A world of misery,  
For thee, who in the first man's loins didst fall  
From that hill to this vale;

But going hence, and knowing well what woes  
Might His friends discompose,  
To show what strange love He had to our good,  
He gave His sacred blood,  
By will our sap and cordial; now in this  
Lies such a Heaven of bliss,  
That who but truly tastes it, no decay  
Can touch him any way.  
Such secret life and virtue in it lies,  
It will exalt and rise,  
And actuate such spirits as are shed,  
Or ready to be dead;  
And bring new too. . . .

#### *The Pursuit*

Lord! what a busy, restless thing  
Hast Thou made man!  
Each day and hour he is on wing,  
Rests not a span.  
Then having lost the sun and light,  
By clouds surprised,

## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

So strength first made a way;  
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:  
When almost all was out, God made a stay,  
Perceiving that, alone of all his treasure,  
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)  
Bestow this jewel also on My creature,  
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,  
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature;  
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,  
But keep them with repining restlessness:  
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,  
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness  
May toss him to My breast.

#### *Giddiness*

I Oh, what a thing is man! how far from power,  
From settled peace and rest!  
He is some twenty several men at least  
Each several hour.

v O, what a sight were man, if his attires  
Did alter with his mind;  
And, like a dolphin's skin, his clothes combined  
With his desires.

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

He keeps a commerce in the night  
    With air disguised.  
Hadst Thou given to this active dust  
    A state untired,  
The lost son had not left the husk,  
    Nor home desired.  
That was Thy secret, and it is  
    Thy mercy too;  
For when all fails to bring to bliss,  
    Then this must do.  
Ah! Lord! and what a purchase will that be,  
To take us sick, that sound would not take Thee.

#### *Man*

- II I would, said I, my God would give  
    The staidness of these things to man! for these  
    To His divine appointments ever cleave,  
    And no new business breaks their peace.  
    . . . . .
- III Man hath still either toys or care;  
    He hath no root, nor to one place is tied,  
    But ever restless and irregular  
    About this earth doth run and ride.  
    . . . . .
- IV He knocks at all doors, strays and roams;  
    . . . . .  
    Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest  
    And passage through these looms  
    God ordered motion, but ordained no rest.

## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

#### 47. *Self-Condemnation*

- III    He that hath made a sorry wedding  
      Between his soul and gold, and hath preferred  
          False gain before the true,  
      Hath done what he condemns in reading:  
      For he hath sold for money his dear Lord,  
          And is a Judas-Jew.

#### 48. *Whitsunday*

- VII    Lord, though we change, Thou art the same,  
      The same sweet God of love and light:  
      Restore this day, for Thy great name,  
      Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

#### 49. *Longing*

- Indeed, the world's Thy book,  
      Where all things have their leaf assigned:  
          Yet a meek look  
          Hath interlined.

#### 50. *The Church Porch*

- LVI                    . . . Who aimeth at the sky,  
      Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

#### *Rules and Lessons*

#### VIII

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true ;  
If priests and people change, keep thou thy ground.  
Who sells Religion, is a Judas-Jew ;

#### *White Sunday*

XI For, though we hourly breathe decays,  
And our best note and highest ease  
Is but mere changing of the keys,  
And a consumption that doth please ;

XII Yet Thou, the great Eternal Rock  
Whose height above all ages shines,  
Art still the same, and canst unlock  
Thy waters to a soul that pines.

x And yet, as in Night's gloomy page  
One silent star may interline ;  
So in this last and lewdest age  
Thy ancient love on some may shine.

#### *The Timber*

v But this thy strange resentment after death  
Means only those who broke, in life, thy peace.



## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

#### *Praise (iii)*

I Lord, I will mean and speak Thy praise,  
Thy praise alone.

#### *A True Hymn*

My heart was meaning all the day,  
Somewhat it fain would say,

#### *The Answer*

As a young exhalation, newly waking,  
Scorns his first bed of dirt and means the sky.

#### 51. *Content*

VI The brags of life are but a nine-days wonder.

#### 52. *Life*

I I made a posy, while the day ran by:  
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie  
My life within this band;  
But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they  
By noon most cunningly did steal away,  
And withered in my hand.

II My hand was next to them, and then my heart;  
I took, without more thinking, in good part  
Time's gentle admonition;  
Who did so sweetly Death's sad taste convey,  
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,  
Yet sugaring the suspicion.

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

*And do they So? Have they a Sense?*

III Sometimes I sit with Thee, and tarry  
An hour or so, then vary.  
Thy other creatures in this scene  
Thee only aim, and mean;

#### *The Garland*

To whom a falling star and nine-days' glory,  
Or some frail beauty makes the bravest show,

I sought choice bowers, haunted the spring,  
Culled flowers and made me posies;  
Gave my fond humours their full wing,  
And crowned my head with roses.  
But at the height of this career  
I met with a dead man,  
Who, noting well my vain abear,  
Thus unto me began:  
'Desist, fond fool, be not undone,  
What thou hast cut to-day  
Will fade at night, and with this sun  
Quite vanish and decay'.

## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

53. *Easter*

I got me flowers to straw Thy way,  
I got me boughs off many a tree:  
But Thou wast up by break of day,  
And brought'st thy sweets along with Thee.

54. *The Thanksgiving*

Shall Thy strokes be my stroking? thorns, my flower?  
Thy rod, my posy? Cross, my bower?

55. *The Quip*

doubtless suggested

The merry World did on a day,  
With his train-bands and mates, agree  
To meet together, where I lay,  
And all in sport to jeer at me.

56. Herbert's *Trinity Sunday*, with its triads of eight-  
*Sunday*.

57. *Constancy*

is clearly the model of

IV His words and works and fashion too  
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

58. *The Church Porch*

x Were I an epicure, I could bate swearing.  
(Where 'epicure' is used in the sense of 'epi-  
curean', 'pleasure-seeker'.)

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

#### *Palm-Sunday*

I'll get me up before the sun,  
I'll cut me boughs off many a tree,  
And all alone full early run  
To gather flowers to welcome thee.

#### *The Feast*

XI O thorny crown  
More soft than down!  
O painful Cross, my bed of rest!

#### *The Ornament*

The lucky World showed me one day  
Her gorgeous mart and glittering store,  
Where with proud haste the rich made way  
To buy, the poor came to adore.

syllable lines, obviously suggested Vaughan's *Trinity*

#### *Righteousness*

v Whose acts, words, and pretence  
Have all one sense,  
One aim and end;

Mr. Chambers points out that *Righteousness* probably suggested Wordsworth's *Character of the Happy Warrior*.

#### *The World* (i)

III The downright epicure placed Heaven in sense.

## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

59. Herbert seems to have taught Vaughan his own creature.

#### *Constancy*

- VI           Who, when he is to treat  
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,  
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way :

#### *Home*

- VII What is this woman-kind, which I can wink  
Into a blackness and distaste?

#### 60. *Life*

- III  
Farewell dear flowers ; sweetly your time ye spent,  
Fit while ye lived, for smell or ornament,  
And after death for cures.

#### *Providence*

- xx A rose, besides his beauty, is a cure :

#### *The Rose*

- v What is fairer than a rose?  
What is sweeter? yet it purgeth.

#### *A Priest to the Temple*

The parson useth damask, or white roses for loos-  
ing, and plantain, shepherd's purse, knot-grass for  
binding.

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

mediaeval notion of woman as a foolish and unholy

#### *The Stone*

Man I can bribe, and woman will  
Consent to any gainful ill,

#### *Childhood*

But flowers do both refresh and grace;  
And sweetly living (fie on men!)  
Are, when dead, medicinal then;

#### *Death*

v As harmless violets, which give  
Their virtues here  
For salves and syrups while they live,  
Do after calmly disappear,  
And neither grieve, repine, nor fear:

[Donne has this idea in "The First Anniversary",  
l. 403.]

## APPENDIX

### GEORGE HERBERT'S "THE TEMPLE"

#### 61. *The Flower*

2 Who would have thought my shrivelled heart  
Could have recovered greenness? It was gone  
Quite under ground; as flowers depart  
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;  
Where they together  
All the hard weather,  
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

62. Herbert converts 'sugar' into a verb in *Life* and *Verse* and in other poems, and also makes 'inn', 'proverb', 'coffin', 'primrose', and the sense of 'infuses blood'). 'Inn', how-

#### 63. *The Size*

VIII                      Call to mind thy dream,  
                                An earthly globe,  
On whose meridian was engraven,  
'These seas are tears, and heaven the haven'.

#### 64. *The Collar*

                                Sure there was wine  
Before my sighs did dry it: there was corn  
Before my tears did drown it.  
Is the year only lost to me?  
Have I no bays to crown it?  
No flowers, no garlands gay? . . .

## APPENDIX

### HENRY VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS"

*I walked the other day, to spend my hour'*

- 3 Then taking up what I could nearest spy,  
    I digged about  
    That place where I had see him to grow out;  
        And by and by  
I saw the warm recluse alone to lie,  
        Where fresh and green  
        He lived of us unseen.

- 4 Many a question intricate and rare  
    Did I there strow;  
    But all I could extort was that he now  
        Did there repair  
    Such losses as befell him in this air,  
        And would ere long  
        Come forth most fair and young.

in *The Rose*. Vaughan follows this example in *Idle* verbs of such substantives as 'heaven', 'crumb', 'blood' (which in *The Morning Watch* is used in ever, is a verb of Donne's coining.

*The Proffer*

- VIII           Think on thy dream:  
                A calm, bright day!  
    A land of flowers and spices! the word given,  
    'If these be fair, O what is Heaven'.

*The Tempest*

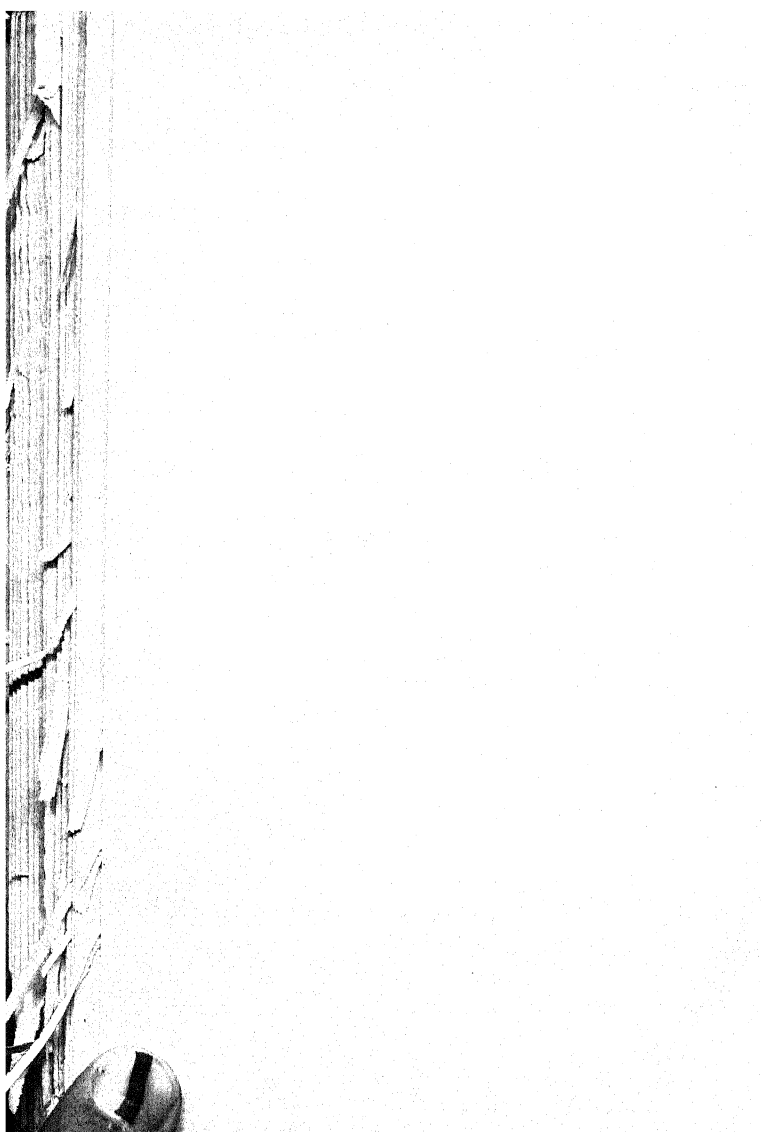
- x Life's but a blast; he knows it; what? shall straw  
    And bulrush-fetters temper his short hour?  
    Must he nor sip, nor sing? grows ne'er a flower  
    To crown his temples? shall dreams be his law?





The present text of *Silex Scintillans* is the result of a collation of the two original issues of 1650 and 1655. The readings generally adopted are those of the last-named issue of the poems, the second edition in order of time, but the first complete edition in respect of matter. To meet the requirements of the modern reader the spelling has been modernized and, of course, rendered uniform throughout, and the arbitrary use of italic and of capital letters has been dispensed with. A few notes have been added to explain or to point out difficult passages.

W. A. L. B.



## NOTES

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### THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

p. 4.

'tentet'. The reading of the original text is 'tentat'. But Vaughan's own translation '*should* stir' makes it probable that 'tentat' is a slip of the pen or a printer's error for 'tentet'.

p. 11.

'A True Hymn'. This is the title of a poem in Herbert's "The Temple" which begins 'My Joy, my Life, my Crown!'

p. 25.

#### *Regeneration.*

'all the ear'. That is 'all that can be apprehended by the ear', so 'all sounds'.

p. 28.

#### *Death: a dialogue.*

'travaill'd'. This seems to be the word meant by the 'travel'd' of the original texts.

p. 44.

#### *Isaac's Marriage.*

The *variae lectiones* contained in this poem practically mark the sole textual differences (for 'Silex Scintillans', Part I) between the editions of 1650 and of 1655. The earlier readings are as follows:—

Lines 11-14:

"But being for a bride, sure, prayer was  
Very strange stuff wherewith to court thy lass!  
Hadst ne'er an oath nor compliment? Thou wert  
An odd coarse suitor."

## NOTES

Line 19:

"When sin, by sinning oft, had not lost sense".

Lines 35 and 36:

"But in a frighted virgin-blush approached,  
Fresh as the morning when 'tis newly coached".

p. 47.

'Her moist womb'. One of the few instances in which Lyte has made a justifiable correction of the text. The readings of both the first and second editions of 'Sillex Scintillans' give 'his moist womb'.

p. 66. *Thou That know'st for whom I mourn.*

This is one of a set of seven poems which the Silurist devotes to mourning for a dead brother—obviously not his twin-brother Thomas, who died as late as 1665. The other poems which allude to this event are 'Come, Come! What do I Here?', 'Joy of my Life while Left Me Here!', 'Silence and Stealth of Days! 'Tis Now', 'I Walked the Other Day, to Spend my Hour', 'They are All Gone into the World of Light', and 'As Time One Day by Me did Pass'.

p. 67.

'one Twenty'. That is, 'one term of Twenty years'.

p. 70. *Vanity of Spirit.*

'but this *near* done'. The reading of the original text is 'neer'—an obvious mis-spelling of 'near'.

p. 81. *The Storm.*

'discuss'. That is, 'antagonism' or 'discord'. 'Discuss' is used in its original Latin sense.

*Sure, there's a Tie of Bodies!*

p. 95.

'Absents within the line conspire'. No editor of Vaughan has succeeded in discovering the exact meaning of this sentence. 'Line' seems to be used in an astrological sense.

## NOTES

p. 96.

'Thus Lazarus was carried out of town'. Apparently the reference is not to the Lazarus who was the brother of Mary and Martha of Bethany, but to the Lazarus of the parable (S. Luke, xvi. 20), whose afflicted state should have served as an invaluable 'object-lesson' to the rich man. But I cannot explain 'carried out of town'. Lazarus of Bethany was possibly 'carried out of town'—to be buried.

p. 96.

'I will be my own death's-head'. In seventeenth-century plays there are frequent references to the custom of wearing Death's-heads in rings, a morbid and deliberate speculation on mortality which was prevalent amongst persons leading a libertine life. Thus Doll in 'Northward Ho', act iv, scene 1, says: "And, as if I were a bawd, no ring pleases me but a Death's-head".

p. 105.

### *The Resolve.*

'span up'. That is, 'measure out'.

p. 109.

### *Rules and Lessons.*

'far-day'. That is, 'the day far advanced', 'the heat of the day'.

p. 119.

### *Corruption.*

'fell'. A transitive use of the verb.

p. 120.

'lieger'. That is, a permanent as distinct from an extraordinary ambassador.

p. 144.

### *Faith.*

'spans up'. That is, 'measures out', 'is the measure of'.

p. 195.

### *The Sap.*

'rise'. A transitive use of the verb.

## NOTES

p. 219.

### *White Sunday.*

'interline'. That is, 'get between the lines', and so 'contrive to appear'.

p. 220.

'Balaam's hire'. That is, the hire which Balak offered and Balaam rejected:—"promotion to very great honour" and Balak's "house full of silver and gold". Cf. Numbers, xxii. 17 and 18.

p. 222.

### *The Proffer.*

'with your Commonwealth'. This is one of the few references which Vaughan makes to the Civil War and to the Republican rule. In 'The Author's Preface' he says: "I meddle not with the seditious and the schismatical"; and in the second stanza of 'The World' he perhaps alludes to Cromwell when he speaks of "the darksome statesman, hung with weights and woes". But his direct complaints of the Puritan usurpation in church and state are couched in language which the state of the times compelled him to make studiously veiled and indefinite. Such complaints may be found in 'The British Church', the last two lines of 'Christ's Nativity'--part 2nd, the penultimate stanza of 'Dressing', the 10th stanza of 'The Constellation', the 3rd and 4th verses of 'White Sunday', 'The Men of War', 'Abel's Blood', 'Jacob's Pillow and Pillar', and in 'L'Envoy'.

p. 224.

### *Cock-crowing.*

'tinned'. That is, 'kindled'. 'Tinned' is said to be derived from the same root as 'tinder'.

'empower'. The reading of the original text is 'impowre', which may stand for either 'empower' or 'in-pour'.

p. 250.

### *The Timber.*

'Begetting virgins'. It is by no means certain whether 'begetting' is used as an adjective or as a participle. In the first case the meaning would be 'chaste streams that help man to the New Birth'; in the second case the idea would be almost the same, 'streams that make man virginal, that cleanse him from sin'.

## NOTES

p. 251.

### *The Jews.*

'And sure it is not far'. That is, 'the fair year of your deliverer'.

p. 253.

### *Begging.*

'Aye, do not go'. The original text has 'I do not go'. But 'I' is the spelling of 'aye' which the printer uniformly adopts.

'the weeping lad'. That is, Ismael. Cf. Genesis, xxi. 17.

p. 255.

### *Palm-Sunday.*

3. 'which all at once'. This is the reading of the original text. Lyte alters 'which' to 'come'. But if the four words are taken as a parenthesis, referring to the succeeding line, their meaning is not obscure; 'which all at once' then means 'which do ye all at once'. 8. 'Then like the palm, though wrong, I'll bear'. 'Wrong' seems to mean 'bent', 'not straight'. Cf. 'The Palm-Tree'.

p. 263.

### *Jesus Weeping.*

'swan-like'. As Mr. Chambers points out, there is a double allusion here, to the story of the swan's death-song, and to Vaughan's pen-name and book of poems 'Olor Iscanus'—'The Swan of Usk'.

p. 268.

### *The Ornament.*

'Syrian maid'. That is, Rebekah.

'one'. The 1655 edition reads 'once'—seemingly a misprint for 'one'. If 'you' of the last line were altered to 'we', it would be possible to retain 'once', and to interpret it as equivalent to 'at once'.

p. 280.

### *Fair and Young Light!*

'And led by my own foolish fire'. In the 1655 text the four lines "And led . . . thrall" are, by a blunder, printed twice. Indeed the whole text of the 1655 edition is full of mis-spellings, double spellings, and printer's errors.



## NOTES

p. 296.

### *Childhood.*

'Dazzles'. An intransitive use of the verb. Cf. the famous line in 'The Duchess of Malfi', act iv, scene 2. "Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young".

p. 302.

### *Abel's Blood.*

'speak better things than Abel's'. Cf. Hebrews, xii. 24.

p. 316.

### *The Day of Judgment.*

'ciphers'. Here again, as in the case of 'impowre' in *Cock-crowing*, the word printed in the original text is spelled so strangely as to render it difficult to decide on Vaughan's exact meaning. The textual reading is 'cypers', which Lyte takes to signify 'ciphers', and which Mr. Chambers very ingeniously converts into 'cypress'. Probably 'cypers' stands for 'cyprus', i.e. 'crape' or 'muslin'. Giles Fletcher, in 'Christ's Victory and Triumph', Part I, stanza 59, has 'About her head a cyprus heaven she wore', and Milton speaks of 'sable stole of cypres lawn', in 'Il Penseroso', l. 35.

p. 332.

### *The Wreath.*

'Which sadness breeds in the most vain'. 'Breeds' seems to be used in an intransitive sense, and the whole line is most likely a parenthesis meaning 'and this sadness is bred in the most vain'.

p. 334.

### *The Book.*

'Did live'. The original text reads 'liee', probably a misprint for 'live'.

p. 338.

### *L'Enviroy.*

'Travail and groan'. The original text has 'travel', but, according to the lax practice of the time in such matters, 'travel' and 'travail' were both spelled alike. Cf. 'Death: a dialogue', stanza 4, p. 28.